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MEMOIRS of FRANCE and the 88TH DIVISION

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Memoirs of France

and the

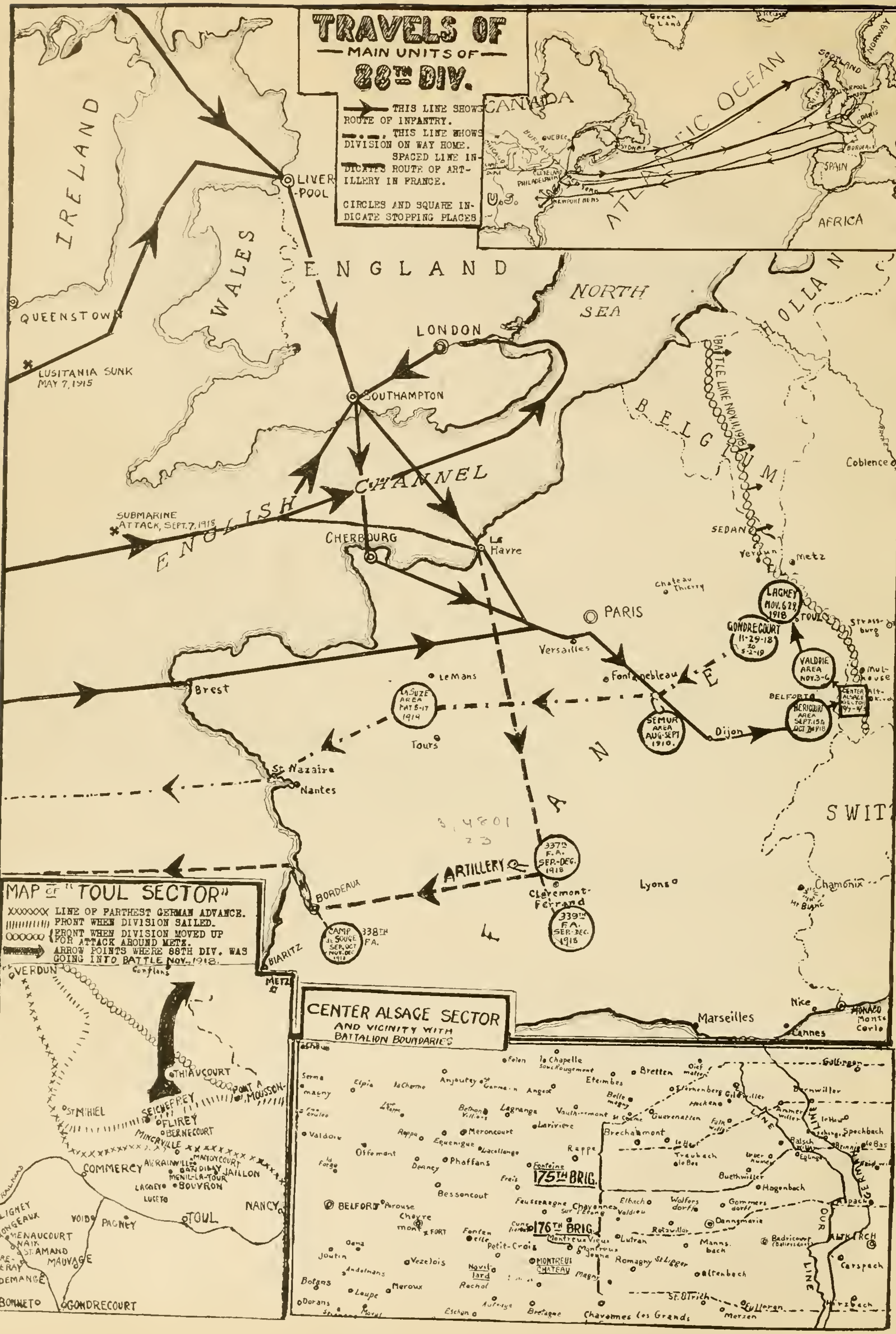
Eighty-Eighth Division

Being A Review Without Official Character of the Experiences
of the "Cloverleaf" Division in the Great
World War from 1917 to 1919

With Special Histories of the 352d Inf., 337th F. A. and 339th F. A.

Compiled by
E. J. D. LARSON,
Captain Inf., 88th Division Hdqrs.

Minneapolis, Minn., May 1, 1920



TRAVELS OF
MAIN UNITS OF
88TH DIV.
THIS LINE SHOWS ROUTE OF INFANTRY.
THIS LINE SHOWS DIVISION ON WAY HOME.
SPACED LINE INDICATES ROUTE OF ARTILLERY IN FRANCE.
CIRCLES AND SQUARE INDICATE STOPPING PLACES
CANADA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
SCOTLAND
NORWAY
SPAIN
AFRICA
PHILADELPHIA
QUEBEC
SYDNEY
PARIS
IRELAND
WALES
ENGLAND
LIVERPOOL
QUEENSTOWN
LUSITANIA SUNK MAY 7, 1915
LONDON
SOUTHAMPTON
NORTH SEA
HOLLAND
BELGIUM
BATTLE LINE NOV. 11, 1918
ENGLISH CHANNEL
SUBMARINE ATTACK, SEPT. 7, 1918
CHERBOURG
Le Havre
SEDAN
Verdun
Metz
Chateau Thierry
PARIS
Versailles
LAGNEY NOV. 6 28, 1918
TOUL
GONDRECOURT 11-29-18 to 5-2-19
Strassburg
VALDOIE AREA NOV. 3-6
Mulhouse
CENTER ALSACE SECTOR
BELFORT
HERICOURT AREA
Brest
Le Mans
Fontainebleau
LA SUZE AREA MAY 5-17 1919
SEMUR AREA AUG-SEPT 1918
Dijon
Tours
FRANCE
St Nazaire
Nantes
SWIT
337th F.A. SEP.-DEC. 1918
ARTILLERY
Clermont-Ferrand
339th F.A. SEP.-DEC. 1918
Lyons
Chamonix
Mt Blanc
BORDEAUX
CAMP de SOUGE
338th F.A.
BIARITZ
Nice
Marseilles
Cannes
MONACO Monte Carlo
Coblence
MAP OF "TOUL SECTOR"
XXXXXXX LINE OF FARTHEST GERMAN ADVANCE.
FRONT WHEN DIVISION SAILED.
FRONT WHEN DIVISION MOVED UP FOR ATTACK AROUND METZ.
ARROW POINTS WHERE 88TH DIV. WAS GOING INTO BATTLE NOV., 1918.
VERDUN
Conflans
METZ
THIAUCOURT
PONT A MOUSSON
ST MIHIEL
SEICHEPREY
FLIREY
BERNECOURT
MINORVILLE
COMMERCY
JAILLON
BOUVRON
TOUL
NANCY
PAGNEY
VOID
LIGNEY
GONDRECOURT
CENTER ALSACE SECTOR
AND VICINITY WITH BATTALION BOUNDARIES
175TH BRIG.
176TH BRIG.
BELFORT
MONTREUX CHATEAU
Bretten
Brechaumont
Traubach
Hagenbach
Dannemarie
Altkirch
Carspach
Meroncourt
Phaffans
Bessoncourt
Petit-Croix
Vezelois
Meroux
Chavannes les Grands

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Remarks

THIS book is published in order to preserve in permanent form, memories of a trying period in the history of our beloved Country for the benefit of the members of the Eighty-eighth Division, their families, and those to come after them. It has been completed only after many months of labor and the expenditure of more than $2,500, aside from the cost of printing and of paper. While the time of preparation may have seemed long to some, it is to be regretted that many months more could not have been devoted to it. Advance promises to publish at an early date, however, and the constantly increasing difficulties of the printing and engraving trades, render it expedient to go to press without further delay.

The idea of a book containing the story of the individual American soldier in the World War met with instant and loud applause in the Division, and this work is presented with the hope that it will fill the need which was believed to exist.—*E. J. D. L.*

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Facts About the World War

DECLARATIONS OF WAR

1914

July 28—Austria on Serbia.
Aug. 1—Germany on Russia.
Aug. 3—France on Germany.
Germany on France.
Aug. 4—Germany on Belgium.
Great Britain on Germany.
Aug. 6—Austria on Russia.
Aug. 8—Montenegro on Austria.
Aug. 9—Austria on Montenegro.
Montenegro on Germany.
Serbia on Germany.
Aug. 13—France on Austria.
Great Britain on Austria.
Aug. 23—Japan on Germany.
Aug. 27—Austria on Japan.
Aug. 28—Austria on Belgium.
Nov. 3—Russia on Turkey.
Nov. 5—France on Turkey.
Great Britain on Turkey.
Nov. 23—Turkey on Allies.
Portugal on Germany. (Resolution passed authorizing military intervention as ally England.)
Dec. 2—Serbia on Turkey.

1915

May 19—Portugal on Germany. (Military aid granted).
May 14—San Marino on Austria.
Italy on Austria.
Aug. 21—Italy on Turkey.
Oct. 14—Bulgaria on Serbia.
Oct. 15—Great Britain on Bulgaria.
Oct. 16—France on Bulgaria.
Serbia on Bulgaria.
Oct. 19—Italy on Bulgaria.
Russia on Bulgaria.

1916

Mar. 9—Germany on Portugal.
Aug. 27—Roumania on Austria.
Aug. 28—Italy on Germany.
Aug. 29—Turkey on Roumania.
Sept. 14—Germany on Roumania.
Nov. 28—Greece on Bulgaria. (Provisional Gov't).
Greece on Germany. (Provisional Gov't).

1917

Apr. 6—United States on Germany.
Apr. 7—Cuba on Germany.
Panama on Germany.
July 2—Greece on Germany. (Gov't of Alexander).
Greece on Bulgaria. (Gov't of Alexander).
July 22—Siam on Austria.
Siam on Germany.
Aug. 4—Liberia on Germany.
Aug. 14—China on Austria.
China on Germany.
Oct. 26—Brazil on Germany.
Dec. 7—United States on Austria.
Dec. 10—Panama on Austria-Hungary.

SEVERANCE OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS

1914

July 26—Austria with Serbia.
Aug. 10—France with Austria.
Aug. 13—Egypt with Germany.
Aug. 26—Austria with Japan.

1916

Mar. 16—Austria with Portugal.

1917

Feb. 3—United States with Germany.
Mar. 14—China with Germany.
Apr. 8—Austria with United States.
Apr. 11—Brazil with Germany.
Apr. 14—Bolivia with Germany.
Apr. 20—Turkey with United States.
Apr. 27—Guatemala with Germany.
May 17—Honduras with Germany.
May 18—Nicaragua with Germany.
June 17—Hayti with Germany.
July 2—Greece with Turkey. (Gov't of Alexander).
Greece with Austria. (Gov't of Alexander)
Sept. 21—Costa Rica with Germany.
Oct. 6—Peru with Germany.
Oct. 7—Uruguay with Germany.

FINAL U. S. CASUALTY LIST.

Killed in action	34,248
Died of disease	23,430
Died of wounds	13,700
Died of accident	2,019
Drowned	300
Suicide	272
Murder or homicide	154
Executed by sentence of General Court Martial	10
Other known causes	489
Causes undetermined	1,839
Presumed dead	650
Total dead	77,118
Prisoners unaccounted for	15
Prisoners died	147
Prisoners repatriated	4,270
Total prisoners	4,432
Wounded slightly	91,189
Wounded severely	83,390
Wounded, degree undetermined	46,480
Total wounded	221,050
Missing in action	3
Grand total	302,612

CASUALTIES BY STATES.

State	Casualties	Dead	Per thousand of population
Montana	3,443	934	9.1
Connecticut	6,265	1,265	5.6
Wyoming	676	233	4.6
Pennsylvania	35,042	7,898	4.5
North Dakota	2,560	700	4.43
New York	40,222	9,196	4.41
Wisconsin	9,813	2,649	4.2
Idaho	1,351	409	4.1
Massachusetts	13,505	2,955	4.01
New Jersey	10,166	2,367	4.006
Oklahoma	6,358	1,471	3.8
Michigan	10,369	2,751	3.6
New Hampshire	1,535	358	3.55
Minnesota	7,323	2,133	3.52
Ohio	16,007	4,082	3.3
Vermont	1,170	300	3.288
Iowa	7,311	2,161	3.286
Illinois	18,264	4,260	3.22
West Virginia	4,018	1,063	3.208
South Dakota	1,867	554	3.1
Kansas	5,182	1,270	3.09
Nevada	250	71	3.05
Maryland	3,812	975	3.02
Missouri	10,385	2,562	3.009
Virgina	6,130	1,635	2.9
Rhode Island	1,562	355	2.87
Tennessee	6,190	1,836	2.83
California	6,650	1,747	2.76
Arizona	557	150	2.72
Utah	1,006	302	2.69
Maine	2,090	518	2.68
New Mexico	860	228	2.66
North Carolina	5,799	1,610	2.62
Texas	10,133	2,722	2.6
South Carolina	3,919	1,138	2.58
Nebraska	3,041	855	2.55
Washington	3,070	877	2.51
Alabama	5,160	1,251	2.4
Kentucky	5,380	1,436	2.349
Oregon	1,577	512	2.344
Dist. Columbia	733	202	2.33
Colorado	1,759	537	2.2
Indiana	5,766	1,510	2.1
Arkansas	2,658	883	1.7
Georgia	4,425	1,530	1.6
Delaware	303	87	1.4
Louisiana	2,169	823	1.3
Mississippi	2,303	904	1.28
Florida	1,171	467	1.27
Alaska	15	6	——
Hawaii	13	4	——
Porto Rico	12	1	——
Philippines	7	3	——
Canal Zone	3	2	——

Battle Deaths of all Armies.

Russia	1,700,000
Germany	1,700,000
France	1,385,000
Great Britain	900,000
Austria	800,000
Italy	330,000
Turkey	250,000
Serbia and Montenegro	125,000
Belgium	102,000
Roumania	100,000
Bulgaria	100,000
United States	49,000
Greece	7,000
Portugal	2,000
Total	7,550,000

Russia's losses were for only three years, as she withdraw from the war in 1917. Deaths were between 20 and 25 in each 100 called to the colors (U. S. not included). In our Civil war the deaths from fighting and disease in the Northern army were 10 men in each hundred.

France had 89.3% or 8,392,000 of her 9,336,000 men of military age (from 18 to 50 years) in the front lines or army

zones during the war. Great Britain had the following total of troops from the respective possessions:

British Isles	5,704,416
Canada	640,886
Australia	416,809
New Zealand	220,099
South Africa	136,070
India	1,101,350
Other Colonies	134,837
Total	8,654,467

Some of the figures for Central Europe and Turkey would be hundreds of thousands more if deaths from other causes be included. Thus Serbia reported her losses in killed, died of wounds and disease at 292,342.

The war cost the world $200,000,000,000 in money, material and property, it is estimated, but the latter probably will never be known exactly.

President Wilson welcomed the soldiers of the National Army into the Nation's service Sept. 3, 1917, with a message in which he said: "You are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. Everything that you do will be watched with the deepest interest and with the deepest solicitude not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole Nation besides. For this great war draws us all together, makes us all comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves to be when we first made good our national independence. The eyes of all the world will be upon you because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom. Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America. My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you!"

Men and women of the United States engaged in war activities were as follows:

Men in France fighting	1,400,000
Men in France behind lines	600,000
Men in Army in United States	1,700,000
Men in Navy	550,000
Men in war work in United States	7,150,000
Men in non-war work in U. S.	18,600,000
Total men	30,000,000
Women in war work	2,250,000
Women in non-war work	25,750,000
Total women	28,000,000

Chronology of 88th Division

1917.

Aug. 25—Organized at Camp Dodge, Iowa, with the arrival of Maj-Gen. Edward H. Plummer to assume command.

Aug. 29—Arrival of 796 officers from First Federal Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Fort Snelling, mostly from Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa and North and South Dakota.

Sept. 4—First contingent of 5 per cent of first draft begins to arrive. During succeeding months large numbers of men of first and second drafts are sent away, mainly to Camps Cody, Bowie, Doniphan, Pike, Grant and Travis.

1918.

Jan. 1—Arrival of 868 officers for duty from the Second Officers' Training Camps at Forts Sheridan, Snelling and Benjamin Harrison.

July 25—First trainload of 88th Division troops leave for France when the advance and school detachments depart at 9 P. M accompanied by Brig. Gen. W. D. Beach, acting division commander.

Aug. 20—First Division headquarters abroad opened at Semur (Cote d'Or), in newly-opened 21st Training Area.

Aug. 10-13—163d F. A. Brig. leaves Camp Dodge for Port of Embarkation, Hoboken.

Sept. 4-12—163d F. A. Brig. lands at Le Havre and is separated permanently from the 88th Division proper.

Sept. 5.—Maj. Gen. William Weigel assigned to command of the Division.

Sept. 10-16—Units of 163d F. A. Brig. reach their training areas: Brigade Headquarters and 337th and 339th Regiments at Clermond-Ferrand; 338th Regt. at Camp de Souge near Bordeaux, and 313th Trench Mortar Battery at Trench Artillery School at Vitry, near Langres.

Sept. 11—Division transferred to 7th (French) Army 40th Army Corps for tactical purposes. Passes to 7th Army Corps (American), 3nd Army, for administrative purposes.

Sept. 14—Movement begun by rail to Hericourt (Haut Saone) area. Intensive training continued without let-up. Severe epidemic of Spanish Influenza takes more than 500 lives.

Sept. 23—Two officers and 100 men from each of 4 Infantry battalions move into Center Alsace Sector east of Belfort by truck at night.

Oct. 5—Division proper begins movement to front line in Center Alsace Sector.

Oct. 12—88th Division relieves the 38th French Division.

Oct. 12—Enemy raiding party on 2d Battalion, 350th Inf. repulsed amid heavy barrage fire. American loss 7 fatally wounded, about 18 less severely wounded, 2 officers, 8 enlisted men captured; 3 French wounded.

Oct. 14—Companies D and 350th Inf. enter villages of Ammertzwiller and Englingen respectively, in enemy lines. Former boats off enemy attack. One American captured.

Oct. 15—Sector passes under complete control of 88th Division.

Oct. 18—Schonholz Wood salient held by Co. I, 351st Inf. is object of enemy raiding party which is beaten off. One American killed, one wounded.

Oct. 31—Enemy attempts second assault on same salient now held by Co. I, 352d Inf., after a 20-minute barrage. Co. M Sector adjoining on left also shelled. Raid repulsed, leaving behind one dead and one fatally wounded.

Nov. 2—Division begins to withdraw from front to Valdoie area, north of Belfort.

Nov. 5—Division begins entraining at Belfort for Bernecourt and Pagney-sur-Meuse areas, near Toul, headquarters at Lagney, (Meurthe at Moselle), in corps reserve of the 2d Army.

Nov. 29—After policing area Division leaves for Gondrecourt (Meuse) area for the remainder of the stay in France.

Dec. 23—163d Field Artillery Brig. sails for home Dec. 23-Jan. 25.

Dec. 25—57th Field Artillery Brig. assigned to Division from 32d Division, temporarily.

1919.

Feb. 26—Division Horse Show at Gondrecourt following Regimental and Brigade Horse Shows. 352d Inf. wins first place, 351st, second.

Mar. 28-29—Division Motor Transport Show near Demange.

Apr. 11—Orders received to prepare for return to the United States, the 1st Training Area to be policed and restored to its original pre-war condition.

Apr. 15—Division transferred to 1st American Army.

Apr. 19—Gen. J. J. Pershing, commander-in-chief of A. E. F., and Secretary of War Baker, review Division at Gondrecourt and it ceases to exist as combat unit.

Apr. 20—88th Division comes under direct control of General Headquarters, A. E. F.

Apr. 21—Division Show "Who Can Tell" begins 11-night engagement at Gondrecourt.

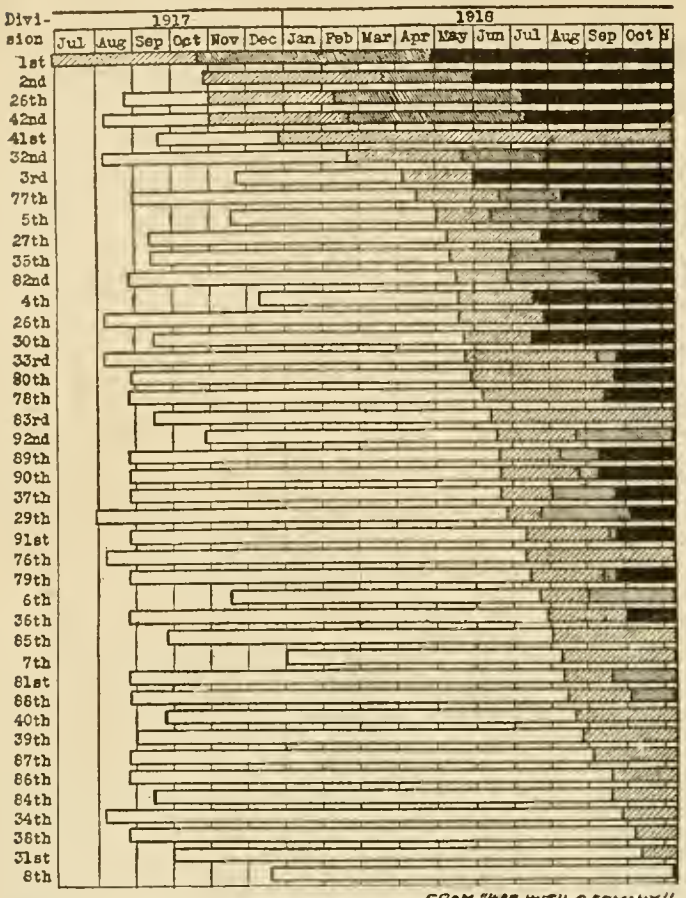
Apr. 26—Enlisted Men's Military Tournament and Field Meet at Gondrecourt. First place won by 351st Inf., 349th second, 350th, third. Division transferred to control of Service of Supply for early return home.

May 2—Advance billeting party entrains at Gondrecourt for new area with headquarters at La Suze (Sarthe), American Embarkation Center (Le Mans) area.

May 15—Units begin to entrain for St. Nazaire port of embarkation.

May 19—Units of 349th Inf. first to sail for America. The Liners Henry R. Mallory, Aeolus, Rijndam, Pastores, Mercury, Canonicus, Pocahontas, Koeningen der Nederlanden and Madawaska transport Division across the Atlantic, the last-named sailing May 24, all landing at Newport News, from where the men are scattered to the camps nearest their homes and discharged.

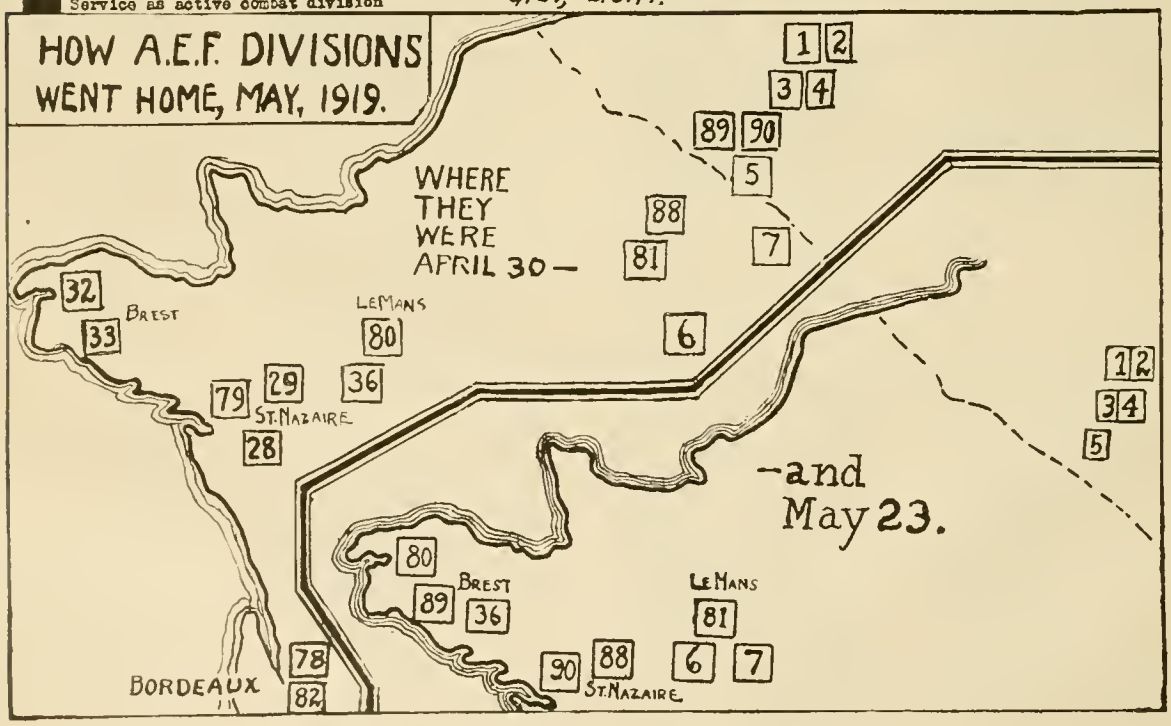
COMPARISON OF DIVISION RECORDS: TIME SPENT IN TRAINING AND FIGHTING.



Organization to arrival in France
Arrival in France to entering line
Entering line to active battle service
Service as active combat division

FROM "WAR WITH GERMANY"
BY COL. LEONARD P. AYRES
G. S., U. S. A.

DIV	DIVISION CASUALTY LIST: Battle Deaths	Wounded	TOTAL
2	4,419	29,657	25,076
1	4,204	19,141	23,345
3	3,102	15,052	18,154
28	2,531	13,746	16,277
42	2,713	13,292	16,005
26	2,168	13,000	15,168
4	2,587	11,596	14,183
32	2,898	10,986	13,884
77	1,990	9,966	11,956
27	1,791	9,427	11,218
30	1,652	9,429	11,081
5	1,908	7,975	9,883
33	1,002	8,251	9,253
89	1,419	7,394	8,813
82	1,338	6,890	8,228
78	1,359	6,800	8,159
90	1,387	6,623	8,010
35	960	6,894	7,854
79	1,396	6,194	7,590
80	1,141	5,622	6,763
91	1,390	5,106	6,496
29	940	5,219	6,159
37	992	4,931	5,923
36	591	2,119	2,710
93	574	2,009	2,583
7	308	1,516	1,824
92	185	1,495	1,680
81	250	801	1,051
6	97	479	576
88	27	63	90
Others	1,596	4,462	6,058
Total	48,909	237,135	286,044



PART I

United States Dragged Into World War

I.

When, on June 28, 1914, the Austrian archduke, Francis Ferdinand, heir-apparent to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his wife, Duchess of Hohenberg, were assassinated on the streets of Sarajevo, capital of the Austrian province of Bosnia, the matter received only the scantiest notice, if any at all, at the hands of a certain 27,000-odd young men busy at their various occupations far across the sea in the United States. On farms, in stores, banks and offices, in shops and yards, they were devoting themselves to their peaceful pursuits in the highly prosperous, nonmilitary nation of the New World What went on over in the Balkans was the last thing to give them concern.

Yet those shots on that fatal day also were shots to be "heard around the world," and ere their echoes ceased, were to roll and swell into a chorus, mighty and frightful beyond man's conception, engulfing nation after nation, until those 27,000-odd young men over in America, unconcerned no longer, were to be snatched from their places along with millions of their fellows and sent into a maelstrom of war. Little did those young men, soon to be gathered together and called the 88th Division, United States Army, little did any one think in those days that the country over on this side of the Atlantic was to be drawn into the holocaust, tardily but tellingly, and was to prove the deciding factor in the struggle.

That was what happened in those momentous years, 1914-1918. This is being written 18 months after hostilities ceased, but the perspective of time does not lend much in this case to a judgment of the actual and contributing causes which was not shared by practically the entire world at that time. This judgment was put into words by President Wilson when he held that the principal factor responsible for the great World War was the unholy ambitions of the German emperor, Kaiser Wilhelm II, and his imperialistic following. Nothing that has been evolved since then has lessened this belief, and that the kaiser himself felt the weight of guilt was evident from his ignominious flight on the eve of his downfall.

Events of those fateful weeks immediately preceding the outbreak of war provide material for numberless volumes, for white books and red books and yellow books, and have no proper place here in detail. Suffice it to say that the affair of Sarajevo was like a burning match to powder, so strained were internal European relations after the recent Balkan wars. Matters between Austria and Servia could sustain themselves no longer. Briefly, it was Slav versus Teuton for Balkan domination, and Austria made much of the assassination as an act of excessive hostility on the part of Serbian subjects, claiming that it was committed with official connivance.

Responsibility Is Undoubted

It will be left to future historians to relate how much the German kaiser had to do with urging on the aged Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary in spite of the warnings of Russia in behalf of her ally, Servia. Concerning the responsibility of the kaiser in driving Austria into the Serbian war, there is no longer good reason to doubt. The decoded cipher messages of the Austrian ambassador at Berlin, the minutes of the historic meeting of the Austrian cabinet, the confessions of Berchtold, the papers in the German archives brought to light by Kautsky, all prove that the kaiser exercised to the maximum his personal initiative in forcing that war as an excuse to launch the great military scheme he had evolved for "Der Tag"—the day to which Germans drank their toasts. On July 23 Austria served an ultimatum (or demarche) on Servia. It was sent at 6 P. M. and a reply was demanded by 6 P. M. July 25. Servia granted every demand, making only certain slight reservations.

On July 26 Germany warned the powers not to interfere in Austria's discipline of Servia. Sir Edward Grey, British foreign secretary, proposed on the same day that a meeting of representatives of the powers be held in London to try and avoid the war that seemed to be so inevitably rushing on. Germany and Austria refused, however, and on the 28th Austria declared war on Servia. Belgrade was bombarded on the 29th and Russia began a partial mobilization. Germany began to prepare for mobilization without a public order.

Then on July 30 Germany demanded of Russia that mobilization cease, the following day issuing an imperial decree of a state of war in the German Empire. On the first day of August, Germany declared war on Russia—and the fate of 7,500,000 soldiers of many nations was sealed, millions of noncombatant lives were lost, and untold suffering ensued the like of which the world had never before witnessed.

France mobilized and on August 2 German troops entered the duchy of Luxemburg, also on that date violating the frontier of France without a declaration of war, and appearing before Liege, Belgium. Safe passage was demanded for them through Belgium and refused. On the 3d France and Germany declared war and hordes of green-grey German troops invaded Belgium, which then appealed for aid to Great Britain as one of the guarantors of Belgian neutrality.

On August 4 Great Britain did what the kaiser did not look for: it answered the appeal of Belgium and declared war on Germany.

From then on events came thick and fast, a world looking on aghast. The line-up was supposed to be the Triple Entente (England, France and Russia) on one side and the Triple Alliance (Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy) on the other, but Italy refused to become a party to the War Lord's schemes and notified him of its neutrality July 31.

Thus the great struggle was launched and the United States announced its neutral attitude. There were many men in high places here who felt that we should at least have protested against the violation of Belgian neutrality but on the whole the squabbles of European nations were not a matter of great interest to the American public, nor well understood. There were in this country three great influences strongly opposed to any action unfavorable to Germany: first a numerous Teutonic element, largely foreign-born; second, an Irish element coupled with other anti-British spirits, and third, a portion of the population which had inherited from its European origin a deep fear of and hatred for Russia. These three were pro-German from the start. Another but lesser influence was the "I. W. W.," Socialists and similar malcontents.

Germans Violated Decency

America's entry into the war on the side of the Allies might have remained an uncertain matter had not Germany's methods of warfare violated every sense of humanity and decency marking civilized races. At first the American people looked on with apathy, holding firm to the tradition of not becoming internationally entangled, but the "war of frightfulness" adopted by the "Huns" could not long be ignored. The act which can be said to have turned the scale of American opinion definitely against Germany was the sinking of the great passenger liner Lusitania by a German submarine without warning off the Irish coast on May 7, 1915. Nearly 1,200 men, women and children were drowned, and among them were more than 100 American citizens. A wave of horror swept over the world, and this was increased by an accompanying wave of exultation and delight that swept over Germany. Execution of the British nurse, Edith Cavell, also told heavily against Germany.

Meanwhile the United States government was constantly annoyed by the secret activities of German agents within its borders. It was established that the German imperial agents here were implicated and on May 12, 1915, the notorious Dr. Dernburg was "sent home" under a British safe conduct. On May 13 President Wilson sent a note of protest to Germany

on the Lusitania incident, and from that time on for the next two years the American president was almost constantly engaged in dispatching notes of protest and warning to the German emperor. Although these notes grew firmer and firmer, it can be safely asserted that he never out-distanced the growing disgust for Germany's acts among his people. It can be asserted with equal certainty that similar language at the beginning of the war would not have represented the solid concensus behind him, but that by the time he stepped before Congress and announced that it was to be War, he had the backing of a unified American national sentiment, that cried out for the privilege of taking a hand and ridding the world of the menace of diabolical evil which it faced.

That was April 6, 1917, two years and eight months after the beginning of the war. A year later, Gavrio Prinzip, Serbian, died in an Austrian fortress, May 1, 1918. He was charged with the assassination of Francis Ferdinand, the act that opened the World's great tragedy.

II.

Raising of Army Begun

At the time of its entering into the war the United States boasted of organized land forces scarcely more formidable than the "contemptible little army" with which England sought to assist in the stemming of the German flood at the beginning of the war. According to newspaper almanacs we had a regular army of 90,000 officers and men of the 100,000 authorized by law as a standing army, and scattered throughout the island possessions, canal zone, Alaska and main continent.

The strength of the organized State militia in the federal service Sept. 30, 1916, was 143,000, at that time mainly on the Mexican border. This gave us a total strength of less than 250,000 men, none of them trained or equipped according to the vastly changed methods evolved in the European struggle.

The problem at once presented itself how to go about the raising of an army that would compare favorably with the millions possessed by the belligerents and to provide the new forms of munitions. In the matter of the latter, we were aided by the fact that many of our private industries were engaged in turning out enormous quantities of modern arms for Allied nations, but we had no laws or plans providing machinery for raising a large army except by the volunteer method.

Such was the determination of the American public, however, that the seemingly impossible task of organization and construction was disposed of in a manner which became at once the marvel of the world. A draft law was passed by Congress and accepted by the public without a murmur, and on June 5, 1917, nearly 10,000,000 young men registered for the proposed army.

But this was only part of the tremendous problem. Before the army could be organized there must be officers to man it and before the army could be gathered together there must be camps and buildings to house it. Reserve officers' training camps were accordingly opened May 15 at 13 points and construction was begun on 16 large cantonments. Thus, 30,000 officers were produced after a three-month course, ready to report at the nearest cantonments by the time the buildings were ready to take charge of the drafted men as soon as they could be called into the service.

One of the cantonments established was at Camp Dodge, Iowa, about 11 miles northwest of Des Moines, the state capital, on a single-track electric line. The new army of drafted men was to be called the National Army, which together with divisions of the National Guard and regular army, was to form the American Expeditionary Forces abroad. In the plans for this army the numbers from 1 to 25 were allotted to divisions of regular army troops; 26 to 75 to the National Guard and from 76 up to the National Army. Camp Dodge was to receive a division of National Army troops, designated as the 88th. Besides cheerfully accepting the Draft law the American public during the war submitted to government control of railroads, food and fuel, oversubscribed one "Liberty Loan" after another, and purchased "War Savings Stamps" by the billion.

The period of nearly one year during which the 88th was kept at Camp Dodge will remain in the memory of its permanent personnel as one of the most trying of the entire experience. It was the universal desire to get to Europe as speedily as possible, instead of which a skeleton organization, mainly of officers and noncommissioned officers, was forced to remain on the bleak, wind-swept and sun-baked prairie drilling thousands of civilian soldiers, only to lose them to other divisions and see them sent abroad.

It was a heart-breaking experience, that more than once sapped officers and N. C. O.'s of their enthusiasm and spirit. Unquestionably, training suffered much from this practice. At such times as the 88th was recruited to near full strength and the new men taking shape as well-drilled soldiers, there was not an officer of any rank who did not succumb to a feeling of discouragement and disappointment when orders came to deplete the ranks again for the benefit of outfits scheduled for early departure for France. The last men of the first draft did not report at Camp Dodge until February, 1918, and altogether about 40,000 men received their early training there, only to be transferred elsewhere.

Contingents of drafted men arrived usually in delegations from their home assembly points, sometimes with flags and banners, and even accompanied by G. A. R. drum corps, bands or other enthusiastic committees. They got off the Interurban line at Camp Dodge Station at 5th St., afterward known as the "Arsenal" Station, and were marched in whatever formation could be held, to the Receiving Office at the corner of Main Ave. Some of the delegations were in charge of men with considerable military experience and these had drilled their men into marching by squads, and given them quite a start in the rudiments of their new profession.

After being registered and answering all the questions, the next move was to get quarters and accommodations. Sometimes it was necessary for the recruits to fall in and march to the buildings where folding iron beds were issued, but often the beds were already in place. All that remained was for the arrivals to fall in and march away for bedsacks, then march away to the straw pile. Those were the days when homesickness gripped hard, and it grew worse before the new men became acclimated.

Thus with the actual formation of the 88th Div., those officers assigned to it gave up the hopes they formerly cherished of being among the "First Hundred Thousand," to go "across," that they had talked about at the Ft. Snelling training camp. Large numbers of officers were detached, however, and sent to other stations and these had their hopes fulfilled of getting over early. Out of those companies of "rookie officers" at the first camp many went over never to return.

Questions Are Aroused

The hasty raising of a large army and its even more hasty training by intensive, short-cut methods awoke the question, "Will our boys, reared in a nonmilitary atmosphere and more or less pampered by an easy, comfortable life, respond to the harsh demands of the army? What kind of soldiers will they make?"

There existed not only abroad but at home a certain suspicion that the American youth was a sort of "mamma's boy," and this suspicion was strengthened much by a song which had considerable vogue early in the war, "I Did Not Raise My Boy to be a Soldier."

But if any misgivings were harbored as to the qualities of the American young men to face hardship and devote themselves to a duty no matter how disagreeable, they were to be dispelled at once and completely with the enrollment of the first men as soldiers. The most optimistic hopes, the stanchest supporters of American stamina were shown to be justified and far surpassed. It was one of the astonishing features of the efforts to build the army that the men from the farms, towns and cities, most of whom had scarcely seen a soldier or handled a gun in his life, mastered his "School of the Soldier," and "School of the Squad" as though born to the life, and they were turned into snappy, well-set-up soldiers almost over night. There were no longer any fears after the first few days about raising an effective army in the United States, and in quicker time than such a thing had ever been attempted before.

But it was not now a matter of training men in a few simple branches such as covered by the experiences of American arms in former wars. Besides the old methods of fighting, the modern tricks had to be learned. The old-time, fancy, thrust-and-parry bayonet drill for instance went in the dis-

card, and in its place came a vicious, vigorous, savage, cut-and-jab method developed by the British with great success. Every man also had to take thorough gas defense training, and grenade throwing, rifle grenade, automatic rifle, hand bomb, a new extended order, sniping, trench fighting, trench digging, liaison, and other ideas in warfare were in the course of study.

To assist in introducing the latest forms of fighting, France and England sent missions to this country for duty at the various training camps. Among the officers who will be remembered as having been members of these missions at different times were Majors McHardy and Simpson and Captains Ross, Cross, Revels, Blackwell and Parnell, all British, and Majors Cheffaud and Hanaut, Captains Pouchot, Delport, Armand and Percevault, and Lieutenant Giraud, French.

The organizations which made up the division were:

Division Headquarters; Headquarters Troops; 337th Machine Gun Battalion.

175th Infantry Brigade: 349th and 350th Regiments; 338th Machine Gun Battalion.

176th Infantry Brigade: 351st and 352d Regiments; 339th Machine Gun Battalion.

163d Field Artillery Brigade; 337th, 338th and 339th Regiments; 313th Trench Mortar Battery.

313th Engineer Regiment.

313th Train Headquarters and Military Police.

313th Ammunition Train.

313th Field Signal Battalion.

313th Supply Train.

313th Sanitary Train.

The 163d Depot Brigade also was organized at Camp Dodge, and the southern end of the camp was occupied by the 366th Regiment of colored infantry of the 92d Division.

Stiff and Gruelling Program

It was a stiff and gruelling program that met the new drafted men, but work was graduated in such a manner as to develop the men by degrees, yet with speed. Each unit was assigned drill fields on the terrain surrounding the barracks, and each had its own bayonet course and parade. The artillery occupied the north end of camp adjacent to the Base Hospital (as far as the area of the 42d Regular Infantry which later arrived at Camp Dodge).

Rifle and machine gun ranges were located over the hill east of the camp, though range work did not begin for some time. Krag-Jorgenson rifles were issued at first.

The United States had on hand 600,000 Springfield rifles, model of 1903. This rifle has been claimed by experts to be the best infantry rifle in use in any army. Seeing the impossibility of manufacturing Springfields fast enough to place them in the hands of 4,000,000 men which the army program eventually took into account, it was decided to manufacture an entirely new rifle. At that time there were several large plants just completing large orders for the Enfield rifle, model 1917, for the British government. The new American rifle—the model 1917—was accordingly designed sufficiently like the Enfield so that plants equipped to make the Enfield could turn their equipment to making the new American rifle, chambered to use Springfield ammunition.

Meanwhile the available Springfields were used to equip the regular army and National Guard divisions first to go to France. In fact, half the ammunition, round for round, used against the enemy by United States troops during the war was shot from Springfield rifles. A reserve stock of 200,000 Krags was taken from storage for training purposes in the camps and 10,000 of these came to Camp Dodge.

The manufacture of Springfields was continued while large scale production of the Enfields went on. Beginning with the 600,000 on hand in April, 1917, the total of Springfields had risen to 900,000 at the end of the war. Production of the Enfields started in August, 1917, and totalled at the armistice nearly 2,300,000. The first Enfields arrived at Camp Dodge during the winter 1917-18.

A "model battalion" was organized for the purpose of demonstrating modern warfare, and an elaborate system of trenches were dug on the heights near the water tower east of the camp. American companies formerly were composed of 150 men at war strength, but among the changes made in the present war was the raising of this number to 250 to conform with the companies of the Allies. Construction at Camp Dodge had begun under plans for 150-man buildings, by the way, hence it was necessary to put one organization in more than one building, and parts of more than one organization in a building frequently.

Hard as was the drill routine of each day for the soldiers, with emphasis from the beginning on physical development, it was not permitted to become monotonous. Play was injected into the program at stated periods to give the men well-directed exercise and recreation.

Never before, it is safe to say, had an army been raised and trained with such attention to the soldiers' moral, physical and mental welfare. Contributing to this end were the Young Men's Christian Association, with many "huts," the Knights of Columbus, also with frequent buildings, the Hostess House of the Young Women's Christian Association, the Jewish Welfare Board, Lutheran Brotherhood, American Library Board and American Red Cross. A theater also was erected at the camp "Civic Center."

Boxing came into great vogue, and "Mike" Gibbons, a prominent professional of St. Paul, Minn., was engaged as the Division Boxing Instructor.

Camp Strength Depleted

As Christmas, 1917, drew near the camp strength was considerably depleted, and a deep hope was entertained that all would be permitted to go home for a holiday visit. At first it was given out that no one would be given a holiday leave, but later this was altered to provide that those might go who could show that there was sickness, death, or other highly urgent reason for going home.

Soon there began pouring into camp a stream of telegrams announcing illness and all sorts of dire emergencies among the folks at home, on the strength of which some "buddy" was expected to be able to get a leave. One young man from Dubuque presented himself before his captain, whose company was threatened with being well-nigh wiped out by the pleas from home, and, handing over a telegram, said:

"Sir, nearly every man in Dubuque is dead except my father, and he's sick."

He got his leave. Officers engaged automobiles for long journeys in order not to use the railroads to go outside the state, as one of the reasons for curtailing leaves was the necessity of keeping down rail travel.

General Plummer was relieved of command of the Division after a trip to France because of physical unfitness for foreign service, and Brig. Gen. R. N. Getty, commanding the 175th Brig., succeeded him. General Getty in turn was relieved and Brig. Gen. W. D. Beach, commanding the 176th Brig., took charge of the Division until it reached France. Brig. Gen., M. B. Stewart became commander of the 175th Brig. Commanders to take their organizations overseas were: 349th Inf., Col. Girard Sturtevant; 350th Inf., Col. Harrison J. Price (afterward brigadier general in 77th Div.); 351st Inf., Col. H. B. Crosby; 352d Inf., Col. C. E. Hawkins; 163d F. A. Brig., Brig. Gen. S. M. Foote (deceased); 337th F. A., Col. George R. Greene; 338th F. A., Col. Ned B. Rehkopf; 339th F. A., Col. S. C. Vestal; 313th Eng., Col. R. P. Howell; 313th Trains and M. P., Col. J. P. Harbeson; 313th F. S. Bn., Col. F. W. Ainsworth; 313th San. Train, Lt. Col. W. R. C. Neumarker; 313th Amm. Train, Lt. Col. E. S. Olmstead; 313th Supply Train, Major W. J. O'Connell; 337th M. G. Bn., Major R. F. Seymour; 338th M. G. Bn., Major C. H. Karstad; 339th M. G. Bn., Major L. B. Elliott.

Other units to serve with the 88th Div. in France were the 313th Mobile Ordnance Repair Shop, Clothing Unit No. 308, Mobile Laundry Unit No. 329, Service Park Units No. 367 and 311.

Toward summer, 1918, as the Division began to fill up again, training increased in intensity, and from other indications hope sprang up anew in oft-disappointed breasts that at last the 88th was to get away from Camp Dodge and be entrusted with real action.

An incident which, while it had no connection with the Division or the war, served to impress on the men the inexorable laws of the military, occurred July 5. At 9 A. M. on that day more than 15,000 troops were drawn up in a large hollow square on the drill field of the 366th Inf. to witness the hanging of three negro soldiers. It was a dull, gray morning, and

with great gallows in the center, it was a tense and tragic scene as the shouting culprits stood out against the sky and then dropped to their death. Nothing could have taught the men more effectively the certainty and speed of army law. Following a crime against a white girl, the arrests and conviction had come with remarkable expedition and with no doubts entertained that justice had overtaken the right men.

Most Strenous Period

As July advanced work was carried on from early morning until dark at night, undoubtedly the most strenuous period ever put in by any of the members before. The men gained confidence and the eagerness to get abroad increased. War risk insurance had been taken out by nearly every officer and man, the psychologic and physical tests passed, and all were ready.

At last the long-awaited order came from Washington for overseas service. Naturally among so large a number of young men there must have been mixed emotions on the prospect going to a war which held such horrors unknown to American experience. There were one or two suicides or attempts at suicide on the part of overwrought natures.

An advance party consisting of the billeting, debarking and entraining officers and orderlies, and a school detachment bound for Chatillon-sur-Seine, made up the first train of Pullmans that left Camp Dodge about 9 P. M., July 25, 1918, for the Port of Embarkation at Hoboken, N. J. The route was the same as that followed by most of the Division—the Northwestern Railroad to Chicago, then the Nickle Plate to Buffalo, and the Lackawanna to Hoboken.*

On this trip the men received their first impressions of the nation's interest in them as fighters. Possibly from long association, Des Moines had not been a demonstrative city, but the soldiers were now to feel the warmth and enthusiasm of the patriotic American heart, and the farther east they proceeded the more marked became the demonstrations. Chicago gave them impromptu innovations as the cars switched through the Ghetto and other poorer sections of the city, and the little towns along the way out in the country showered attentions.

It was during this journey that the work of the Red Cross first came to receive the real appreciation of the soldiers. Local chapters always kept informed hours ahead of approaching troop trains and were ready with coffee, cookies, cigarettes, milk or other comforts. Among the towns that catered to almost every 88th Div. train were Clinton, Iowa, Cleveland, Elmira, N. Y., and Scranton, Pa.

The advance party was taken by ferry to Brooklyn and on the Long Island Railroad to Camp Upton, at Yaphank. The school detachment was the first to get away and sailed Aug. 3, being fortunate enough to be placed on board the giant Leviathan, formerly the German Vaterland. The advance detachment was equally fortunate, except in not sailing until Aug. 5, by securing space aboard the Aquitania. These were fast vessels and zig-zagged across the Atlantic in seven days unattended by protective warships, the former landing at LeHavre and the latter at Liverpool.

The Salvation Army and Red Cross on the American side had a system of sending postal cards or telegrams to the men's home folks when the cable should announce the safe arrival of the ships "at a foreign port." The point of landing never was mentioned. Arrangements for this service would be made in advance at the gang plank and was free of charge.

The advance detachment put in the program experienced by most of the Division: two nights at Knotty Ash "Rest Camp" in Liverpool, a beautiful daylight run across England to Southampton, one night's stay there at a "rest camp," then a swift dart in an overcrowded boat across the English channel under cover of darkness to Cherbourg, France, and another "rest camp." Then came the introduction to cooties and the "40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux" form of travel.

If the reception given the troops at home had been warm, it was even more so in England. All along the railroad the Stars and Stripes hung from windows and poles, and housewives paused from their work to go to the doors and wave at the passing Americans. "Goodby-ee" and "Cheery-o" were the common greeting, with "Good old Yanks" and "Hurrah for Sammy!" interspersed. The smaller children, however, had early discovered the doughboys' open-handedness and begged for pennies. A printed greeting from King George was given every American soldier who passed through.

(*The name of those composing the Advance Detachment are given on page 11 and a complete list of the School Detachment in the Appendix).

The voyage across the Atlantic was accomplished with varied experiences, but with the same routine of duties—boat drill, guard, K. P., etc. No mishaps marred the passage through the submarine-infested waters. The slower ships made the trip in convoys accompanied by strong war fleets. There were submarine scares that proved groundless, but some that were legitimate.

To avoid the possibility that someone might show a light from cigarette or match after dark, no one was permitted outside after a certain hour in the evening, and all had to wear lifebelts constantly during the day, and on some ships even at night. In the more dangerous waters the officers also had to wear the pistols issued to them just before sailing. It was at this time also that the men received their new style "overseas" caps and spiral leggings. The officers also had to provide themselves with the Sam Browne belt and put it on before debarkation.

It would be well to recall the stage of the war's progress at the time the 88th Div. was being hurried to a place in line.

Ludendorff Begins Drive

It was on March 21, 1918, that Ludendorff began the great drive, or rather series of drives, that was for a second time (the first time being in 1914) to threaten Paris. The Allies knew that a stroke was impending, but they knew not exactly where. A British Army received the first impact and gave in. For four months thereafter it was almost one tremendous and successful blow after another and it seemed impossible for the Allied arms to stem the fierce onslaught. Nearly to Amiens went the new German lines on the right center, and on May 27, while the Allies were anxiously watching the Amiens sector, Ludendorff suddenly drove with terrible force between Soissons and Rheims and in three hours had taken the Chemin des Dames which the French had re-won the year before after a struggle as bitter and bloody as Verdun in 1916. The worn French and British troops could not hold and by the fourth day the Germans had taken Soissons and reached the Marne near Chateau Thierry.

Those were proud days for the kaiser. Russia was out of the war, peace had just been signed by Roumania with the four Central Powers of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, and the Balkans were quieted. The advances the last of May were the fastest ever scored by any army on any front in the war.

Gathering then for a renewed onslaught, the fifth great storm was let loose July 15 on a 50-mile front from Vaux to the Champagne, and the Marne was crossed at Dormans, but that was the finish. They met a wall of French-American troops, and on the 18th these advanced instead, and the Germans retreated across the river the next day.

Eighty-five thousand Americans fought in the Chateau Thierry vicinity (men from the 2d, 3d, 26th, 28th and 42d Divisions) and not only stopped the Hun advance on Paris but hurled them back, and the rest of the war was a series of German reverses until the end.

American troops had displayed their mettle at Cantigny in June, also, where for the first time they undertook an operation alone and proved that the triumphant German armies had been overrated. War dispatches were full of glowing accounts of what our men were doing and the 88th chafed at the delay in getting into the fray. There was yet no intimation that the end was so near, however, and no one dared predict less than another year of bloody fighting.

The successes of the German arms had been so signal, however, that their ardor was not dampened by the July reverses, nor did the Allies entertain hopes of easy conquest. Their cry had gone out for "Men, and more men!" to America, and they were being rushed across the Atlantic in numbers which had been believed impossible by any military man before. It was a confident and jubilant foe that awaited the arrival of the 88th Div. as it set sail on the Steamships Olympic, Delta, Ascanius, Phens, Kashmir, Messanabie, Ulysses, City of Exeter, Saxon, Scotia, Vedic, Demosthenes (from Quebec with Division Headquarters), Bohemia and Empress of Britain, carrying the infantry. The ships which transported the artillery are given in the Division chronology.

This was the parting of the ways for the infantry and artillery branches of the 88th. The artillery went to training

grounds and never rejoined the Division after reaching France, but, it was understood, was to have appeared soon in the 2d Army area before Metz where the infantry was operating had not the armistice intervened. The story of the artillery is continued in later chapters.

III.

The Arrival at Semur

It was a bright, sultry day, Aug. 20, 1918—one of those days seldom seen by any member of the 88th Div., that justifies the term "Sunny France." It was noon, and the picturesque town of Semur in Cote d'Or Department lay asleep, with shops closed, as every one partook of dejeuner from 12 to 2 P. M., or from 12 to 14 o'clock, as it would be put there. Not even a dog was in sight. (And that, it will be recalled, is saying something.)

An automobile dashed into the Place de l'Ancien Comedie. Three American officers jumped out and were greeted by two French officers who emerged from a building. The parties disappeared inside at the invitation of the Frenchmen to join their noon mess, and all was dead quiet again, except for a French orderly who went shuffling across the square in the direction of the "Marie," or City Hall.

Suddenly, just as the officers were concluding their repast, there arose a commotion. An important-looking man in blue-and-gold cap appeared in the square with a drum and began to violate the silence with the crash of the long roll, ending with a flourish. Dogs barked and ran about; people threw open their shutters to see and listen as the drummer, completing his alarum, began to read. Small boys (they are as inevitable there as here) gathered about, and there was a cry and to-do.

"Les Americains! Les Americains!"

The long-awaited Americans, the wonderful Americans of whom they had heard so much, were coming at last!

In an incredibly short time flags draped becomingly from windows (they "drape becomingly" in France, be it buildings or mademoiselles) and the padre, who was also the editor, nailed up a sign over his sanctum, "Welcome." He was the only native who knew English and with the help of some artists from Paris, refugees from the "Big Bertha" and Gotha attacks, had spelled out the sign. Within an hour a stream of people in their Sunday best were wending the Avenue de la Gare to meet the 14:10 train when it should come laboring up the grade from Les Laumes at 15 o'clock.

A few minutes after 3 a parade might have been seen making its way back from the station. At its head marched Brig. Gen. W. D. Beach. The others with him were Lt. Col. J. DeCamp Hall, 350th Inf., Capt. E. J. D. Larson, Minneapolis, Div. Hq., which two were in the automobile that had arrived with the news in advance; Majors (Lt. Col.) Frank Fields, Q. M. C., Hans Hanson, M. C., Logan, Ia, T. B. Maghee, U. S. A., and Alexander Wilson, 352d Inf., Farmington, Mo.; Captains H. G. Carpenter, 351st Inf., Fargo, N. D., Floyd Andrews, 352d Inf., Minneapolis, Donald Hunter, 350th Inf., and John Pirie, 349th Inf., Minneapolis, Lieutenants Harold Kraft, 349th Inf., Ben H. Johnson, 351st Inf., Russel Bennet, 163d F. A. Brig., Miller Davis, Terre Haute, Ind., Morton Hiller, Omaha, Neb., Div. Hq., W. D. Darrow, Cresco, Ia., Div. Hq, S. H. Moise, Cambridge, Mass., Div. Hq., L. R. Fairall, Des Moines, Ia., 350th Inf., R. S. Decker, Indianapolis, Ind., Div. Hq., M. H. Latendresse, Red Lake Falls, Minn., Div. Hq., E. D. Flynn, Union, S. C., Div. Hq., M. H. Miller, Ottumwa, Ia., Div. Hq., W. I. Carpenter, Minneapolis, Div. Hq., and R. S. Hoyt, New Sharon, Ia., 176th Inf. Brig.; Bn. Sgt. Maj. John W. Sundberg, Brainerd, Minn., Hq. Detch.; Corp. Arthur Ruedi, St. Louis, Mo., Hq. Detch.; Sgt. Paul Syrus, El Paso, Tex., Hq. Tp., and Privates Clyde D. Shipley, Chicago, Ill., Hq. Tp.; E. C. Kisky, Des Moines, Ia., Hq. Tp.; Archie Emerson, Fancy Farm, Ky., Hq. Co., 352d Inf.; William E. Sperry, Earl, N. D., Hq. Co., 350th Inf.; Harry E. Veith, Oakland, Ia., Co. B., 349th Inf.; Raymond H. Cardon, Logan, Utah, Hq. Co., 351st Inf.; Otho Peterson, Hq. Detch., 163 Inf. Brig.; Harley K. Turner, Loraine, Ill., Hq. Co., 350th Inf.; Joseph Murray, Hq. Co., 352d Inf.; Fillmore T. Nelson, Cokato, Minn., Hq. Co., 349th Inf.; Ernest S. McFetridge, Hq. Co., 338th F. A.; Adrian E. Pouliot, Damar, Kans., Hq. Co., 351st Inf.; Harold A. Campbell, St. Cloud, Minn., Hq. Co., 352d Inf.; Elmer L. Moore, Gilman, Ia., Hq. Co., 350th Inf.; George Goldman, St. Paul, Minn., Hq. Co., 349th Inf.; Melvin G. Settles, Rushville, Ill., Hq. Co., 349th Inf.; Frank McGuire, Hq. Co., 337th F. A.; Milton G. Dubois, Sioux Rapids, Ia., Co. C, 351st Inf.; Veit Brownfield, Pilot Grove, Mo., Co. H, 351st Inf.; Clinton Barnhouse, Hq. Co., 351st Inf.; Dalton H. Gnagey, Hq. Co., 350th Inf.; Oscar W. Shindal, Merrill, Ia., Hq. Co., 352d Inf., Sam P. Hunt, Miltonvale, Kans., Hq. Co., 352d Inf.; and Arnold K. Malhum, Dawson, Minn., Hq. Det., 176th Inf. Brig.

The 88th Div. had arrived at its first headquarters in France at last!

Semur is located in a charming country on a branch road running from Les Laumes on the main line from Paris to Marseilles, a section full of historic interest since the days of Caesar. This section had not yet been occupied by troops and presented no signs of war, except hospitals where French "poilus" lounged, many of them pitifully maimed.

Under the French law the public is obliged to take in soldiers in their buildings to the extent of their capacity, and the nation is divided into "billeting zones" in charge of zone majors. Not all of France was "organized" to hold troops, but areas were added as needed. To organize an area, the zone major or his staff would visit each village (practically all the houses are in groups of villages), estimate the number of horses and men each home can accommodate, and the number of rooms with beds where officers can be billeted. The figures are then stencilled in paint on the front door post. A number also is given the house and stencilled on, then a street map is made noting each building, and a list giving the billeting locations and capacity, called a "dozier." A copy of the dozier is kept by the town mayor, so that when troops show up to be billeted, they can go direct to the mayor (if there is not a "town major" as assistant to the zone major) and get the list of billets.

The Semur area was not quite ready when the 88th Div. began to arrive, but the people were so glad to get troops there, especially Americans, whose prowess at Belleau Wood, Chateau Thierry and Cantigny had filled them with love and admiration, but there was no trouble whatever. The welcome given the men was touching, in many cases the villagers meeting the marchers with pails of wine as they approached, and champagne was opened to show their appreciation.

This experience for the boys fresh from narrow scenes at home was wonderful, but the experience with wine was not always pleasant. As a rule they did not like the taste of it, but they also feared to give offense to the kindly people by refusing. It was quite unthinkable to the peasant folk that there should be a race of people who did not drink wine. With them wine was the universal drink in place of water and had been for centuries, and it was the only thing they had in their plain, stone houses to offer as a good-will offering. More than one doughboy marched unsteadily into his first French billet because of this excessive hospitality, and the French soon learned that "the Americans can't drink."

Becomes "A. P. O. No. 795"

The Division was here assigned its postoffice and became A. P. O. 795, and came into contact with the strict censorship rules. It was against regulations to give the names of towns in letters, and the A. P. O. number sufficed in addressing letters to the soldiers. Soldiers could mail letters free by simply writing "Soldier's letter" in the upper right hand corner, but before sealing he had to take it to an officer to be read. The officer would put his O. K. and signature at the bottom of the letter and on the outside of the envelope. Only mail thus censored and marked could go through the postoffice.

This censorship of American letters continued until July 1, 1919, and all mail whether O. K.'d or not was subject to being opened en route. The agents of the enemy were everywhere, saturating both armies and civil populations, and constant vigilance was necessary to prevent information from getting through.

Other innovations coming into force with the arrival in France was the adoption of the designations "G-1," "G-2," etc., for the assistant chiefs of staff at Division Headquarters, after the system in the British army. Khaki uniforms and campaign hats were not taken along to France.

Army pay now increased 10 per cent for foreign service. The private soldier now received $33 a month. In an earlier period a private's home pay was $15 per month but legislation doubled the rate. French money exchange at first was 6.45 francs to the dollar (normal slightly less than five francs) and the soldiers were paid in francs. Before the Division went home the rate was to approximate seven francs.

Commissioned officers had the opportunity here of getting accustomed to the new "harness," the Sam Browne belt, and while some liked the innovation many found it an incumbrance, a nuisance and useless millinery. This was the second change in the American officers' uniform, the first being that of gold shoulder bars to distinguish second lieutenants. Sweeping changes in the whole American uniform were due when hostilities ceased.

Training Is Resumed

During the next three weeks the various units of the infantry caught up with the others, except the 313th Ammunition Train, which did not join the Division until it reached the front. Intensive training was at once resumed where it had been left off, continuing until the Division started to move to Alsace Sept. 14. The orders were to go to Belfort and Major (Col.) C. L. Eastman and Lt. E. D. Flynn were sent ahead, each speaking French with facility.

Before leaving for the more advanced zone the Division had to be stripped of every surplus impediment. Officers were ordered to cut baggage down to bedroll and hand baggage. Trunk lockers were collected at the railhead, Merigny, and left under guard. Later they were sent to the great American warehouses at Gievres, where they were to be obtained after the close of hostilities. Many instances of lost or stolen baggage arose, and it was found that thefts were carried on systematically.

The first train of troops left Les Laumes Sept. 14, another following every six hours. It expected to go to Belfort, but in the night the two advance officers intercepted the train at Besancon with changed orders. The Division was to go to Hericourt (Haute Saone), which adjoins Belfort on the south.

Hericourt was reached at 5 A. M., Sunday. The cold was unpleasant and the men's overcoats had been taken from them on landing in France. The arrival in Hericourt was a surprise to the French and the acting town major was routed out of bed. He had a copy of a dozier, but after a few hours of attempting to billet troops this was found to be hopelessly obsolete. With another troop train almost due, the Americans had to re-canvass the town. There was no zone major.

The situation was saved in Hericourt by dint of quick work. Out through the area it was different, however. The allotment of units to villages which had been arranged by French headquarters with Major Eastman, was quite without regard to the capacity of some of the towns. Certain machine gun companies were the worst sufferers. One of Colonel O'Loughlin's battalions was crowded out on the fields in pup tents for several nights, and, as all but one blanket had been turned in at the coast along with the overcoats, the men suffered keenly in the foggy, raw nights. The same was true with the men who detrained at Hericourt at night and lay down on the soaked sward to await daylight and a guide to take them to their village.

Another factor which contributed much to the lowering of tone among the men was the difficulty of getting cooked food the first days. Field kitchens had been left behind in the United States on orders and it was necessary to improvise contrivances to provide hot rations.

These circumstances are mentioned not because the men ever complained. Far from it. A more patient, willing and determined set of men could not have been found than the 18,000-odd who made up the 88th Div. as it prepared for the final stage into the trenches. But mention is made of these things because of their possible bearing on the unfortunate epidemic which ravaged the organization shortly after it reached the Hericourt and continued into October. Spanish Influenza was the name given to the malady which was then sweeping the United States and which took a heavy toll in the 88th in France. Our division was said to have been the heaviest loser from this scourge of any American division in France.

About 500 men died within a brief period, as many as 80 in a day, and whole companies were paralyzed at times. Hospital facilities were almost nil for the sufferers and there was little that could be done for them. The French artillery barracks at Hericourt were being used as a hospital but at best the cold, damp stone buildings with no heat were no place for treating this class of patients, who needed mainly warmth and quiet. The supply of nurses also was small, and the brave French girls undertook to care for the added burden, although already overworked.

The 29th American Division was at that time occupying the front line sector later to be taken over by the 88th, and had suffered severely in a gas attack. Gas victims had been rushed to the Hericourt hospital so that not only was it crowded but the attendants had more than they could attend to. The nurses did more than double duty and one paid for her devotion to the American sick by herself contracting the influenza, and died. General Beach made it a point to be one of those to pay tribute to this French girl by attending her funeral.

At first American and French soldier dead were taken to the city cemetery and buried in a long row outside the wall as there was not room inside. However, the ground was very stony and difficult to dig for so large a number of daily funerals. A new plot was laid out south of the city, and there 338 Americans now sleep, most of them of the 88th. About 90 are buried beside the city cemetery wall. After the Division had started home in May, 1919, the writer, who remained in France until August, went from Le Mans, where he was stationed, to Hericourt and held Memorial Day exercises. The 47th French Art. was then back at its old Hericourt barracks and Colonel Despres, Lieut. Colonel Schmidt and Commandants Masson, Astier and Delerot, together with a considerable detachment of other officers and a squad of buglers, attended. The townspeople also turned out in large numbers, and the promise was given that the graves of the Americans would be cared for as long as they remained.

French Feel Sacrifice

The people of Hericourt, although showing a distinct Teutonic strain at times so close to the Alsatian border, seemed to feel keenly the sacrifice made by the boys from faraway America in coming to France and thus giving their lives. In those days of feverish training there was no time for the soldiers to attend funerals and the corteges were composed mainly of French women. They wished to show their appreciation and to represent the absent mothers.

"They died for us," was a remark heard more than once.

It was in this area that the men got their first actual contact with the war. Here they saw anti-aircraft guns putting white or black puffs of smoke in aerial barrages in efforts to bring down enemy airplanes. For the first time they heard the sound of exploding bombs dropped by air raiders and felt some of the thrill of danger. At Belfort a company of the 352d Inf. was engaged in unloading supples at the railroad when a bomb from the air played havoc with the boxes and packages. Civilians at once pounced on the supplies, disregarding danger in their eagerness to obtain food, while the soldiers were absent in the bomb proofs ("caves").

Records at G. H. Q., Chaumont, gave the occupation of the front line in Alsace by the 88th Div. as beginning Oct. 12, 1918, but detachments of the Division began to move into the line as early as Sept. 23, two officers and 100 men from each of four battalions that were to go into the trenches first. The Division proper moved into the Center Haute Alsace Sector ("Belfort Gap") in two stages on the nights of Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 5 and 6, to relieve the 38th French Inf. Command did not pass completely, however, until Oct. 12.

Before leaving the Hericourt area the Division received its issue of steel trench helmets and gas masks, the lack of which had prevented its entering the line earlier. But of transportation there was practically none (three horses, was an official estimate). Some organizations hired animals and vehicles from peasants out of personal or company funds, but it was a hard march the men made those two nights. Some of the men's packs weighed more than 100 pounds.

As on the previous move, the towns for billeting the troops were assigned by the French and, as on the former occasion, capacity and numbers did not always agree. One

battalion of the 352d Regt. suffered when it reached Fontanelle, which was given as a crossroads village on the map, but which was not given on the billeting lists. It was found that the few houses and barns would scarcely hold one company comfortably. The companies spent the cold night on the ground. The next day Colonel Hawkins and the writer, who was division billeting officer, scouted around and found empty barracks at Ft. Chevremont, and after dusk enough companies were moved back to give shelter for all. As a matter of fact, the move should not have been made at all, but Colonel Hawkins said the change in the orders was not received in time to halt it.

IV.

The Trenches at Last

So finally the 88th Div. was in the trenches!

But it was something of a disappointment. Here were none of the neat, precise trenches, with parados and slopes according to exact measurement, as insisted upon by the instructors. Instead, there were apparently haphazard ruts and ditches, often caved in, shallow, unkempt, ill-drained and muddy—altogether mean. Stretches and patches of barbed wire ran here and there without apparent plan. Nothing heroic, indeed, about crawling around in such surroundings.

Nor were the sounds usually connected with war and battle present. Silence was the dominant feature—silence and cold and dampness and discomfort. The men were to learn that the pyrotechnics of hell itself were there, however, all around them, and could and did break out on occasion, but that normally they were held in leash. The sector was one that had not seen much activity since the early days of the war, when the centers of fiercest battle moved rather to the west, between Verdun and the Channel. Both sides used the Alsace country more as a training area, but the facilities for "starting something" were kept on hand for emergency and occasional use. Old, abandoned trenches and wire ran promiscuously about, and old shell holes were beginning to fill with grass and debris.

The 350th and 351st Regiments did the first tour of duty in the line, two battalions at a time. The 175th Brig. held the north half or sub-sector of the 15-mile front and the 176th Brig. the south half.

Division Headquarters P. C. was at Montreux Chateau, with the administrative branch in an old, abandoned mill at Novillard a short distance away. The quartermaster echelon was at Fontaine, the railhead.

Four brushes with the enemy mainly punctuated the stay of the Division in line, on Oct. 12, 14, 18 and 31, although bombardments, raids and patrols were indulged in at other times as well. The reader is referred to the chapter of personal narratives for the story of these encounters, and at this time the stay of the Division in Haute Alsace will be covered simply by quoting an official report. The fight of the night of Oct. 12-13 occurred as the result of an "Ordre d'Occupation" of the "chef de battalion du 65me Battalion, Chasseurs a Pied," and 38th (French) and VII Army order. The report said:

"Two reconnaissance parties of the 1st Bn., 350th Inf., covered by two platoons of the same battalion, were laying out the line for working parties to join our trench south of Ammertzwiller across No Man's Land to German trench.

"At 20 hours our patrols in front encountered the enemy and called for an artillery barrage. At 20:05 hours our artillery laid a barrage across the battalion front on a line approximately from Holzberg wood to 88.73 on the Balschwiller-Enschingen road. About four minutes the German artillery laid down two barrages, one on the town of Balschwiller from 76.68 on line extending parallel to our front line, extending to Holzberg wood; the other from 74.65 extending along Balschwiller-Burnhaupt road. During these two barrages our artillery was shelled. The two platoons were caught between the German barrage and our own. All the Americans in these platoons returned safely when the barrage lifted.

Caught In German Barrage

"The first reconnoitering party was caught by the German barrage and took cover; this party was surrounded by Germans and the captain in charge, four sergeants and one private were captured. The second party encountered Germans and the captain in charge and one private were captured.

"Company F in Balschwiller was caught by the German barrage and the commanding officer severely wounded, together with two men of the company killed and eleven wounded.

"Company D, 338th Machine Gun Bn., had one section near 84.63 which was caught by the barrage, killing two men and injuring three. One of the men that was killed was asphyxiated by gas when his mask was torn from his face by shrapnel."

The following of the 350th Inf. received the Croix de Guerre with silver star for participation in this action:

Corporal Richard Franta, Co. D., Crete, Neb.

Private Ernest Nierman, Co. G, Mansfield, S. D.

Sergeant Burdick Poliett, Co. G, Carlinville, Ill.

Sergeant Arthur Gude, Co. G, 1004 23d St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Lieutenant Oscar Nelson, Co. E, Windom, Minn.

The following received Divisional Citations for their participation in this action:

Private 1st Class Leonard Harrison Ross, Hq. Co., 351st Inf., Rago, Kans.

Sergeant Boyd Mael, Co. K, 351st Inf., Cincinnati, Iowa.

First Lieutenant Edgar Campbell, Co. H, 350th Inf., 506 Lyon St., Des Moines, Ia.

Second Lieutenant William H. Nourse, Co. H, 350th Inf., 46 Cottage St., Hyde Park, Mass.

Second Lieutenant Stanley J. O'Connor, Co. H, 350th Inf., St. Thomas, N. D.

Mechanic George W. Hincheliffe, Co. H, 350th Inf., Strafford, Mo., R. 4.

Private 1st Class Harvey M. Dorris, Co. H, 350th Inf., Hayti, Mo.

Corporal Horace A. Love, Co. H, 350th Inf., Manson, Ia.

Corporal Clarence O. Sullivan, Co. H, 350th Inf., Herculane, Mo.

Second Lieutenant Raymond L. Abel, Co. G, 350th Inf., Wrightsville, Pa.

Sergeant John Aschemann, Co. G, 350th Inf., Quincy, Ill.

Private 1st Class Lester Clark, Co. G, 350th Inf., Plattsmouth, Neb.

Captain Peter V. Brethorst, 350th Inf., (Posthumous citation), Lennix, S. D.

First Lieutenant George W. Prichard, Co. D, 338th Machine Gun Bn., Onawa, Ia.

Sergeant Bernard Flannery, Co. D, 338th Machine Gun Bn., Minneapolis, Minn.

Sergeant Morris I. McKenna, Co. D, 338th Machine Gun Bn., Riverside, Calif.

"On the following night, 13-14 October, acting under Field Orders 38th Division (French) based on French VII Army Order, Franco-American troops, moved forward at 20 hours 30 minutes and occupied Ammertzwiller," the report continued. "Two working parties of 100 men were sent forward to do the work of consolidation, communication trenches to be dug from points 84.76-81.74 and 74.81 to 78.84. Intermittent artillery fire throughout the night impeded the work and the working parties returned at 4 hours, 14 October. The two sections in advance remained in the new line of observation. From 6 hours 50 minutes to 9 hours 30 minutes the French artillery laid down a barrage east of Ammertzwiller to protect the party then occupying that village. The French officer commanding the troops, thinking it inexpedient to endeavor to hold the new positions, ordered them to withdraw to their original position, abandoning their outposts. Later, all of those returned but one American, who was missing. One German was taken prisoner."

Receive Croix de Guerre

The following received the French Croix de Guerre with the silver star for participation in this action:

Lieutenant Lowell Forbes, Co. D, 350th Inf., Scranton, Ia.

The Croix de Guerre with bronze star was received by Private Emmanuel Hauff, Co. D, 350th Inf., Kulm, N. D.

The following received Division Citations for participation in this acton:

Private 1st Class Charles A. Lyons, Co. D, 350th Inf., Horton, Kan.

Private Lewis R. Eads, Co. D, 350th Inf., Vienna, Mo.

Private Jacob A. Hoover, Co. D, 350th Inf., Coffey, Mo.

Private Joseph O. Horton, Co. D, 350th Inf., Plattsburg, Mo.

"Raid of Schonholz—18 Oct., 1918.—At 11:05 o'clock a sergeant saw three Boche about 40 yards in front of Post 57B," the report reads. "When he gave the alarm the Boche threw potato-masher grenades and opened fire with rifle grenades. The Americans opened fire and one German was seen to fall. His body was not located. The enemy artillery put down a box barrage after the Germans had commenced their withdrawal. The raid lasted about twenty minutes. The strength of the raiding party is not known. Our casualties were one man killed and two slightly wounded.

"Raid of Schonholz Woods—31 October, 1918. At 8:57 o'clock a heavy destructive barrage was laid down in our front line trenches in Schonholz Woods from Post 51 (85.64) to Post 57A (12.52) entirely destroying the trenches. Immediately after the barrage was lifted an enemy raiding party of about 49 attacked 57A with grenades and revolver fire. Two Boche were killed and one wounded taken prisoner, who died later. The enemy succeeded in passing our front line but was quickly repulsed. Our casualties were: 2 men killed, 1 officer wounded and 6 men wounded."

The following received Division Citations for participation in this action:

Private Harold H. Crosby, Co. I, 352d Inf., Rolla, N. D.

Sergeant Hans Johnson, Co. I, 352d Inf., Menno, S. D.

Private 1st Class John Zehren, Jr., Co. L, 352d Inf., Breckenridge, Minn.

Second Lieutenant Donald C. Elder, Co. L, 352d Inf., De Witt, Ia.

"The relations that prevailed between the French and American units were at all times extremely harmonious," concluded the report. "There was no difference noted in the relative importance of the part played by the American units as compared with that of the foreign units in the small actions that were engaged in while the French and American units operated together.

"The French troops with which the Division served were from the 38th Division, which had had four years of experience in the war. These men were colonial troops and particularly well-trained, especially in trench warfare. It is believed that the American troops were their equal in discipline and attention to duty, although not so well trained. The French troops were not so well disciplined in gas defense as were the American troops.

Differences Negligible

"A point was made to have a great many interpreters on duty with both headquarters and the difficulties that arose due to differences in language were negligible."

Another report on this period read in part:

"On the night of Oct. 12, 1918, two working parties were sent out from the 350th Inf. under command of Captain Safford and Captain House, respectively, their mission being to connect the advance line with the first German trench at Ammertzwiller. These two detachments were each to be protected by French covering detachments. These were provided by reconnaissance parties which included a number of officers and N. C. O.'s. It was reported that these covering parties were late in arriving and the reconnaissance parties were cut off by a minnewerfer barrage in advance of our front lines. This was at 19 hours. At the same time our own French barrage opened and the reconnaissance party took shelter in old shell holes and dugouts. When the German barrage moved back they were attacked by a Boche raiding party which followed its own barrage. The entire party were taken captives with the exception of one French lieutenant, one M. G. officer and one second lieutenant of the 2nd Bn.

"The working party in which Captain Brethorst and several of his men were killed was near the entrance of Balschwiller and was caught by the German barrage as it moved back.

"The line was advanced as directed and Ammertzwiller occupied.

"At daylight on the morning of the 13th the right (south) subsector had failed to advance its lines and the advance elements encountered about 40 Germans who came from a dugout in the northern end of Ammertzwiller. Our detachment in Ammertzwiller, consisted of about 40 men, half Americans and half French. One German prisoner was captured and our detachment retired under the command of an American lieutenant. American losses: killed, one officer, 7 men; missing, 2 officers, 7 men; wounded, 0 officers, 13 men."

(The escape of Lt. George W. Prichard and the capture and later escape of Captains Safford of Minneapolis, and House of Duluth, are graphically described in the chapter of personal narratives, as well as other escapades.)

Frequent sorties were made by our men into No Man's Land and into the enemy trenches throughout the whole occupation. Besides the citations enumerated, Major George H. Russ, 352d Inf., of Bismarck, N. D., and Wagoner Lars E. Dahlin, Supply Co., 352d Inf., of Findley, N. D., were cited for their conduct during a heavy enemy shelling on Nov. 2. Dahlin continued to drive his ration carts to the forward troops at Ballersdorf despite the danger, even after spokes of a wheel had been cut by shrapnel, and Major Russ displayed coolness and courage in passing through the fire zone getting men out of danger.

The fight on Oct. 31 developed other displays of heroism that merit special mention. When the party of nearly 50 Germans moved on the extreme post of Co. I after the lifting of the barrage, Privates H. H. Crosby of Rolla, N. D., and C. E. Boyd, Rock Lake, N. D., lay in wait with two automatic rifles. Corp. Hans Johnson of Menno, S. D., came out of the dugout where the rest of the squad of nine men lay. He found Boyd had been wounded early in the fight and ordered him to the rear.

Johnson took up Boyd's relinquished rifle and when the Germans came in sight Crosby and he opened with the automatics and hand grenades. The corporal's rifle jammed three times from dirt thrown into the mechanism by exploding shrapnel and grenades. He stopped firing in the midst of the enemy fire, working until the rifle was repaired throwing grenades with his free hand. He then fired four clips and threw 25 grenades, checking the Germans in front of the post and repulsing them so they never passed the line of observation.

The two stuck to their position, although Crosby was severely wounded through the arms and legs. Finally the enemy knocked him down, beat, clubbed and kicked him, and took his rifle away. Johnson was also wounded.

Records of the 40th French Corps give Oct. 7-8 as the date when the 88th Div. began to relieve the 38th French Div. in Alsace, relief being completed Oct. 17. The 154th French Div. then began to relieve the 88th Div. the night of Nov. 2, completing relief Nov. 5.

From Bad to Worse for Huns

At this stage of the war in France matters had gone from bad to worse for the German arms. On the day the 88th was moving into the line the news came of Austria-Hungary's peace feeler, and that nation was soon to give up the fight.

The French people were quick to recognize the changed attitude in the Germans. "Finit la guerre" became the daily greeting. Optimistic remarks were banded about to such an extent that an American military order had to be issued forbidding our men to repeat them or aid in promoting what might be fallacious hopes. The German armies were in full flight from Holland to Metz, but the latter stronghold still held as did the line from there to Switzerland.

The fall of Metz would be a paralyzing blow, and it was to partake in this blow, that the 88th Div. was withdrawn from Alsace and hurried north. Withdrawal was made first to the Valdoie (a suburb of Belfort) area, the Novillard echelon moving Sunday, Nov. 3, and the Montreux Chateau P. C. Nov. 4.

Capt. (Major) R. B. Rathbun of Detroit, Minn., and Lt. M. H. Latendresse of Red Lake Falls, Minn., were sent ahead of the Division Nov. 5 to the Pagney-sur-Meuse and Bernecourt areas northwest of Toul, where the Division was to gather as reserve for the movement around Metz by the 2d Army, with headquarters at Lagney. On Nov. 6 the first trainload, composed of billeting parties, entrained at Belfort and reached Legney the next afternoon. Here the 92d (colored) Div. lay between the 88th and the German line north of

Pont-a-Mousson. Thus the neighbors of Camp Dodge came together again.

The last of the 88th had not yet caught up with the first units before the end came. The organizations in forward positions heard last angry salvos through the night and forenoon of Nov. 11, rising to intense fury at times, and then suddenly dying out at 11 o'clock. The news had reached the Division early in the forenoon that hostilities were to cease, and from village to village the church bells could be heard pealing the glad tidings. "Finit la guerre!" was the cry, carried about by happy children and women.

The 2d Army's advance on Metz, or around it, rather, began Nov. 10 with four divisions in line (the 92d, 7th, 28th and 33d Divisions from right to left) along 50 kilometers of front, and five in support, or moving in (the 88th, 4th, 35th and 82d American and 26th French) while the 85th American was to furnish replacements. Lieut. Gen. Robert L. Bullard commanded the 2d Army. The supreme Allied chief, Marshal Foch, planned that as soon as the Americans were well on their way around to the north of Metz, the 10th French Army under General Mangin was to make a break to the southeast of Metz. The Americans were then to continue northward toward Conflans and the French toward the Saar and the Rhine. Thus no direct attack would be made on the Metz line of fortresses, but they would be caught between the two armies.

It was with mixed emotions that the men of the 88th Div. realized that the end had come and they were too late to take a hand at the kind of work the earlier divisions had done. All these months of long, weary, patient drill, drill and waiting, almost for nothing! The men felt fit; their contact with the enemy had given them confidence and they believed themselves better than their adversaries; they were keyed up and braced for a real scrap, and were glad to have it come. They wanted to get into a major offensive.

Yet better judgment at the same time whispered that perhaps it was better so. Everyone felt that the war ought not to be permitted to end until the fighting had been carried to the soil of Germany and the Boche had been given a taste of what he had given France and Belgium, yet the foe had accepted most ignominious terms. If the same thing could be accomplished without the carnage that continued battling must bring, it might after all be better. It was known that where the 88th Div. was scheduled to go in would be savagely held by the Germans and the slaughter would be frightful.

Though the prospect of fighting was now remote, training went forward at once with little cessation, also the Division School of Arms. It was there that Lt. William Murphy of Duluth, 350th Inf., was killed in November, when a shell case flew back from a mortar and struck him in the head, killing him instantly. He was buried in the cemetery at Toul.

Insignia Is Adopted

It was in the middle of November that the division insignia of two figure 8's crossed at right angles, forming a four-leaf clover, was adopted. It was to be worn at the top of the left sleeve, red for the artillery, blue for the infantry and black for division headquarters and special units.

This was the first mark peculiar to this war to be worn by 88th men, except those wounded. These were entitled to wear a gold chevron at the bottom of the right sleeve, point down. Other marks adopted in this war were the service chevrons—a gold chevron at the bottom of the left sleeve for each six months abroad, a blue one for less than six months, while those at home were to wear a silver chevron for each six months in the service. None, however, was permitted to show his full service in more than one kind of chevron. To allow for these stripes, noncommissioned officers wore their chevrons on the right sleeve only, instead of on both as formerly. The first gold service chevrons were put on in the Division in February, 1919, marking the completion of six months abroad reckoned from date of sailing.

The places occupied by the various units here were: Lagney, Minorville, Camp Varin la Chair, Camp l'Hermitage, Manoncourt, Bois Jure, Bois de Lagney, Mandres aux Tours, Bouvron, Andilly, Bois de Rehanne, Sanzey, Lucey, Villey St. Etienne (where a Boche plane was shot down Nov. 10), Francheville, Jaillon, Trondes and Avrainville, Laneuveville.

Among the rumors that followed the close of hostilities was one that the 88th was destined to go into Germany as part of the Army of Occupation, but instead orders came to fall back to the Gondrecourt (Meuse) area, which was the first American training area in France. Lt. Col. Theodore Roosevelt was credited with having been the first American officer to enter Gondrecourt village, which he did at the head of his troops. Many American divisions had one time or another visited this area, and the vast schools there had drawn pupils from every outfit in France. The towns occupied in the Gondrecourt area were: Gondrecourt, Div. P. C., Naix-aux-Forges, Treveray, Laneuville, St. Amand, Reffroy, Menaucourt, Longeaux, Morlaincourt, Givrauval, Houdelaincourt, Baudignecourt, Liffol le Grand, Bonnet, Ribeaucourt, Couvertpuits, Biencourt, Horville, Demange, Hevilliers, Boviolles, Marson, Villers-le-Sec and St. Joire.

The 313th Eng. did not move at once, but remained at Norroy, three kilometers north of Pont-a-mousson and Arnaville, at the front, for a time. The move was made in two hard stages, beginning Nov. 29, through the Commercy and Void areas. Orders had been received previously to have the Lagney area thoroughly policed and every piece of military equipment salvaged. The men devoted Thanksgiving day to cleaning up the country and removing some of the signs of more than four years of war.

Rain Is Almost Constant

Since October rain had been almost constant and the discomfort was now added to by colder weather. When the Division settled down around Gondrecourt there were few facilities for heat or light with considerable consequent suffering. Maneuvers continued. No matter what the weather, the men must get out in early hours and chase imaginary foes over muddy roads and soggy fields until late at night. It was a case of being wet from one end of the week to the other, unless clothing and shoes dried from the heat of the body at night. At this time, also, the men's shoes were going to pieces, the soles ground away by the marching over the wet, stony roads.

It was late in January before barracks and stoves could be provided. The Y. M. C. A. then established huts in every place possible and there were places for lounging and entertainment. Electric light plants also were installed.

That winter of 1918-19 will never be forgotten by the men of the 88th Div. They wanted to go home! That was the worst trouble, of course. The weather was always "tres mauvais," everything was mean and disagreeable, the war was over, and they didn't see any use in staying longer.

The "Frogs" were getting on their nerves and they were getting on the "Frogs'" nerves. Still the maneuvers continued.

At Christmas, 1918, the Americans had Christmas-tree parties for the French kiddies and gave them presents.

With the establishing of "Y" huts diversion was created. Shows sprang up and were put on everywhere and "movies" were frequent. Then to put the men's time to some good purpose, post schools were opened and football, basketball, baseball, track, boxing and wrestling teams were formed. Lt. Col. C. F. Dreisbach, 352d Inf., was made division welfare officer and Lt. Col. W. J. O'Loughlin, division athletic officer and athletics was pushed in every branch. Vocational schools were opened at St. Joire, with 1,661 pupils and during that winter every illiterate, of whom there were several in the Division, was made at last to recognize his own name in writing, and many made splendid progress.

Then late in February, 1919, the Division sent 80 officers and 121 men to French and British universities for a three-month course. In March 19 officers and 121 men went as pupils at the A. E. F. University at Beaune (Cote d'Or).

Besides the educational activities that marked the military life, a great feature of the Gondrecourt stay was the leave trains that took thousands of 88th men to the beautiful Riviera —Nice, Monte Carlo, Cannes, Monaco, etc.—or to Chamonix at Mt. Blanc. A motor show, horse show and enlisted men's field meet were events of great interest in March and April, 1919, and the Division review by General Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Forces, and Secretary of War Baker, April 19, 1919.

It is of interest to note here that this was the first occasion on which the entire Division had been present on the

same field for a review in its nearly two years of existence. It always had been too busy with more serious activities.

An entire chapter might well be devoted to the subject of the shows and other entertainments put on by members of the Division, sometimes under most difficult circumstances. One of the earliest, and, it must truly be said, cleverest and most entertaining shows was the 175th Inf. Brig. offering "The Runaways." While it had less of the spectacular splendor of the famous 88th Div. Show "Who Can Tell?" put on toward the close of the stay in France, it had the snap, wit and originality of a successful professional production. William E. R. Ehlke of the Iowa Homestead, Des Moines, a member of the troupe, described the theatrical effort as follows:

"Shortly after the armistice was signed, Brig. General Stewart, commanding the 175th Inf. Brig. acted on the pleasant thought of entertainment for the boys in the way of a vaudeville show. Organization began at once, and with the aid of Milo Billingsley, an old timer in the show business, under the direction of Lt. Hoyt S. Brown, the talent of the brigade was called together for an interview. With a few rehearsals in a barn, a few pieces of scenery painted in the same barn, we gave our initial performance at Base Hospital No. 51, Toul, Thanksgiving Eve, November 27, 1918. The cast was Milo Billingsley, Lee Norris, James T. Hardy, Otto Bridge, Paul M. Lindfeldt, Ray Soash, Jack Lenox, Raymond Lawson, William H. Brehm, Franklin Crelley and myself.

"After a lot of hard work on the part of General Stewart and Lieutenant Brown, as well as the members of the troop, in the way of rehearsals, shows, painting scenery, making costumes, writing music and songs and trying to devise means of getting a few francs, whereby we could buy costumes, we stumbled on the idea of having programs printed, which we sold to the boys at one-half franc, as a souvenir which could be sent home to the folks.

"With a lot of hard knocks, such as no doubt everybody over there had, we managed to get together, as considered by a number of men of authority, the best show in the A. E. F."

"Who Can Tell?" was a tuneful, colorful and showy production that might have done well on any stage anywhere. The costumes required an expenditure of $20,000 furnished by contributions from officers and men and large sums from the Y. M. C. A., K. of C., Salvation Army, and mainly the Jewish Welfare Board. The show opened at the big double hangar at Gondrecourt and the various organizations of the Division were transported by truck to see it on succeeding nights. The production was then to have made a long tour of the A. E. F., wherever there was a stage large enough to accommodate the mammoth company, but the order to sail for home came just in time to cut short a highly successful run in Paris. The 175th Brig. show also had a Paris run at the Trianon Theater of the Y. M. C. A.

All these activities served to lift the weight of ennui somewhat in the midst of the constant rain, mud and cold. Military problems and maneuvers continued but called for fewer men as the units became greatly depleted at times with their members away on leave trips or at school. It should be recorded in passing that the educational programs for the men and other diversions did not meet with the entire approval of all officers of the regular army who preferred to confine the men to army duties.

When do We go Home?

Throughout that memorable winter in those rambling, smelly villages, the insistent question ever uppermost in the minds of the men was, "When do we go home?" It was the one big thought, but month after month went by without an answer. Rumors came and went, and finally a list of the divisions scheduled to sail for home before July 1, 1919, was published in the Stars and Stripes, official A. E. F. weekly. It gave the numbers of all but two divisions—and the 88th was one of those two!

We were not even on the list to go home! The blow was a severe one. It came on top of weeks of constant harrowing on the part of the Paris edition of an American paper, which ran a seven-column line at the top of its front page daily: "Get the boys home toot-sweet!" or another of similar purpose. It was a rabid anti-administration publication and, with a presidential campaign due the following year, the intent was obvious. But, as always the case with political movements, it took little account of the evil it might do with the result that it demoralized morale and made the men more restless, dissatisfied and rebellious. At best discipline was difficult to maintain at a high and salutary state after the incentive of war was over. The announcement that the 88th was not mentioned in the list of returning troops was too much for one young man of the 352d Inf. at Bonnet, and he committed suicide by shooting.

However, the speed with which the divisions were being sent back home was another of the marvels of the participation of the United States in the war and in April it became evident that the 88th's turn would soon come to step aboard the gang-plank. Again a policing order was issued and with a will the men set to cleaning up the signs of their occupation of the peasants' houses and barns, filling up trenches, repairing the roads and otherwise putting things in shape to turn the area back to the French.

Orders to move to the Le Mans (Sarthe) area, American Embarkation Center, came at last, and Capt. Sumner T. McKnight of Minneapolis, formerly with the 351st Inf. but then in the office of G-1, went ahead to the headquarters town of La Suze. The first group of billeters left Gondrecourt May 2 for the 36-hour trip. Division headquarters moved May 8 and the Division was together again by May 13, except for the 313th Eng., which remained behind a few days to complete the cleaning-up.

It was a great change for the men to the Sarthe country from the wet, cold, muddy and stoney Gondrecourt area as they had known it throughout their entire stay. At La Suze May was smiling and warm, flowers blossomed and nature was at her best.

But the Division was not to stay there long. On May 15 it started for the port of embarkation at St. Nazaire and the last left May 18. Nor was the Division destined to remain at the port long either. Delousing, physical examinations and clothing exchanges completed in a hurry, four days was the longest any unit remained before going aboard ship.

V.

Career of 88th Division Ends

Thus ended the career of the 88th Div., at Newport News, Va., U. S. A., where the various units were landed. From the port the men were separated and sent to the encampment nearest their homes or place of enlistment or induction into service. At this time the Division was made up of men from every state in the union, mostly from the north Mississippi River Valley. Iowa had 4,300 men in the Division, Minnesota 4,000, Missouri 1,900, North Dakota 1,200, Illinois 1,150, South Dakota 1,000, Nebraska 600, Kansas 500, New York 400, Pennsylvania 300, and most of the other states from 100 to 300. There were a large number from New England, also from Canada, Italy and the Scandinavian countries.

The largest group was returned at Camp Dodge for discharge, each man being given a $60 bonus and a red chevron to put on his left sleeve at once to denote discharge. This permitted him to continue the wear of his uniform. The men had been issued new outfits complete, and were entitled to take home with them a gas mask, helmet and other equipment and clothing. In Des Moines the returning men were met at the depot and marched to a tent where the women served refreshments.

No pen has ever yet succeeded in accurately describing the joy and delight of the men to be home again with their people and friends. The affection shown by our boys for their homes and kin was one of the things especially noticed about them by the French and many a strong youth let glad tears run unashamed to see home and mother once more.

Theirs had not been a spectacular adventure, compared with some of the other outfits. As a story of war the history of the 88th Div. must be somewhat disappointing. We may never know what or who "kept us out of war" for so long, but certain it is that it was not the fault or the desire of these citizen soldiers. By the time they were to have gone into the great drive they were full of the confidence and the spirit that simply will not acknowledge defeat.

General Quick at Salute

In the commanding general the Division had a man who came well recommended from the 28th Div. He had the knack of getting in touch with the individual soldier and gaining his regard. It was said of him that it was a fast doughboy who could beat the general to the salute when the car of two stars passed the trudging private on the road.

One doughboy of Headquarters Troop told of entering a barber shop in Hericourt to buy razor blades. He was not having much success making his errand understood, when a stocky, gray-haired, pleasant-faced American got out of a chair and walking over to the counter helped him out in French.

The young man was duly thankful, but when he saw the stranger put on a blouse with two stars on each shoulder he got panicky and bolted for the door in a hurry.

Members of the 88th Div. had a prominent part in launching the Liberty Legion, tentative name for the American Legion. Lt. Col. Bennett C. Clark, assistant chief of staff G-1, and Major (Lt. Col.) Eric Wood, G-2, with Lt. Col. Theodore Roosevelt were in fact the originators and first temporary officers of the organization as formed in Paris. Major Wood and Lt. L. R. Fairall, editor of the Camp Dodger, were delegates at large on the executive committee, on which Lt. Col. George C. Parsons and Wagoner Dale J. Shaw represented the Division.

The 349th Inf. reflected added luster on the 88th Div. with a rifle team at the great shoot held at the Belgian Camp, Le Mans, in the spring of 1919. Pvt. Charles M. Schwab won a gold medal with a score of 532.

It is to be regretted that the Division quit France just at the time the best and most enjoyable part of the year was setting in. Recollection of that country is apt to hold uppermost rain, mud, ruins and cold. The men stayed in sections where the peasant people were tired of having soldiers about and where nothing had been repaired or otherwise cared for for nearly five years.

One plaint of A. E. F. days that died out somewhat after the return home was that regarding the high prices charged Americans over there. Here is what an American soldier just returned home wrote back to his pals still in France:

"You may think the French are holding you up on prices over there. I am back in the States and I have found out something I did not know before, that the French are not in it at all. There is a certain class in these United States that put the French way back in the shade for that sort of thing. They work on the theory that every soldier is so darned glad to get back to God's country that he is sucker enough to pay any price for anything. And what is more they are getting away with it. They are the smallest and the meanest of the whole family of profiteers. They outcharge the French completely—postcards of the ship you came over in, 25 cents; service chevrons, 50 cents; little sandwiches, 25 cents; oranges, 15 cents."

If the French found the Americans easy marks, and had a separate price for us, perhaps it does not come with good grace for us to throw stones, in view of the experience of the French who came over here with La Fayette to help Washington. The Stars and Stripes repeated a letter which was sent by a French soldier back to France in Revolutionary days, which read, anent the Yankees:

"They fleece us pitilessly; the price of everything is exorbitant; in all the dealings that we have with them they treat us more like enemies than friends. Their cupidity is unequaled; money is their god; virtues, honor seem nothing to them compared to the precious metal. I do not mean that there are no estimable people whose character is equally noble and generous—there are many, but I speak of the nation in general.

"Money is the prime mover of all their actions; they think only of means to gain it; each is for himself, and none is for the public good. The inhabitants along the coast, even the best Whigs, carry provisions of all kinds to the English fleet, which is anchored in Gardner's Bay, and that because the English pay them well."

Stunned by High Prices

The problem of high prices struck the returning Cloverleafers a stunning blow. The government paid each officer and man $60 bonus on discharge, which was supposed to help him start again in civil life. But $60 would not even buy a decent suit of clothes, they discovered. Shoes were $15 to $20 a pair. Food was two to four times its former price. At the time of this writing, potatoes have risen to $5.60 per bushel and sugar to 27 cents a pound, each purchaser being permitted only one pound.

Soldiers who did not have a position waiting for them or relatives with whom they could stay temporarily had a difficult time. Congress had voted a considerable bonus with alacrity to the army of government clerks who flocked to Washington to serve their country during the war, but when it came to equalizing the prosperity and giving the returning fighters some of it, the matter of expense was strongly urged against it. Some states passed bonus legislation, but it is still a question whether any federal bonus will be agreed on.

What made the situation seem one-sided to the soldiers was the plenty apparently possessed by everyone who had remained safely at home. People in munitions or other war plants had drawn almost fabulous wages. Artisans and even common laborers received as much as highly trained professional men might have been happy to accept before the war. It was a topsy-turvy arrangement and the soldier felt that someone had "put something over" on him while he was fighting for his country at $33 a month—less war risk insurance, Class A allotments, Liberty bond payments, etc., etc.

While France may not have left the best impressions in the minds of those who saw only the worst side of it constantly, there can be little doubt that on the whole, with many and notable exceptions, the smooth-faced, happy, reckless, baby-cheeked American doughboy made a not unpleasant impression especially on the female portion of the French population. Mademoiselle and madame considered him "plus gentil" than their own men.

"J'aime beaucoup les Americains," they often put it. The distinguishing features of the American youth in the minds of the French were his athletic build, height, breadth, suppleness of body, springy, swinging gait and cleanly appearance. They came to France like a cool, refreshing breeze.

Other things the Frenchman noticed about the American was that he was much addicted to the use of the razor, whereas the Poilu is a "poilu;" he played hard, roughly and noisily; he was fond of children and generous with goodies for them; he "ate" tobacco and wanted his food on his plate all at one time instead of in courses; he was strangely soft-hearted and gentle, though savagely murderous in battle; he became "zigzagged" easily, but, odd man that he was, he drank water mostly and did not take kindly to wine as a rule.

This idea of using water for drinking purposes was considered hugely droll by the peasant-folk.

"You drink water and milk," they teased. "That is for children and babies. You call us 'frogs' but you are more like frogs than we are. You use water like frogs."

But the American, when he drank of wine, beer, cognac, eau de vie, or what, did not "drink" as the French did. He "gulped" in large quantities, while the Frenchman sipped—temperate always, in all things.

As fighters, British, French and Americans came to have the highest regard for each other. Americans came to admire with an intense admiration the little men who held Verdun and the Marne, and the French in turn had the utmost esteem for the huge boys who rushed so recklessly into danger and used the bayonet with such telling effect.

Though 18 months after the war the United States has not yet officially made peace; though the United States is the butt of abuse from without and within, and politicians, emerging from their hiding during the war, have halted progress toward a settlement bringing about a disturbed condition that almost threatened to undo all that has been accomplished, the foundation has been laid for a deep, lasting, personal, man-to-man regard and affection between these three peoples.

A British and French comment on the American as a soldier (a comment that probably was supposed to be diplomatic reflection) was perhaps a fairly accurate estimate. It ran:

"The Americans are not good soldiers; but they are good fighters."

Boat Drill en Route for France; See the Pretty Collars.
At the Verdun Station; Troisieme Classes Cars
The Trocadero, PARIS, and--- (Do you see what we see?)
Doughboys on Leave in Alps: (Rear) Fay, Candee, Grande, Stevenson, John J.Kupka. Ft.Atkinson, Ia., Wolf; (Sitting) [illegible], Silva
Parlez-vous francais?' "Ah, oui!"
A "War Bride" One of the 4,000
Jeter at Nice, for Enlisted Men ONLY; One of the Hotels; Thousands of Cloverleafers Went There at Uncle's Expense
DOMREMY: BIRTHPLACE OF JEAN d'ARC
THE CASTLE
To Back to the Old Home
Bartholdi's "LION OF BELFORT" 60 ft. long, 30 ft. in height Carved in Face of Cliff (see Arrow in Lower Picture).
RUE de BONNET, GONDRECOURT
Gasalarm
German Gas Alarm
Bridge over Canal at LA SUZE
BONNET Street Scene; Home of 352d
"La Gare" at GONDRECOURT Note the Mogul "choo-choo" and the "40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux."
HERICOURT--Grande rue and City Hall.
American Officers' Mess, 88th Div. Hq.
RIVER ORNAIN, GONDRECOURT
MENIL-la-TOUR: U.S. Trucks
Street Scene REFFROY--Home of 3d Bn., 349th Inf.
Two views at DEMANGE-aux-EAUX--(Upper) View of Village. (Lower) Tunnel (5km.) to Maurage, Marne to Rhine Canal.

PART 2

Personal Narratives and Reminiscences

My Experience in the World War

On the morning of August 9, 1918, we were all ordered to roll packs with full equipment and be ready to move out at any time. The packs were made in a very few minutes as all the boys were very anxious to leave Camp Dodge, as we had been drilling hard and long every day and the other regiments had been moving out so we knew that the time for us to move out would soon be here. At 11 o'clock we were served sandwiches for dinner and at 12 o'clock we were ordered to "fall in." We moved down to the train which was waiting to start us on our journey that would take us to a foreign country where some of us were bound to stay, as we knew we were going into active service in the World War.

By 2:30 we were all loaded onto the train ready to start and we didn't need to wait long as we were soon on the way. We passed over the C. & N. W. route which took us through Ames where we stopped for about 30 minutes while the train crew worked on a hot box which had developed on one of the car trucks.

Leaving Ames at 3 o'clock we made a steady run to Clinton, Ia., where we were served by the Red Cross ladies. They served us cold coffee and cookies which was greatly enjoyed and the way we were treated was also appreciated by us. The people tried to do everything in their power for us in the way of cheering us up on our trip and letting us know that they and the whole United States were backing us in our big task. Many of the boys gave the addresses of their mothers to the Red Cross ladies and asked them to write to them as they had not had a chance to write home for some time. Many of the boys said after we had arrived in France that their mothers had received very interesting letters from the Red Cross ladies in which they had tried to encourage our mothers and folks at home. Leaving Clinton at 7:45 we made a steady run to Chicago at which place we arrived at 2 A. M., Aug. 10. We did not have a very good opportunity to see the town as most of us were sleeping and the train stopped in the yards from which point it is almost impossible to see much. We left Chicago at 4 o'clock after having the water and ice tanks replenished, over the Nickle Plate road to Buffalo, N. Y. At Ft. Wayne where we arrived at 9:30 we stopped long enough to take all the men out for a morning hike which was very much enjoyed for several reasons. One was that we stopped very close to a large factory where several hundred girls and young women were employed and as we marched past the girls all cheered us and many threw roses which the boys, as all good ball players do, caught. While we were getting aboard many of the girls followed us to the train to see us off and it started to rain so hard that they were forced to run for cover, but they cheered and waved their handkerchiefs as long as we were in sight. Not only at Ft. Wayne did the people come out to watch us pass and cheer us on but at every town along the way, the people, children, men and women were out along the tracks, waving Old Glory to us and cheering at the top of their voices.

All Out For a Swim

After leaving Ft. Wayne the next stop we made was at the edge of Lake Erie where we got into the lake for a swim. This was one of the first experiences for most of the men as many of us had never seen a large body of water before, so it was greatly enjoyed. We had a fine bath as there was nice clean sand from the tracks down to the water and the water was warm enough to swim in. After everyone had had a good bath we entrained again, going on into Cleveland, O., arriving at 4:30 P. M. and were given cigarettes, postcards and grape juice by the Red Cross ladies. Upon leaving Cleveland we were served supper on the train, as we had our field range and cooks with us. They prepared our meals and the men that were on K. P. carried the meals through the train to us.

After supper was over we spent our time watching mile after mile of land pass the car windows which we greatly enjoyed as it was such a contrast to our bare hills at Camp Dodge. When it became too dark to see the country we made our bunks as we were riding in Pullman cars. This was something else that many of the boys had never experienced before, so many of them did not sleep well during the trip to the coast.

I was up most of the second night as I was corporal of the guard and while making the round of posts I met one of our men coming down through the car and I asked him if he could not sleep as it was too late for anyone to be roaming around at that hour. His answer was that one minute his head hit one end of the bunk and the next minute his feet hit the other so he thought it was time to be getting out of there.

On the morning of Aug. 11 we arrived at Buffalo, N. Y., staying there about two hours and leaving in the early morning which gave us a morning ride to Elmira which was greatly enjoyed as the country was very different from that which we had been used to. We arrived at Elmira at 10 o'clock where we all piled off to get fresh milk and cookies which were served by the Red Cross ladies. Our next stop was at Scranton, Pa., where we were again served cigarettes, postcards and coffee by the Red Cross ladies. We took a hike through the town and saw some very nice homes. The people were all out along the streets and at the depot to see us. Leaving Scranton we passed through some of the most beautiful scenery we had seen on our trip so far and while going through the mountains we passed the watergap at the Pennsylvania-New Jersey line.

Going through New Jersey we arrived at Hoboken at 6 P. M. where we were detained and embarked on a ferry on which we crossed the channel to Long Island. Crossing the channel we passed under the Brooklyn bridge and saw many things that were quite new to the most of us. Landing at Long Island we piled on a train again and went to Camp Mills. After getting off the train we had a long hike to make with full packs on to the tents where we were to stay while there.

During our stay at Camp Mills we had some very interesting experiences. We could step out of our tents at almost any hour of the day and could see as many as ten planes flying over us, some of them flying in groups of as many as three or four. Many of them would fly over very low, doing maneuvers that many of us thought were impossible.

On Aug. 13 there were a number of men who received passes to go to New York city. My bunky, a young man from Iowa, with whom I had bunked and pal-ed ever since coming to camp, and I went over with the others. We saw some very interesting things while going up and down the Great White Way, amongst which were the Flatiron and Woolworth buildings. We then crossed the Brooklyn bridge on the way to Coney Island where we spent part of the evening. After doing Coney Island and getting some souvenirs to send home we returned to New York City and went to a show after which we returned to camp.

The next morning we received our overseas clothing and the rest of our ordnance equipment. Our nice broad brimmed hats were taken away from us and little dinky caps issued to replace them. We all had our hair cut short so we could hang the cap on some of the short hairs, that being about the only way we could keep them on. Another thing the men could put in their time at was wrapping their leggings, which was a bigger task to learn than they imagined. When it came time to roll the packs many of us were wondering where we would put all of our things and after we had everything tied

on in every way imaginable, our next thought was how we would ever carry a load like that.

Many Americans have made the statement that American soldiers were not equipped. Many times while making our trips over France I thought that if those people that thought we were not equipped could see us carrying those packs, or better still if they had to carry them for ten or twelve hours as we have done, they would think we had all the equipment there was in the United States. Our packs as we have been carrying them weigh on an average of about 80 pounds, but we often thought that they weighed twice that much after we had them on for a few hours.

Some of the men, in fact, all of us, saw some of the parks on Long Island that were far nicer than any we had ever seen before. The parks are all kept in the very best of shape, everything being so neat and clean. The flower beds were very pleasing to the eye, as they also were exceptionally well planned and kept.

Leaving Camp Mills by train on the morning of Aug. 15 we traveled to Brooklyn harbor, arriving there about 2 o'clock where we detrained to get aboard a ferry which took us to the pier where our vessel was docked. We were again given a feed by the Red Cross ladies, consisting of cookies, cigarettes and ice cream. We also received postal cards that we were to mail as we stepped off the gangplank into the ship and which were to be sent to our loved ones at home to tell them we had safely landed "over there."

When the time came for our company to go aboard the big steamer which was to carry us across to the battlefields, our names were called out as we filed up the gang plank, dropping our cards in the mail sack and going down to the lower deck to the hole that was to be our home for several days. We piled up our packs, got our hammocks all slung and then there was nothing left for us to do but to explore the ship and see what our new home looked like. We lay at dock until noon of Aug. 16. When we were all down in the hole eating dinner on this day the ship seemed to be moving. Some of the men went up to see if we were leaving and in a short time every man was upon deck watching our dear old America fade away below the horizon. We sailed out past the Statue of Liberty and as we saw it fading away the men began to realize that we were fast leaving our homes behind, some of us never to return.

Fourteen Ships in Convoy

In the convoy we sailed with there were 14 troop ships, two battle cruisers escorting us out to sea. After sailing several days one of the cruisers turned and went back, leaving the other, which we were told was the Cruiser Connecticut. It stayed with us ten days and nights and on the morning of the eleventh day we noticed it had disappeared during the past night. We were all wondering why she had left us before the Mosquito Fleet met us, but we did not wonder long, for about 10 o'clock some one saw a very small dark spot coming up over the horizon which soon proved to be a ship. It had no more than come in sight when another and another, and still another came into view until there were 12 battle ships and submarine destroyers in all. Then we felt as though we were pretty well protected although we knew we were entering the danger zone, though the boys didn't seem to be the least nervous when we were coming across.

The ship that we came across in was the Ulysses, which was an English cattle transport of about 600 ft. in length from bow to stern, drawing about 35 ft. of water. The ships in the convoy were the first things that we had seen which were camouflaged. They were painted in different colors, the lines of painting irregular, making the ship hard to distinguish at a distance. The interior of the ship was very crudely constructed in the lower decks, as it had been a cattle boat, but as we hung our beds up in the air it didn't make very much difference about the condition of the ship. As soon as the ship was under way and the United States was out of sight we were wondering whether we were going to be seasick and feed the fishes while we were coming across.

About the second or third day out a few of the men began to miss some of their meals, but as the sea was exceptionally calm there were only a very few men that experienced seasickness. There was only one day that the waves were large enough to come up over the sides of our vessel. There was a bunch of the men loafing along on the midship deck watching the waves roll when all at once it appeared that a shower bath had been ordered but the men didn't seem to stay on deck long as the water was coming over in sheets, drenching those who were on deck. We didn't need to stay down long as the sea was soon calm.

A very strange incident that a few of us had the pleasure to witness happened about noon one day when a few of us were on the upper fore deck watching the waves roll up against the bow. A small whale appeared just under the surface of the water, swimming along just ahead of the ship, and in a moment another and another appeared until there were six of them swimming along side by side. They would dart up to the surface of the water, turn on their sides or backs and dive down again out of sight. They kept this up for nearly five minutes when they suddenly disappeared. They were about eight or ten feet long and of a dark color. While they were "showing off" to us they certainly proved themselves excellent swimmers and divers.

There was no excitement during our trip across with the exception of one night about 1 o'clock when the whistles were blowing on a couple of the ships and the battle cruiser that was with us suddenly turned passing close in the rear of our ship and going on until arriving between the second and third ships of the convoy when it suddenly opened fire with a burst of five shots from the 8-inch guns. Evidently the other ships scattered, going in different directions, going in a zigzag course and keeping this up for nearly two hours. As day began to dawn the ships again took up their former positions and everything seemed to be all right again. We were told by some of the ship's crew that a submarine had been sighted but they were not certain as to whether it was destroyed and sent to the bottom or not.

Sing, Sleep and Study I. D. R.

Our trip across the ocean, which lasted 12 days, was very pleasant, as the sea was extraordinarily calm and we were not bothered by the submarines, so we spent most of our time singing, sleeping in the sun on the upper deck, and studying the I. D. R. Another big job we had to learn was to eat the food that was served to us. It consisted of soup, mutton and plum pudding. The soup, which was not seasoned at all, was very different from any that we had ever eaten. The mutton was also very different from that which we had eaten in the States. The plum pudding was about the only thing that we could eat so we were always wishing for the time when the K. P.'s would bring it down again.

On the evening of Aug. 27 we were able to see land away in the distance. Some of us stayed up on deck long into the night so we would be up when we landed. It became too cold to stay up so we went down to bed. In the morning we found that we were anchored in the harbor at Liverpool. We lay there till about 8 o'clock, when we moved up to the dock and went down the gangplank that put us for the first time on foreign soil and ended our first voyage across the Atlantic. It was a grand feeling to have our feet on land again and to have a little elbow room.

Marching up through the streets from the dock to the R. R. station we were able to see and compare a foreign city with those of America. We found that the streets were much narrower, not as well kept and not so smooth. The street cars were very different, being much shorter, higher and very antique. The buildings and stores are not to be compared with those of the States. They are made of stone and very small. The things that they have to sell are also very different. Going into a store you may find some groceries, meats, hardware and wines.

When we were marching to the station the band met us, playing some of America's pieces which we were very glad to hear. They followed us and played while we were loading onto a foreign train for the first time. After we had placed all our packs in the cars we were given cards, compliments of King George, to send home to our folks. We were also given coffee, cookies and papers, which we were anxious to read as we had had no news of the war since leaving the States.

The people were very nice to us there and nothing seemed too good for us, and one man told some of the men that their

country was being saved by the Yankees. Some of the men stayed in Liverpool for a couple of hours which gave them a chance to see more of the town and also gave them a chance to send a cablegram home to the folks telling them we had arrived safely "over seas."

We left Liverpool riding in a train that was very different from those in the U. S. A. The cars were very much shorter and not as high being partitioned off so that a squad of eight men rode in a section by themselves, the doors of the cars being in the sides.

See Many Queer Things

Riding through England for the first time we saw many interesting things, the lay of the land and how it was divided into fields. The fields are much smaller than we are used to, being surrounded with rock walls, rail fences or hedges, which as a rule are very well kept. The land was plowed in narrow strips, which made ridges from the back furrows. There was acre after acre of potato fields which seemed to be their main crop, and which they were digging as we passed by. Some wheat, oats and barley is raised, but we did not see a field or even a stalk of corn since leaving the States.

The buggies and wagons are also very queer, the buggies having only two wheels which are very high and shafts that are long with a large bend in them which makes the end point nearly straight down. The most of the wagons also have only two wheels which are large and heavy, the body or running gears are merely two logs that have been cut out, laid across the axle and extend far enough ahead for the shafts, as there are no tongues in the wagons. The load is placed on the boards that are nailed to the two logs and held on by sticks that are used as standards. Many of us saw for the first time a yoke of oxen being worked and thought it strange that people living in the 20th century would be working oxen, but as we went along we found that there were many oxen being worked as horses are scarce. The horses they do have are mostly large and heavy, being of a good breed, but most of them have evidently been taken for the Big War. Hogs were also very scarce and I remember of seeing only two or three hogs on our entire trip across England.

Arriving at Birmingham about 2 P. M. we stopped long enough for the men to get a cup of coffee that was being served by the Red Cross ladies and buy a few things that were for sale at small stands in the depot. This was the first time we had ever had any one refuse to take American money, they would take a dollar bill and if you had change coming you were fortunate, so some of the boys paid a good price for cigarettes, but they were glad to get them as nearly everyone was out of cigarettes before we reached Liverpool.

Our next stop was Winchester, arriving there at 7 o'clock in the evening. We unloaded and marched up through the town to a camp which we were told was a rest camp, and it turned out to be a real rest camp, one that we enjoyed very much as we had made the hike of about three miles up hill with full packs and without supper. We were given a very light supper which rested our stomachs too, and as we were very tired from our long journey we went to our tents to go to bed. There we found that we were to have a change from sleeping in beds so lay down on the soft side of the boards on the floor of the tent. It was very cold that night and so many of us in each tent that we could do very little resting.

The next morning, Aug. 29, we left our first rest camp at 7 o'clock, marched back to the station where we had detrained before and boarded the car for Southampton. Landing there at 11 o'clock we lay in the dock until about 5 o'clock that evening when we went aboard the channel boat St. George. During our wait in the dock we were able to go out around the harbor for a few minutes at a time so were able to see a few large ships laying at dock, some of them also being in dry docks. Two of them were British ships that had been torpedoed by German submarines and were in for repairs, thus giving us a grand opportunity to see the results that a torpedo can accomplish. The Olympic was among the ships that were laying at dock, loading and getting ready to make another trip. We were told that she had just arrived carrying 8,000 American Red Cross nurses that were to care for our sick and wounded.

Cross Channel in the Night

We started across the English Channel at about 6 o'clock, so we could make the trip at night. As we sailed out from the harbor we realized that we were making the most dangerous trip as there were floats and mines anchored all through the harbor except in one part that was left for the ships to sail through and as we got out farther we saw several battleships laying in the harbor guarding the ships there. There were some poles sticking up out of the water in one place and on one of them was a sign "DANGER" which evidently was to show that a ship had been sunk there.

As night came on it was getting cold and windy so we were forced to go down below, and as there were no hammocks for us to sleep in we were forced to sleep any place we could find. Many of us were fortunate enough to hire bunks from the ship's crew so we put in a wonderful night's sleep which was the first we had since leaving Camp Dodge, but for those who were not able to get bunks the night was long and dreary. They lay down in the hallways, on the steps and every place there was room to stay, and when anyone passed down the hall it was nothing to have your head stepped on by some one wearing hobnailed shoes. We were passing through the most dangerous period in our journey but no one seemed to be very much worried, at least nothing was said as we were well protected because there was a battleship sailing in front of us breaking the way or disclosing any mines that might be in our path.

Early in the morning we landed at Le Havre, debarked about 8 o'clock and marched five miles through the town which was mostly up hill to a large American camp which was called Camp One, Section B. Le Havre proved to be a very beautiful city. The camp was a large camp of tents located on top of a hill and surrounded with a high wire fence, with guards walking post on either side. We were placed in the tents, one squad to a tent, and as they were small tents, eight men filled them up so that we were too crowded to sleep as well as we should have.

On the night of Aug. 31 we left camp at 11 o'clock making a midnight hike down the hill with full packs. That was one hike that the men will never forget for the officer that was leading the companies must have been trying to see how fast we could walk down that dark, rough rocky road. We reached the station at about 1:30 that night and were so tired that we took off our packs and laid them down on the stone platform and in a few minutes many of us were sound asleep. In a short time we were loaded in box cars that were very small and very much open. The roofs in most of the cars were mostly cracks and as it rained the next morning we were pretty well soaked. There were from 30 to 40 men packed in each car making it so crowded we could not lie down and it seemed that all the wheels of the car were flat from the noise it made and the way it was bouncing over the narrow track we were hard put to stay in the car, let alone trying to get any rest.

Making our first trip through France in a box car on Sunday morning we saw some very interesting things. The country was very much like that of England only not so well kept. We traveled along the Seine River and through the outskirts of Paris, being able to see the world famous Eiffel tower in the distance. The next morning we were unloaded at Les Laumes where we pitched our pup tents in a stubble field on the edge of town. After making that our home for a couple of days we went about a mile and a half to Alise Sainte Reine where we were billeted in barns, empty houses, and every place that a man could sleep. The people there proved to be very nice to us as they tried to do everything they could for us. We were the first American soldiers stationed there and there was one little store that you could scarcely buy anything at, but after we had been there for some time they had more than doubled their stock and also doubled their prices.

Ruins of B. C. City

As we learned the history of Alise Sainte Reine it proved to be a very old town, some of its buildings being built in 1626. There were some ruins a very short distance from the town and we were told that they were the ruins of a city that had been built before Christ. There were the ruins of the battlefields on which Caesar had fought with the Gauls and a statue

of Napoleon was standing on the same ground, while a statue of Joan of Arc marked a corner in the little town.

We left Alise Sainte Reine on the night of Sept. 15 about 11:30, marching back to Les Laumes loaded onto a freight train and rode until about 3:30 the next afternoon when we landed in Belfort from which place we hiked about eight miles to Vezelois.

Arriving there about 7:30 in the evening we were too tired to hunt billets so we made our beds on the ground. As it grew darker we could see the rockets fired in the front line trenches and hear the big guns. The next morning we could see the Vosges Mountains away in the distance. One point of them we were told was in Germany and on another we were shown the place where 30,000 Germans had lost their lives. At this place we were only 14 miles from the front lines and we could hear the big guns every night and nearly every day we saw a battle in the air between the French and German aviators.

One day we saw a very pretty sight. There were two German planes flying very high nearly out of sight and being fired at by anti-aircraft guns. We could see the shrapnel shells bursting all around them. When one burst right at one of the planes it swayed a second, turned nose downward and fell clear to the ground.

Many times I have heard France spoken of as "Sunny France" but every day that passed the less I thought that the sun ever shone in France. It rained day after day and when it didn't rain it was either cloudy or foggy so that the ground had no chance to dry up. We went to drill every day so our feet were always wet and many times it was not only our feet but our clothing also. When we reached our billets we had no place to dry our clothing as we were living in barns so a good many of the men took cold which soon turned into influenza and we began to send men to the hospital every day. Some of them have never returned.

Captain and Mail from Home

One evening as we were all sitting around in billets the word came that our dearest friend, the person we all wanted to see most and the one we had more confidence in than any one else, had arrived in town. We all rushed out to take him by the hand or at least to see our captain, who had left us at Camp Dodge to come over before us and get things ready for us. The captain seemed to be very glad to see us, but I am afraid he will never know what it meant to us to have him return. A few nights later the mail from our home folks came in for the first time since we had been in France and the captain sat up with the boys sorting and giving out the mail so that the men would get it as soon as possible.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 5, we rolled full packs and hiked about six miles to a little town called Fontenelle, where we were all put into a large barn to spend the night. In the morning when we got out there was a heavy frost, the first one we had while we were over there. At noon we were told to roll packs again and the men that were too weak or too sick to carry their packs had them hauled. This was the last hike that was made for some time by many of the men. We were all wondering where we were going, but we soon found that we were going back to Vezelois again.

While we were making this hike we could see a searchlight throwing its beams looking for airplanes. This precaution was taken every night to guard against observation by airplanes as all our traveling or hiking was done at night. These night marches were necessary, as it would have been easy for the Hun planes to observe the strength and probable destination of troops if they had marched by day. This was a disappointment to all of us as we had no opportunity to see the country through which we passed, and also for the reason that they were very monotonous; just a steady march, march, march, except for our ten-minute fall-outs and then we were unable to see what we sat down on or in.

On the evening of Oct. 10 we left Vezelois and hiked to Rougemont, which was a distance of about 14 miles. This trip was very hard on the men as nearly all of us had been feeling indisposed or had just been in the hospital, and carrying full packs, we certainly were glad when we reached the billets we were to sleep in. We stayed in this town for a couple of days in French barracks, had a good warm bath and had the pleasure of visiting in the town in the evenings. This was one of the towns in which we were able to buy things that we wanted, as there had been a good many American soldiers there some time before and the shopkeepers had found out what the American troops wanted and had purchased a good supply accordingly to take care of the next bunch arriving.

On Saturday evening we heard some heavy firing from the big guns up at the front and we knew that a heavy bombardment was on. We did not know then whether it was the Germans or the French that were putting it over but we learned afterward that it was the Germans shelling Eglingen, which was entirely destroyed. When some of the shells burst it seemed as though the ground under us was trembling and we were eight miles from the town that was being shelled, so we could imagine what it would be like if we were there.

Hike to Camp Norman

On Sunday evening, Oct. 13, we left Rougemont, making another long hike to Camp Norman, which was located in the woods near Chavennes le Loire and close to the front line trenches. During our stay in camp we visited this town quite often as we were only about a mile from there. This town was about five miles from Montreux Chateau, where Divisional and Regimental Hdqtrs. were, and some of us went there a few times as it had some dandy stores and among those supplies obtainable was excellent chocolate.

We were out in the field one day close to the front when we saw three French planes flying toward the German planes when they began circling around each other and the battle was on. They were using their machine guns, diving and darting through the air. None of the planes were brought down, but the French proved themselves the best birdmen. The Germans decided it was time for them to go home and the French planes followed them a little ways when the anti-aircraft guns opened up on the Germans and drove them out of our sight.

The barracks at this camp which we occupied were made by the French and the bunks were a wooden frame with wires stretched across to sleep on. They were certainly uncomfortable as the wires were about eight inches apart and in the morning when we got up we looked like waffles, only we were pretty badly bent. It was still raining nearly every day so the roads were very wet and muddy.

About 5 o'clock Thursday evening, Oct. 24, we rolled our packs and got out on the line ready to start for the first time into active service at the big front in the world's greatest war. We started out in the rain, the road was muddy and dark, making walking hard and disagreeable. After we had traveled for a couple of hours we were given orders that there was to be no more smoking or loud talking so we knew that we were getting pretty close to the front. After a long tiresome walk we reached Hagenback, which is in Germany where the platoons were separated and each given a guide who took us to the sector that we were to occupy.

As our platoon moved out the men walked in single file, one on each side of the road. Everyone kept very quiet as we knew that the Huns had the range of the road and if they thought or knew that a relief was being made they would have turned their artillery on the road and made it very unpleasant for us. Ending our hike, which was a distance of about 14 miles, we entered the trenches and took posts at 12:30 that night. We were given our range, or field of fire, and received the orders from the men we were relieving just as they moved out leaving us, a green set of regiments, to hold the ground.

It was very hard to go through a dark, muddy, narrow trench without making any noise but the relief was made so quietly that the Germans knew nothing of it, for they did not send over a barrage as they had done so many times before. During a relief is a very good time to send over a barrage as the old men are leaving their posts and the new ones coming in making a concentration of troops on which artillery fire could inflict heavy losses.

Trenches in Poor Condition

Some of the posts we took over were in awfully poor condition, full of mud, water and trash. Of course we got practically no sleep that night, as we got only a hazy idea of

where the enemy trenches were from the men we relieved and were naturally on edge from uncertainty.

When morning came and we got the lay of the land we became more confident and were able to get some real rest when our turn came to rest. After each man had rested some, we got busy and cleaned out the little dugout that was at the post I was on, fixed up a couple of boards for bunks, hung our shelter halves up at the doors and fixed it up so that we had a fairly good place to stay, although it was very cold as we were not allowed to have any fire.

We were up against a very different proposition than we had ever tackled before and we soon found that it was a man-size job. Standing post was not so bad in the day time but at night we spent many cold and lonesome nights. There were always two men on duty at each post at night and from 5 P. M. during the night they would wake the third man at the end of two hours so that we stood post four hours and slept two.

The first few nights one of us would see the stump of a tree which had been shot off by the big guns and the first minute it looked like a tree, the next minute like a man, and in a few minutes it seemed an army. If a noise was heard that sounded like the Germans coming over we would locate the spot it was heard from and if it was heard again a grenade was thrown and everyone was on his feet ready for an attack.

One morning about 11 o'clock we were cleaning our guns and getting ready for anything that might happen when all at once we heard shells bursting all around us, tearing big holes in the ground and throwing dirt into the air. Everyone grabbed his gun, went out along the trench and waited for the order from the corporal to go "over the top." The reason for going out in the trenches and leaving the dugout was that if a shell hit the dugout only the man that was left to stand post would be killed. The trenches were very little protection, though, as the shells were alighting in them and tearing them all to pieces. We could scatter out and if a shell landed only one man would be a casualty, where if we had all remained in the dugout and a shell landed on it we would have all been killed.

Found what Barrage was Like

We had all been wondering what a barrage was like, but in about two minutes speculation in that regard was finished and we began to wonder where the next shell would land. One of our men was walking in the trench holding his rifle in his hand when a shell struck the gun at the small of the stock smashing the gun in two, tore the canteen from his belt and tearing his overcoat. Another man had one of his arms shot off and his leg broken. He was rushed to the hospital but died in a few days from loss of blood. As soon as the barrage lifted a raiding party of 40 Huns came over and attacked Post 57A, I Company's sector, and in the battle that followed one Hun sergeant was wounded and captured, one Hun private killed, and one of our men killed and one wounded.

The corporal in charge of this post distinguished himself in the fight and undoubtedly will receive the D. S. C. He claims that many of the Huns were wounded, but they succeeded in carrying them with the exception of the two mentioned, back to their trenches. The prisoner told that they had been forced to make the attack by their officers and that they had been lying out in front of our lines from 3 o'clock that morning waiting for the artillery to open up the barrage. Just before he died from the wounds he had received the sergeant asked for a cup of coffee, which was given him, and he said that they were getting practically nothing to eat and were being forced to fight.

After the barrage which lasted only 15 minutes but which seemed like a day to us, we all knew what it was like to go through a real barrage but were awfully glad when the first one was over. We have been told about barrages, have read about them and formed opinions of what a barrage would be like, but now we know from experience the real meaning of one. From that day on the men dreaded a barrage; we were not afraid of gas for we knew our masks were ample protection against that; we were not afraid of infantrymen for we had good rifles and bayonets with plenty of ammunition and grenades, knew how to use them and had plenty of boys "rearing to go."

The enemy airplanes were over our lines a great deal as we had practically no planes to oppose them and they secured much valuable information, in fact their reconnaissance was so good that the barrage mentioned above was not accidental in its accuracy but due to the planes' good scouting work in locating our trenches. Our anti-aircraft guns were able to keep them from effective machine gun fire distance but could not prevent their thorough reconnaissance of our lines.

No Protection from Shrapnel

But when a barrage started with shrapnel flying all about us and shells tearing big holes in the ground we knew that there was no protection from that except to go over the top and ahead of the shelled area, as that would be our only place of safety. When a barrage is started it is thrown on the area to be shelled in either a box shape with one side left open, or a V-shape. If we were in the center of the area the shells would be thrown on the right, left and back of us, steadily being drawn in toward the center until the whole area had been shelled. That being done, the only safe place was directly in front of the German lines which was too close to their trenches to be shelled.

We had plenty of practice with the bayonet and trench knife while we were in the trenches as every night and many times a day there were rats that were nearly as large as cats running all around us. While we were sleeping they would come out, run over our bodies and across our faces and play around us until they were driven away. They had more nerve than the Germans for they would run over our guns while we were on post, eat our bread and get into everything they could find. The noise that they made kept us guessing sometimes to know whether it was Germans or rats.

Our kitchen was located back of the trenches about a half mile and at 5 o'clock in the morning two of the men would go back for coffee which was our breakfast, then about 11 o'clock we had our dinner and at 4 o'clock supper. We also received our mail which we certainly enjoyed and which put courage into the men. The people who have contributed to the Y. M. C. A. have probably wondered whether the boys at the front were getting any good of it or not, but if they knew how much we enjoyed eating a package of cookies about midnight when we were standing post on a lonesome cold night they would never regret what they have given for the boys. The "Y" furnished us with cookies, chocolate and tobacco and the people will probably never know how much we appreciated and enjoyed them.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 2, we were told that the French were coming in to relieve us, so we got things ready to move out and at 10 o'clock that night we left our post to go back of the lines for rest. We hiked from the trenches back through Hagenback to Dannemarie where we spent the night in barns that had been fixed up for billets. We reached there about 4 o'clock in the morning and as everyone was tired and sleepy we put in the most of the morning sleeping.

That evening, which was Sunday, we were ordered to roll packs and be ready to move at any time. Just before we moved our captain came up to us and told us that we had a long hike to make and for us to leave our packs, but if we wished we could carry a blanket or two. Two of us decided to make a light pack together, so we could change off carrying it, making it easier for both of us and still each of us would have a blanket when we reached our destination.

Long March Through Belfort

We had supper and were given a sandwich to carry and at 5 o'clock started on our trip, which proved to be one of the hardest ones we had ever had. After passing several towns we found we were going over a road that we had traveled over before, and we knew that we were nearing Belfort. Immediately we thought that would be where we were to stop, but we were disappointed, for we kept on going through the town.

Everyone was so tired it seemed impossible to go another mile but we kept toiling along till about 5 o'clock Monday morning, when we reached a little town called La Salbert, where we literally dropped into the cowbarns or any place and were dead to the world for the rest of the day. Most of us were too tired to get up and eat which is *some* tired.

During our stay in this town we spent most of our time policing it, cleaning every out-of-the-way place, which made it cleaner than it had ever been before.

At 2 A. M. on the morning of Nov. 10th our company moved into Belfort, as we were to load the equipment of the brigade to be hauled some place near the big front, so we knew we were going into action again. The company moved into a large French barracks, where it was divided into two shifts, and one shift went into the trainyards to start loading the trains, while the other shift finished their night's rest. While our shift was off duty we spent the day, which was Sunday, in seeing some of the things of interest in Belfort. One of them is a statue of a lion which is 68 feet long and 45 feet high, which is certainly a masterpiece of sculpture. It had been designed and constructed by the same man that built the Statue of Liberty located in the harbor of New York.

On the second day of our stay in Belfort, which was Nov. 11, the word was received that the armistice had been signed, that fighting was over for 36 days and that peace would very likely be the outcome of it. This was wonderful news to us all and it could be seen from the way they cheered that everyone was glad the World War was presumably ended. The French as well as the Americans celebrated and flags were raised and everyone was happy. There were a coupl of airplanes flying very low over the town, flying flags and celebrating the good news.

On Tuesday afternoon, after we had loaded all the equipment for the companies of the brigade, we left Belfort on a freight train, going to a railhead where we unloaded Wednesday morning and that afternoon marched about five miles to Lucey, where we were billed to stay only 24 hours, but as the war was over our orders were changed and we stayed until Nov. 29. During our stay at Lucey we spent most of our time policing the streets and out-of-the-way places of the town, and in drilling. On Thanksgiving day part of the company was taken in trucks to a little town near the front lines, to police it and to collect all the American equipment that had been left by the fighting men, and which was turned in as salvage. As it rained the greater part of the day it was not a very pleasant Thanksgiving for us.

Leaving Lucey Friday, Nov. 29, we started a two days' hike with full packs and after marching nine miles the first day we stopped for the night in a town named Void. After resting that night we started out again at 7 o'clock marching all day and well into the night. That night when we reached our destination, which was Bonnet, we were all so tired we could hardly walk. Making 21 miles in one day with full packs certainly tries a man's muscles and endurance, and certainly is a good test as to whether a man is man-sized or not.—Melvin Brandt, Corporal, Co. L, 352d Inf., Postville, Iowa.

Goodbye to the Frogs

We have tramped your roads and carried our packs,
And now, by gosh, we're going back!

We have drank your wine and ate your cheese
And walked in mud up to our knees.
We have slept in dugout, barn and shack,
And now, by gosh, we're going back.

We rode your box-cars forty deep,
All night long without a wink of sleep.
We ate redhorse and old hardtack,
And now, by gosh, we're going back.

We stood inspection from head to feet.
We swept your streets all clean and neat.
The Huns are licked and policing is slack,
And now, by gosh, we're going back.

Back to the good old U. S. A.
It won't be long till I say "Good day!"
We'll see sweethearts, wives and mothers, too.
So goodbye France, to ——— with you!

—Name Withheld.

To France and Back

Went into training at Camp Dodge in May 1918. After a few months of strenuous drill which included many early and late hours we left Camp Dodge Aug. 9, passing through Rock Island, Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Eric, Buffalo and Middleton and boarded the ferry boat at Weehawken, N. Y., going around Manhattan Island to the Long Island R. R. terminal where we went by rail to Camp Mills, arriving there Aug. 12. We stayed there a few days while being fitted with overseas equipment. We left Camp Mills for Brooklyn and got there Aug. 15, boarded the transport Ulysses and pulled out to sea on the afternoon of Aug. 16. Our convoy consisted of 15 transports and 2 battleships.

Our trip across the sea was uneventful, except for an occasional shot fired from a submarine. The weather was favorable and the sea calm. We got our first glimpse of land, which was the coast of Scotland and Ireland, on the morning of the 27th. Going through the Irish Sea and Channel we arrived at Liverpool, Eng., early in the morning of Aug. 28. From there we went by rail to a rest camp at Winchester. The next morning we left for Southampton. We stayed on the wharf until late in the afternoon, boarding the ship St. George. We crossed the English Channel at night and landed at Le Havre, France, early next morning.

From Le Havre we hiked about six miles to another rest camp, where we got our first bath in France. After staying here a few days we were introduced to our latest mode of traveling, via side-door Pullmans, or box cars, with the directions on the outside for loading "8 Chevaux or 40 Hommes"—all in a space of 8 by 24.

Our first French camping grounds were reached Sept. 2 at Les Laumes. Here we slept in pup tents, and Sept. 4 moved three kilos to Alise St. Rene. After a short stay here we were loaded into box cars on Sept. 15. After traveling for several days we reached Belfort Sept. 17 and hiked seven kilos to Vezelois, where we were billeted in barns. Here we drilled rather hard to complete our final training for the trenches. It was here we received our gas masks and helmets, the things that later caused many an outburst of flowery language.

Leaving Vezelois Oct. 5 we hiked about eight kilos reaching Fontenelle about midnight. Here we pitched pup tents for that night as we left the next evening for Ft. Chevremont, a hike of 7 kilos, arriving there about 2 A. M. Oct. 7. We left there Oct. 10 and hiked 15 kilos to Rougemont, and Oct. 13 found us at Camp Norman after a long, severe hike. The evening of Oct. 24 we hiked about 20 kilos to the front line trenches on the Alsace front.

After a series of events and experiences during our stay in the trenches, we moved out on the night of Oct. 31 to the town of Hagenback, about four kilos to the rear. Here we remained a few days to recuperate from our stay in the trenches. A hike of about six miles brought us into the town of Dannemarie on the morning of Nov. 3. Leaving there about 6 P. M. the same day, we hiked about 25 kilos to the town of Roppe, resting there for a few days.

Late in the night of Nov. 11 we hiked six kilos to Belfort, arriving there early in the morning of Nov. 12 and after a little lunch we were again loaded into box-cars, to move up for reserves for the Meuse-Argonne defensive, reaching the town of Lucey Nov. 13.

We left Lucey Nov. 29 and hiked 24 kilos to Void, reaching Void late that night. Leaving the next morning at 7:30, we continued the hike to Bonnet, arriving there about 10 P. M., Nov. 30, having covered a distance of about 40 kilos that day, the worst hike we encountered while in France.

The ending of hostilities left us with high hopes of going to "Home Sweet Home." But it was only after a number of disappointing rumors that we received orders to proceed to the point of embarkation.

The Division was reviewed by General Pershing on April 19. After praising them for their splendid record and soldierly appearance he thanked them for the spirit of co-operation they had shown in the great struggle for democracy. May 10 finds us on our final journey to the coast,—Homeward Bound!

Reached my home at Lime Springs, Ia., June 15, 1919.—Francis H. Jones, 352d Inf., R. 4, Bx. 14.

Capture of Capts. Safford and House and Escape From German Prison

(Following is a recital of the adventures of two 88th Div. officers, Capt. Orren E. Safford, a Minneapolis attorney and former University of Minnesota football star, and Capt. Henry A. House, formerly of Duluth, Minn., commanders of Companies G and E, respectively, of the 350th Inf. It covers one of the most exciting and certainly the most interesting episode that marked the stay of the Division in France. To give all the details from the time the two officers and ten enlisted men were trapped in No Man's Land on the evening of Oct. 12, 1918, until six weeks later, Safford and House, ragged, starved, almost delirious from pain and fatigue after a flight of more than 60 miles through the Black Forest, stumbled into the outstretched arms of welcoming "Poilus" at the Alsatian end of a Rhine River bridge, would occupy most of this volume. Captain House has put the story in manuscript of nearly 75,000 words, a really remarkable description of a remarkable experience by a gifted pen, and he has some thought of publishing it some day in book form. If he should ever do so, I can most unhesitatingly recommend it to the reader. Few, better or better written stories have come out of the war. Captain House at the time of this writing, by the way, is in New York preparing a play soon to be produced there.—E. J. D. L.)

Reports of an official character quoted in preceding chapters give a sufficient insight for present purposes into what was the plan of the Franco-American force holding the Center Alsace Sector at the portion bordering on Ammertzwiller and Balschwiller on the night of Oct. 12, 1918, ending, as it did, so disastrously for the 88th Div., or for one battalion of it. There is no doubt that there was room for criticism after the night's operation, but in view of the great ensemble achievements of Allied and American arms in the war, there is not now any inclination to keep this circumstance to the fore; there is only regret that good American lives had to be lost and suffering created needlessly.

In a word, new trenches were to be dug or connected up across No Man's Land from the American lines to the German lines in Ammertzwiller, supposed to have been abandoned by the enemy. Work was to be done after dark by details from Companies E and F, commanded respectively by Captains Henry A. House and Peter V. Brethorst. Company G (Capt. Orren E. Safford) was to provide a "covering" or protecting party while the work was going on.

At early dusk the French lieutenant who was to be in charge of the operation, told Captain Safford to come with him and started out into No Man's Land. They took along the necessary protecting party carrying grenades, automatic rifles, pistols, etc.

The French officer intended to establish the two extremes of the new trenches to be dug, and lay white tape to mark the trail for the workers in the dark. Orders had been sent to House and Brethorst in the afternoon advising them to send House and Brethorst in the afternoon advising them to send their commands equipped with picks and shovels to a certain rendezvous at a certain hour at dusk, and to have the officers meet at the American major's Post of Command before the working parties came up, to get instructions in detail. These orders were secret and contained little information—nothing, in fact, that in itself would give much of an idea of what was afoot. The men themselves received no inkling of what was coming until they were lined up after early evening mess and told to get out their tools.

Population Is Mixed

This sector was in a mixed German-French population, with plenty of German sympathizers to get information across the line. It has never been positively established whether the enemy received word of what the French and Americans planned to do that night, but whether they had or not, developments indicated that they had plans of their own for that night which had been in formation for some time. It is highly probable that it was a mere coincidence that the plans of the opposing sides clashed.

Captain Safford and his little party arrived at the spot in No Man's Land where the French officer announced he intended to locate the right or south end of the new trench to be dug. He left Safford and two French and two American soldiers to mark this point, while he and the rest of the party started north to locate the other end of the line. Safford and his companions took up a position behind a wire barricade at one end of a slight gully caused by the cutting through of a country road. Among the Americans with him was Andrew S. Tipton of Broadway, Mo.

It was already growing dark when the detail had emerged from the advanced trenches and was quite dusk when the parties separated. Directly in front of where Safford was stationed, a short distance out toward the German lines, were two old parallel communication trenches running east and west. They had been waiting several minutes when they heard the sound of footsteps approaching in one of the abandoned trenches. Weapons were held ready. Soon Safford could make out figures emerging from the opening of a trench only about 30 feet away. The Frenchmen and he opened fire. All became still. They remained behind their barricade until presently they heard sounds again from the trenches. As soon as they opened fire this time, it was returned. Tipton opened with the automatic. Bullets zipped all about. A small battle was carried on until finally the Germans ceased, and Safford's party did also.

Nothing stirred then for some time, and Safford directed one of the Frenchmen, who had two bombs, to throw them into an abri where he feared an enemy might hide and do them damage. The Frenchmen had only two precious grenades. He pulled the pin in each of these successively and and threw them, but neither went off.

It was suggested by one of the French soldiers, a noncommissioned officer, that they drop back a few yards to where he said he knew a good place. Where they were was easily approached from any side without their being able to see.

"We might get some prisoners," said the noncom. The possibilities were discussed of covering some of the Germans and making them come forward to be disarmed. It seemed reasonable.

"It was great fun, all right," Safford said long afterward, in telling of it.

Accordingly they took up a position on a slight eminence, still along the road, but beside it, and adjacent to old wire. They reloaded their guns and Safford and the lieutenant stood up looking about, all of them straining their ears for the sinister secrets the falling darkness hid from view. Stealthy figures could be seen skulking at times, and Safford made out heads just visible above a depression. They were working around to the rear.

"Are they Boche?" Tipton inquired of Safford in a whisper. Tipton had his automatic rifle ready. Safford passed the question along to the lieutenant, who replied in the affirmative.

While standing on the knoll, a sergeant of Chasseurs came crawling stealthily up from across the sunken road. Safford was surprised to see him but more surprised at what he had to say. He said that Captain House was a few yards away, just across the road.

Now, Captain Safford had no inkling of who was to be at the night's work, but he did not dream that Captain House would be in it, for he had relieved House's company in the line only the night before. House and his company should be resting safely behind the lines several kilometers after their tour in the trenches.

Stealthy sounds and figures were all around in the growing blackness—in front, toward the enemy lines, on both sides,

and in the rear, between them and their own trenches. But there was no making out by whom or exactly where. The Chasseur slunk away as noiselessly as he had come and rejoined Captain House across the road.

"Le Capitaine Safford," he whispered. It was now House's turn to be surprised. He knew he had been relieved by Safford the night before, but from the instructions only a platoon of G Company was to be of the covering party.

Puzzles for Captain House

But this was only one of a series of puzzles which had confronted the commander of E Company all evening, ever since he had gone forward to the Battalion P. C. at Buethwiller and got detailed instructions from his major.

To go back to the beginning of the story as it affects House's company, when it was relieved the night before, the men hoisted their heavy equipment on their backs and marched the four miles back to the village of Traubach-le-Bach, where they were to rest and clean up after four days of trench duty. They got in at 2 A. M. and went to sleep with the pleasant prospect of four days of pure rest before them.

The next day was peacefully bright; the Teutonic town was asleep, and only overhead was there much sign of anything untoward. German planes were circling about in greater numbers than common, and antiaircraft artillery was filling the high strata with cottony white or black puffs in the vain efforts to put an end to their operations, or to prevent them from penetrating far back of the American lines. House walked through the neat streets and found his men washing their linen and hanging it about in the sun, splendid marks for the airmen's eyes. He had them put their lingerie in less exposed places.

At noon a runner brought him an order that 150 of his men equipped as a night working party would report at the Battalion P. C. at 7 P. M. and that the officers and four platoon sergeants would report there at 6 P. M. for instructions. House was disgusted. The prospect of a night of slinging mud, stringing wire, pounding stakes and building revetments was not pleasant. But at 5 P. M. he started out with two lieutenants and four sergeants for the major's post as ordered, leaving his company to be brought up by a lieutenant. It was the last time House saw his company during the war.

At the major's P. C., Captain House found Captain Brethorst, present on a similar errand. Neither could muster any enthusiasm. Brethorst's company also had completed a tour in the trenches, been relieved, and had looked forward to rest.

But the orders they received from the major made them take a new interest in life. They were not to "sling mud" in rear areas, as they expected, but were to go out in No Man's Land to dig, under the very noses of the "Squareheads."

That was work of an entirely different nature. It should be known that ordinarily an officer of the rank of captain is forbidden to venture into No Man's Land except with his entire command—that is, an attack in force. Brethorst had long railed against this shackling order, but now he was to have a chance to spend the night beyond the lines, and his eyes twinkled with anticipation, like a small boy's.

The captains were directed to take their advance parties at once down to Balschwiller where they would find their respective French commanders at the company P. C.'s. They were to take them out to where they were to begin digging. As they got to their destination, nothing unusual appeared brewing. Flares at times cast reflections in the road, and the "put, put, put" of some nervous doughboy's automatic rifle would break the stillness. That was all.

Only a French orderly was at the company P. C. He said a lieutenant would soon come to go with Captain House and a captain for Captain Brethorst. These were their French associate commanders. The captains would please wait, which they did. But the minutes dragged on. Brethorst became impatient and left in search of food. House never saw him again.

Something Sadly Wrong

Quarter hours passed; no one came. House did not know what to make of it. He felt that something had gone sadly wrong. He should by now have been well beyond the Petite Poste, about 150 yards out in No Man's Land from which he was to begin his trench. A young French runner whom House knew entered, and said he had come to guide the captain to a certain platoon post he knew where the lieutenant was waiting.

They hurried out noiselessly into the silence zone at the edge of the village, making haste through wire which caught at them and duckboards which flew up. They reached the rendezvous—but no one was there. In a trench bay stood a doughboy on his two-hour vigil on a fire-step. He whispered that he had seen no one. Other sentries the same.

A boyau leading out to the Petite Poste, usually barricaded at this point at this time of the night, was found open. Perhaps the party had gone through. A French senior sergeant of Chasseurs joined them and whispered that he had been sent to find them. In the deep silence broken only by occasional flares or desultory spitting of automatic guns, they stole out toward the Petite Poste. Suddenly to the front there broke out a rattle of rifle fire and the sputter and smacks of other implements. They ducked. Silence, a flare, a few more shots, another flare, then deeper silence than ever. House did not know what was the disturbance, but he learned later from Safford.

The Petite Poste was deserted. The firing must have been further out. The sergeant sent the private over the parapet to reconnoiter. Long moments passed, and the private dropped back into the trench without noise. The party was waiting he said. They filed through the boyau as far as it afforded protection, then emerged. They were standing on the bank of something like an old road. Across the road House could see silhouetted against the sky-line two dim figures standing. There were also two prone. The sergeant silently felt his way through the wire tangles down the slope and up the other side, and this is where the stories of the two captains come together for a moment. The sergeant returned and announced to the astonished Captain House that it was "le Capitaine Safford" over there. Safford was in an attitude of rigidity, listening intently. He might know something of House's lieutenants. So House started to creep slowly across toward him, when a treacherous wire caught him and made a telltale jangle. Safford turned his head with a warning "Sh-h-h," motioning with his arm to stop.

House wondered what was up. He gazed at Safford standing there staring fixedly toward the enemy lines, and he turned to look, too. What happened then is perhaps best told in the words of Captain House's story:

"As I did so the world blew up."

There is no member of the 88th Div. who was anywhere within 15 miles of Balschwiller shortly after 7 o'clock that night who will ever forget what went on for the next hour and a half. A German gun at the extreme right fired a shell at an angle across No Man's Land. Another toward the left fired one crossing the trail of the first almost over Safford's head. Then a few more and more and still more. It opened up all along the line in a regular deluge of frightful flame accompanied by noises such as none of the Americans had ever heard before. And almost at once the same thing happened from the French guns on the American side.

Front Line a Fountain

House turned and saw the American front line and the ground between him and it a literal fountain of bursts. Breath was driven from the lungs by the concussions. The sergeant scrambled to him:

"Barrage! barrage! Suivez moi!" he yelled. ("Follow me.")

They fled down the narrow steps of a deep dug-out, but the muffled crashes still came to them. House thought of Safford, but the sergeant said there were other shelters and Safford would save himself.

Suddenly the other Chasseur shouted for all to follow him and he darted for another stairway leading up. Barely had the others started to crowd after when he came hurtling back, shouting "Boche! Boche!" With the other Frenchman, House yelled to the men to follow, and they started for the other stairs. But silhouetted against the sky the Chasseur saw figures, and in turn he took up the cry of "Boche!"

With pistols cocked and ready they waited the appearance of the first "Squarehead." Then from the other side of the

room came the voice of the French sergeant: "Kamerad." The Chasseur beside House took it up. Old campaigners of four years, they recognized the trick they had played many times on the Boche, and they realized it was their turn now and the game was up. German soldiers crowded down both stairs.

"Ach! Kamerad. Ja, ja. Handts oop. Oop mit der handts, undt quick! Schnell. Schnell. Heraus! Coom mit uns. Coom!"

Panting, sweating, some ashy with fear or excitement, they crowded down, armed with every weapon, even to two flammenwerfer tanks with nozzles pointed at the men they had caught. In spite of the excitement, some order was observed, the prisoners were disarmed and marched up into the unceasing clash and glare at the bayonet point.

The bombardment had grown more furious, as the raiders in No Man's Land were thoroughly boxed in. Many a German fell that evening from the "shorts" of his own batteries. Horns and shrill whistles now could be heard, and they brought a stream of German figures through the wires to both sides and the rear of the prisoners. There were shouts and curses; one man laughed hysterically until silenced by companions.

Start for German Lines

The captured men were grouped and started for the German lines, through the narrow passages between wire entanglements revealed by the flashes. House came near where some Germans were investigating what House thought were the forms of two Americans who had been knocked out. One of the figures got up. It was Captain Safford. He walked over to the main party.

"House! Good God, this isn't you!" burst from his lips. House could only grin with a sickly sensation. A shell burst and scattered gravel thickly over them, and they grinned no more. The Huns milled around.

"What're we goin' to do?" yelled Safford.

"What can we do?"

"Look," and Safford went closer. "My pistol! I'm not disarmed. Maybe we can make a break for it."

"Break for where? Wire everywhere. In ten yards, shot like rats. Better wait."

"Well, they're not going to have my automatic, damn 'em!" and Safford parted with his weapon in the darkness.

Thus the two captains, both of the same battalion, were captured by the Germans. Ten enlisted men also were taken. Among the latter, besides Tipton, were John S. Kristenson, New York City, and Linley Sexton of Purdy, Mo., and Sergeants Victor Nelson, Britt, Ia., L. Conners, Stewart, Ia., Ralph J. Laird, Reasnor, Ia., and L. V. Faber, 1393 Cedar St., Keokuk, Ia. They had been taken by a considerable force of the enemy, as it turned out, who had come over in a carefully planned raid. Among the raiders were 100 men used for this special purpose who were shifted along the front on special raiding missions. They went at it in a professional manner and had surrounded the Americans in No Man's Land in the course of the barrage but lost quite a number of their number by shellfire from their own side.

Captured and captors started for the German line as the barrage continued. A white tape ran along the ground through gaps cut in the wire. The leader of the party came upon the figure of a young German soldier fatally wounded. He lifted the boy over Safford's broad shoulders but on the rough shell-pocked ground Safford with all his strength could not continue. The wounded lad was laid on a blanket. Two German soldiers, Safford and House each took a corner and continued the difficult march.

They now got within the French artillery's fire zone and in an effort to get through they increased their speed, dragging their burden through trench and shellhole. The boy shrieked and groaned. His bearers recognized the sounds of near death and bent over him. The boy opened his eyes and recognized Safford as an enemy and began to curse him. One of the Germans put his hand over his mouth and assured him that the Americans had been kind and had carried him. With a weak gasp he fell back, dead.

While they were making their way back to a German dugout, the captors made the discovery that they had secured no less a prize than two American officers of the rank of captain. They were highly elated and became almost tender as they led the way into a dimly-lit dugout reeking with unwashed, perspiring soldiers. Here they were searched and then started back under guard through a village street to a concrete-walled chamber, where they came before a dozen immaculately groomed German officers. Before each, on a table, stood tall steins of beer. The two Americans were given a glass of water each.

"Der Krieg ist Kaput"

Another walk of two hours under guard of four soldiers followed. The latter sang occasionally and tried to talk to their prisoners.

"Ja, der Krieg ist Kaput! Ja! Alles ist Kaput," they said.

Constantly ran through the minds of the two officers plans and possibilities of escape, but they always went over roads bounded by stone walls. They passed through many villages, stopping at last in one before a large building where they entered. It was far past midnight. In a large room they found, seated around the walls, the French and American soldiers who had been captured with them that night. Some of them looked up and smiled covertly.

Seated here for an hour or more Safford and House for the first time came mentally face to face with their situation and realized what had happened to them. For them the war was over. In low voices they told each other so, and they slunk in their chairs in dejection. Then Safford's hugh frame shuddered as he murmured, "My poor wife!" House, a bachelor, divided with him a half-cake of chocolate which the Germans had returned to him after the search.

Soon Safford's mood changed and he burst into his hearty laugh, which is loud enough to shake the rafters. Fritz, who had led the party in out of No Man's Land and brought them here, heard the laugh and entered. He grinned and looked concerned, glancing at Safford's legs. Safford looked down. His wrap leggings were torn off by wire and his calves were bare. Safford grinned cheerfully and again "ha-ha-ed." But Fritz was seriously concerned and kneeling in front of Safford, unwrapped his own puttees and put them on Safford's legs. The captain protested and tried to push the man away, but Fritz prevailed. He wanted his prisoner to do him credit like a German hauptmann.

The enlisted men were taken out one by one and then Safford. An officer questioned him through an interpreter and he gave the brief information the two captains had agreed on. The Germans had a remarkably complete amount of information already, and with the assistance of this tried to trap Safford into giving more without success.

About 2 A. M. the captains set out under new guards, trudging steadily through the night toward the east. Toward dawn they came to the Rhone-Rhine canal and followed it north on the tow-path. Daylight found them in Mulhausen, 20 miles from the place of capture. They were put in the Grozzherzer Friederich-Kaserne. The prison keeper met them in the cavernous corridor in front of dirty Italian prisoners of war who pressed forward to stare.

"Ah-ha," said the jailer. "Chentlemens, gut morgen! You are weary, are you not. You will please to coom this way." He shook their hands. "You do me honor. Two captains here I haf not before had. Und Americans. You are not injured? Ach, gut. That is nicely. Aber, you would like a little wash to haf, vielleicht? There is much blood."

Proud of His Prisoners

The jailer was much interested and apparently proud of his prisoners. He looked at Safford, "der grosser hauptmann," and said the soldiers declared that he had killed two Germans "mit his bare hands." He poured out two huge bowls of luke-warm liquid that he called coffee and apologized for it, but he said it was better than they had the year before. He also gave them "bread" that they could scarcely bite and chew. Noting their disappointment he got out from his hidden store in the cupboard a small tin of real honey, two ounces of which he could obtain secretly once a week.

House induced him to share the last of his cigarettes. He promised to secure more though they would be very expensive and poor and a few cigars to smoke without wasting in a pipe. House traded his helmet for a fatigue cap, crudely made by a French soldier. They changed some of their francs into marks and obtained some comforts at the canteen.

One thing that impressed the two Americans constantly in conversation were the signs of unrest and dissatisfaction among both civilians and military. That matters were not going well was reflected everywhere. These were the first whispers of the revolution which the kaiser escaped by fleeing to Holland.

Safford and House were shown to their narrow cell and crawled, aching, on the bunks heaped with gray blankets, the foulest they had ever seen. An hour later Captain House awoke and found Safford seated with his coat across his knees at the window "reading" it. House found his own coat alive as well as the blankets and every article in the room, literally crawling with vermin. On a bunk they found the following scrawl:

"Descended with engine trouble
Near Mulhausen, April 15, 1918.
Left this bed of filth and misery
August 20, 1918,
For England, Love and Beauty!"

It was signed by an English aviator. The officers pounded on the door and the jailer appeared. He would see what could be done and meanwhile would show them where to take their daily walks, and, if they wished, buy beer and schnapps.

Captain House's own story of the stay in Mulhausen is replete with little instances of compelling interest in their daily life which makes too long a tale for these pages. Through it all one thought remained uppermost and was the great purpose toward which every effort was bent: "how to escape." The jailer made frequent allusions which gave the prisoners hope that he might be open to venal approach, but before anything came of this the two captains were suddenly removed from Mulhausen to Colmar by train. They were sorry to leave as they believed that they were making headway in acquaintances which might be of value in an attempt to escape.

At Colmar was every type of soldier prisoners, European, African and Asiatic, dwelling in close quarters. Safford here found one of his sergeants captured with him and an American corporal of the 29th Div. taken in a curious manner near the scene of their own capture. This corporal had been taken in a quiet country lane three miles behind his own trenches. With two companions he had been set upon by a party of Boche. The other two were killed in the fight and he was overpowered. The Americans also found their old friend the Chasseur sergeant among the French.

During this incarceration Safford and House were to go through the greatest ordeal of questioning that they had yet met. But it was much of a burlesque and the inquisition frequently took the form of political discussions in which the German officers strove hard to justify Germany's actions and to assert their belief in ultimate victory.

Still the plans for escape went on among the prisoners, especially during the hours for "spatzieren gehen." Their hopes were stimulated at times by sounds of allied bombing planes, as the place was raided at night. Conspiracies to escape became more and more rife. Communication between officers and enlisted men was prohibited and conducted with difficulty, but at last a plot was hatched through a French sergeant who had become a pal of the Chasseur sergeant. The latter had found a "petite poulet," he boasted, and she provided him with a master key. The sergeant was to slip to their room after the last usual round of the night guard, unlock their door, let them out, lock the door again and all were to get out of the building.

Faithful Night Arrives

The fateful night arrived. Safford and House could not contain themselves. They waited for the sound of the key at the appointed hour but it did not materialize. All evening there was a disconcerting and unwonted restlessness about the place. German soldiers walked about outside, restless prisoners pounded on their doors for the guards. Lights out was passed but still the noises increased instead of diminished. At last the key was heard in the door, but it was withdrawn at the sound of someone approaching. This occurred more than once as the officers waited with pounding hearts. Finally a board creaked outside the door and the dim light showed a slip of paper coming underneath. This was the way they had received their first instructions. By the light of a match they read that the key did not fit and it would be fixed in the morning.

But the captains were not to try it again. Early next morning they were transferred, much disappointed, to Strassburg, where they changed trains to go to the "gefangenenlager" camp at Rastatt, Baden. It was a dismal place and the officers were jubilant when it was learned that it was a mistake that they were brought there. They went back through town to the railway station and at midnight took the train for Karlsruhe. There, at 2 A. M., they were taken to what once had been the Hotel de l'Europe and placed in close confinement for four days in a small room. This was a most trying stay. It was found that all prisoners in this building were kept in close confinement.

Further attempts at questioning were made, with certain pressure that made Captain Safford see red. However he was not lined up and shot but after an hour they were marched with about 40 other officers of mixed nationality to the gefangenenlager of Karlsruhe.

Beside House limped another American captain, pale, sick and shivering in the late October weather. He had no hat and wore a suit of thin black which had been a German uniform of some kind before the war. The trousers reached barely below the knees, the sleeves to the elbows. The shoes were almost gone. He had no underclothing, shirt or socks. He had been taken prisoner while wounded and his last stitch of clothing taken from him. His wounds had been dressed with paper bandages and not changed for weeks at a time. His was not an exceptional case, especially among English prisoners.

It was here at Karlsruhe that the prisoners first came to know the work of the American Red Cross in Germany, and it almost made them tearful. The two captains were almost ravenously hungry and the Boche food was increasingly repulsive. They almost cried over the first package of Red Cross hard bread and read the label of the American factory. The Red Cross also furnished clothing and winter was in the air. They exchanged their filthy summer clothing for wool under and outer clothing, overcoats, jerseys, shoes, towels, soap and shaving outfits.

Life here was not entirely unpleasant now, but plans for escape went forward apace. Again the night air raids gave new hope. At the end of a week Safford and House became two of a party of 26 American officers who were transferred to the prison camp at Villingen, South Baden. En route on the train the officers were busy making surreptitious maps and one, emboldened by the absence of the German officer in charge who had fallen before the charms of a young lady in another compartment, tore part of a railroad map from a frame in the wall.

On the way one American officer, Lieutenant Gates, a marine aviator, escaped through the lavatory window. He jumped safely with minor scratches and traveled for four days on foot toward Switzerland, finally reaching Constans. Within a yard of the boundary fence he was captured and in a week was back at Villingen undergoing his three weeks of solitary confinement inflicted for such attempts.

Always Plenty of Company

The two captains always had the good fortune to be assigned the same room and now they had a new roommate, Captain Sullivan, an Irish infantryman. There was also plenty of other interesting company among the prisoners of several months' experience. Across the hall was old Captain Olson, whose ship plying out of San Francisco, and Skipper Trudgett, also a master of a schooner from San Francisco, had been torpedoed by the German raider Wolf in the South Seas. These names are mentioned for particular reasons.

Life here was well-ordered and with the Red Cross supplies quite endurable. The officers were able to buy cooking utensils and each one had his culinary duties assigned to him. There were movies, games and walks. Once there was an American funeral which the German commandant took pains to have as impressive as possible.

News of the armistice came to the prisoners at Villingen, but not with a great deal of elation, as it was felt that the discomfiture of the Germans should be carried farther. However, the prisoners thought that freedom would be theirs at once and this idea apparently was fostered by the Germans in

command. The acquisition of souvenirs became the popular activity and every Fritz plied a lively trade.

But as days wents by and no sign of freedom, the prisoners became impatient. A meeting was held and Lieut. Colonel Brown, an American, went to the Germans and proposed that if they could not transport them to the Swiss frontier that they would be permitted to walk. The prisoners would hire vehicles and pull the sick in the hospital with them. But the commandant would not consent.

News filtered through about the progress of the revolution. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Council was in control and the marines were taking possession everywhere. The guards were frightened.

One cold morning the "appell" was sounded and the prisoners gathered in the usual of assembly, the theater. Here they were addressed by a Boche colonel who tried to salve their feelings and made all sorts of mollifying remarks except the promise of immediate release. The prisoners became more determined and that afternoon held a mass meeting at the theater which worried the Germans.

Next morning marines arrived in town and took possession of the prison camp that night. They disarmed the garrison and re-established the guard with double the former number of sentries. The commandant was deprived of his insignia of rank and sent home a civilian after 40 years of military life. All rank was abolished but after a time it was discovered that one of the former lieutenants who had been shorn of all marks, appeared with shoulder straps. The marines had to have someone to distinguish over the others.

From somewhere the prisoners learned that the marines had no intention of delivering them. They were to be held as hostages for the satisfactory performance by the Allies of their promise of food relief.

Safford and House made up their minds that they were going to get out, and almost by sheer weight of determination alone, they succeeded. The prisoners wanted to get at least one man back to France to report the situation.

While engaged in their morning "house work" the next day, Safford, House and Sullivan felt that this was their last morning in the lager. Putting on caps and overcoats they went out. It was cold and there was about two inches of snow. In their pockets they had stuffed black bread, tins of meat and other provisions. What to do was the question, when they thought of the "honor walk." It would be forming just then. Each prisoner had a card which he had signed in his possession promising that he would not escape. In passing out to go for the walk he left this card at the gate and received it back on passing in.

Walk Toward the Gate

The walks had been suspended for a week but were just resumed. The first group had just passed out and the three captains with no definite plan sidled toward the gate. Two other prisoner friends joined them, Lieutenants Ford and Schwartz, aviator and infantry officers, respectively. They all walked around the compound and then to the inner wire gate where the "walk" had gone out. The inner gate led to the inclosure surrounding the guard house and huts beyond which was a stockade and the main gate to the outside.

The inner gate was locked habitually, but now it was ajar. Further fortune favored them in that no one saw them walk through into the forbidden enclosure and that this was empty save for the lone sentry at the main gate and his back was urned. All other soldiers were hugging the indoors on account of the cold morning.

The prisoners held a hasty consultation. House knew the most German.

"Brace the guard gate," suggested Safford. "Tell him we want to join the bunch. Tell him they went earlier than they should. Tell him anything. Act mad—we'll all act mad."

But the sentinel was not so easy and he did not understand all that was said. Two other prisoners heard the commotion and came up. They were Lieutenant Converse of the air service and Skipper Trudgett. The protestors winked an explanation and the two joined in urging the guard. The latter waxed angry and nervous as the prisoners crowded around him. He shook his fist, ordered them back to the small gate and threatened to call out the guard.

Just then the outer gate bell rang. The sentry wavered Safford and the others edged closer. The bell clanged again and the guard opened the gate a little. A great load of cabbage stood waiting to pull in. Cabbage! The lowly vegetable had been a part of their lives for so long and now was to do them an excellent turn.

Safford, with great dignity (and force) urged the guard back, opened the gate wider and went through. All got out as the wagon went in and the bewildered guard did not know but what it might be all right. He was partly disarmed by the old and lame Trudgett, whom he knew could not hope to benefit by a break for liberty, and it must be as the prisoners said that they were of the walking party that had left earlier.

At first the prisoners felt a strong inclination to run for the woods a quarter of a mile away, the beginning of the great Black Forest. To the west lay safety, through that forest. But between them and the forest were more sentry boxes with soldiers with loaded rifles. They decided to walk nonchalantly, and they greeted each sentry with a "Morgen" of simulated cheeriness. They walked faster when they dared and at last got to a bend in the road, the back of their necks almost painful with the feel of imagined gazes from the soldiers. They looked back and saw they were not pursued.

They fell into a fast stride, but the skipper could not keep up and he began to protest. It was then discovered that the old fellow had really believed the story given the guard at the gate, and that he did not know he had escaped with a party of jail-breakers. He said he never would have been "no party to no such damfool antics at his age" had he known, and that it was a "'ell of a 'ole they 'ad popped him inter."

Skipper Is Left Behind

The old chap had to be left behind with a promise from him that he would return to the lager in an hour, telling the story that he had become weary and left the party searching for the Honor Walk. Weeks after it was learned that he kept his word and it was four hours before the escape was discovered. The loyal old fellow was left standing in the road leaning on his stick and vigorously waving farewell.

The only thought now was to put as many kilometers between themselves and Villingen as possible and as quickly as possible, still keeping a wary eye. The road ran along a ravine deeper into the woods and into the high mountain country. The going became bad, however, with the snow balling under the feet. No one was encountered, but occasionally peasant people were sighted at work across the valley. At last the six stopped in a hidden spot for consultation. Three had food, the other three none, so, as it was unlikely that all would remain together, it was divided equally. Then—where should they go?

Here Lieut. Ford's map torn from the railway coach at the time he had planed to join Lieut. Gates in his leap from the flying train came in handy. Also, Ford drew out a tin box and extracted a bit of soap. Cutting it in two, he displayed a tiny compass. Now they were equipped, indeed.

It is a question which portion of the escapade was the more exciting or trying to the mind and body, the battle and capture, or this flight through the Swarzwald, over the forested hills and valleys. Switzerland, while only a third as far away, was put out of consideration. The Rhine should be the goal. The French troops would be there already, it was certain. It was 40 miles in a straight line, but 60 by the winding roads. There were two things to fear—German troops and that the population had been notified by wire to be on the look-out. They would travel by night, and skirt around suspicious places.

Eventually they began to meet civilians and German soldiers. But the latter has a slow moving mind and after passing several people successfully, confidence grew. They entered isolated country, with chalets perched on the steep hillsides. At one of these, seeing only a woman and children about, they made bold to obtain milk and bread. The venture proved successful. Safford presented the two women with a bar of precious soap, and they were curtsied and bowed blushingly out. They set out refreshed.

Suddenly a turn of the road brought them within a hundred yards of a village, and before the first house was a group of German soldiers. Scurrying back out of sight they climbed up the slope along the timber line several hundred

feet above the village, circling it.

It was hard, breath-taking effort in the soft snow. An hour of precious time was lost in the detour and much strength. Two of the six began to show signs of giving out. A military convoy approached in the road. Dark would soon be coming on and they decided to hunt a secluded spot, build a fire and warm and dry their soaked boots and socks.

Climb to Empty Chalet

Waiting a favorable moment they crossed the road to a little chalet high on the mountain side above them. It was empty. Blowing and panting from the climb they reached it, the first empty house they had encountered. It was getting dark and the wind was blowing harder and colder. But a fire was soon going in the porcelain stove in a back room. Then someone started with an exclamation. He was sure he saw German soldiers outside. There was a scampering, but no more signs appeared, and after nightfall the six set out again.

They came to a large town and dared to enter. Passing men in the dark, they were surprised to find them soldiers. But a guttural "Nacht" was all. They did not know what town this was. All day they had been making for Furtwangen, the only place large enough to show on their map. But the disheartening conviction had come upon them that they had got on the wrong road, and gave up the idea of finding the town. It was not an encouraging discovery then that this town was Furtwangen! They were not nearly as far west as they had hoped to be by night.

The steep hills on both sides argued against trying to go around the town, so they determined to take a chance and pass boldly by the soldier groups in the streets. The passage was negotiated by avoiding the lighted sides of the streets, with only occasional questioning glances from the groups of soldiers. The hair on their necks tingled as they passed and it was a relief when they reached the dark outskirts on the other side.

By 10 P. M., out on the road, the weaker ones had often lagged, and the others put them ahead to set the pace. They walked as fast as they could. Foot-sore and tired, Converse admitted he could go no farther. Like so many aviators, he wore riding-boots, and they were not made for this travel. He proposed that they leave him.

Sullivan also was limping and the others tried to induce him to remain with Converse. A few weeks before he had been convalescing in a German hospital, and should not have started out. His case was bad. But would he stay? Not he! He would go on alone rather, as there were many miles left in him. They tried it again, but it was not long before the two ailing ones were lagging in the pain of swollen, blistered feet and aching legs. It was no use. They argued with Sullivan, and at last told him that if he would not stay behind with Converse, all would stay. That got him. The four said goodby and left the two pounding at the door of a chalet. But there were soldiers in that house. They went on to another.

Soldiers were coming at a fast pace from town. The four others had to hurry on out of sight. For more than two hours, higher and higher, they hurried, paying dearly for their speed later. Sullivan and Converse they did not see again, but weeks later learned that they had been retaken near Furtwangen and returned to Villingen, to remain to be brought out with all other prisoners through Switzerland. Sullivan spent much time in a hospital for his escapade.

One o'clock saw the quartet out of inhabited regions and still mounting at a hard pace. They were very tired and lack of food was telling. The spells of rest became more frequent; they lunged rather than walked. Some made all too frequent visits to the running brooks.

The next few hours saw them trudging on fighting against fatigue and sleep, and still the road went upward. The mind refused to work dependably at cross-roads. Some became querrulous. They were in a hard way. Then at last the perpendicular climb ended, and the four took cheer and new heart at walking downhill. Toward daylight houses appeared again, and occasionally the upstairs light of an early riser. It was time the fugitives sought refuge for the day.

With Captain House again as spokesman, they brought a woman to her window.

"Wir sind hungrig. Wir sind vier. Wir haben wiel spazieren. Wir wollen schlafen," etc. But the attempt failed.

They came to a village. Ah! A church! But it was locked. Without discussion, the four straggled back to where they had seen an inn. To make a long story short, they were soon in bed—four separate beds in one room—after engaging the sleepy proprietor in the tap room. In an hour House was wide awake. Strange noises. Going to a window he saw what appeared to be endless columns of German troops, every variety, marching past under streamers across the streets, bands playing and every man wearing a button bouquet. There was cheering, laughter and gayety. The victorious troops of the fatherland returning from their war! House woke the others and they gazed on the spectacle.

At noon a boy came to discuss the matter of food. They must come downstairs if they wished to eat. They did not wish to go down but dared not appear anxious to remain hid. Regaled by endless talk by the proprietor, during which he tried to gain information of his guests and learned that they were Americans, the four ate their fill. They made friends with the women from the kitchen and the pecking children. Having finished, they said they intended to remain in their room until about 6, when they would depart. But the proprietor told them that German troops were to billet the town that night and four sergeants would have that room. They would stay, then, until 5.

Just then the kellner entered and announced that the troops had already arrived. Up the back stairs the four were led to their room, where they threw themselves into the beds without undressing, and feigned sleep. In half an hour the kellner entered, followed by four German noncoms. They looked about the room, appeared satisfied, then went out. In a few moments, footsteps again. The landlord and three German officers!

In his written account, Captain House gives a detailed account of the minutes, or hours, as they must have seemed to the four quaking figures under the covers drawn to their chins. It is a long account, but he admitted himself that he could not recall positively what was said or done at certain times. As before, he did the talking, and he told the story they had often rehearsed. It seemed impossible that they should escape now, but it was just possible that these troops, just returning from the front and ignorant of all that had happened home, might swallow any tale. House told wild things about the revolution, the dread marines, and how he and his companions had been released and permitted to go if they wished to walk instead of waiting for transportation. He gave cigarettes. It worked. There was more parley. The officers rose, friendly now, bowed stiffly, clicked their heels, and walked out with this advice:

"Hide from German officers. The rest of them are not so nice as we are."

At the door another turned and said in French:

"We will say nothing about you. It is not our affair—until 5 o'clock. Then—keep away from German soldiers."

German Sergeants Enter

At 4 the quartet rose, bathed their swollen limbs and prepared for the road. Four German sergeants entered, went to a corner apart and arranged their effects. The kellner brought the bill. It was 18 marks—much too big. But House paid it and then discussed being given food, for they had no money left in marks. One of the sergeants walked over and looked at the bill, and burst out laughing. The others joined him. Had the "4 Amerikaner" actually paid that bill? They roared again and went back to munch their bread and sausage as the kellner came back with half a loaf of black bread and a dozen gnarled apples. One of the sergeants walked over and almost shyly slid four chunks of bread on the table as House was dividing the "hand-out" with his companions.

The Americans offered the sergeants cigarettes, but had to prove that they had plenty more before they were accepted. One spoke a little French, another some English. They asked questions about the quartet's plans and then actually gave them what proved to be most valuable directions for making the Rhine bridge at daylight, and how to get across the bridge at

Alt-Breisach, avoiding the city of Freiburg, which would be dangerous. The guard at the bridge would be small and "very careless" at that time of the morning, and the French would be at the other end. There was more advice, the Americans shook hands warmly and departed. They did not get out of the house, however, until they had been forced to go to the kitchen for "kaffee," and there Safford parted with his last cake of soap. It was received with pats and sniffs of delight, and many curtsies.

There were still 20 miles to be traversed before morning. That night will be passed over with a few words. The travelers themselves have not the clearest recollection of it. Eight miles were lost by mistake. Weariness cam back soon, although the rest helped much. The journey of steady tramping became a nightmare. Only Safford seemed to be standing up under the strain without great apparent suffering, but his laugh was gone.

For the others, detail became lost, and odd fancies filled the brain. Grotesque imaginings flitted before the eyes, but still they stumbled on. There were impressions of village after village passed, all decorated for the returning soldiers. There were numerous branching roads and they could not choose the right one. By midnight they were lost, going by guess. By 1 o'clock the pangs of the previous night came back redoubled, and the brain became numb.

Schwartz Has to Cut Shoes

Lieut. Schwartz had to cut and slit his shoes for his ever-swelling feet. At every halt he would work away, and then they would get painfully to their feet and start again. Lieut. Ford was suffering agonies from his boots, but he limped on with lips pressed tight, refusing to complain, except when he tried to get up after a stop. House's legs were also in bad shape and the halts did more harm than good. The men could hardly stand up straight.

By 2 A. M. Captain Safford was supporting Schwartz, and continued to from then on.

Dawn was beginning to show when an opening in the hills showed the fugitives the village of Alt-Breisach. A dense fog was rolling up the Rhine. That was a good omen for the finish of their adventure. Weariness fell off. A half-hour more would spell failure or success. They entered the town, meeting some early risers, but no one gave them heed.

Luck was again with them in striking the right spot at the river, and suddenly through the fog came the challenge, "Halt!" Two figures loomed 30 feet ahead. House heard a guttural remark and took it to be a command for one to come forward for identification. He went, but his companions edged behind—strictly against custom and safety in such cases.

Two German soldiers stood in the center of the bridge approach, before a low gate, barring the way. House put up a bold front. He motioned a command to open the gate. He answered who they were and became impatient.

Safford, Schwartz and Ford edged to the gate near the rail. House understood their move. These two were not to stop them—for long. Probably the two understood equally well. One said something to the other about going to the guardhouse for the sergeant, but the other quickly detained him. He did not want to be left alone with four Americans. More words as the two looked at the three at the gate. Safford's hands already were on the gate. The younger of the Germans murmured "Nein, nein," to his companion, and motioned House toward the gate. He meant that they should, in Yankee talk, "beat it." They did.

Sufferings ceased magically. They started across sprightly and were fairly running at the other end. Another gate and a challenge from the fog—in French. A bayonet stuck over a barrier at the hurrying four. The latter knew that dingy overcoat and casque! As one they shouted, "Officiers Americains!" The poilu shouted a whoop of welcome in return, threw open the gate and received his Allies with open arms. Then he turned and ran, and they followed him to a wooden barracks, shouting boisterously to rout his comrades. There was laughter and clamor as a fire was built, and a feast began. The four were among friends indeed!

After being feasted and fed Captains Safford and House made their way to Mulhausen and Belfort and the old front, visiting the spot where they were captured. They reached 88th Div. headquarters the first week in December at Gondrecourt.

Shelled

It was near the hour of midnight and a short distance behind the lines in the Alsace sector in France. The war was yet in progress.

Two guards from Co. B, 350th Inf., were on a post just a short distance from the town of Hecken. Every one knows what orders were relative to smoking at night. The guards had been on the post for about two hours and it was time for "relief" to appear. After having walked the post for practically two hours, the guards met and commenced to talk in an undertone.

"D'you reckon that corporal of the guard has gone to sleep?"

"Naw! That guy don't sleep—if he does, it is with one eye on his watch. He'll be here with relief all right."

The last guard had no more than said this when some one was heard approaching, and they began to have anticipations of four hours' sleep, providing the "cooties" could be persuaded to sleep also. The closer the noise approached, the more their expectations dwindled, for they soon made out that it was not the corporal of the guard with relief, but just one man who seemed to be the worse for having imbibed too freely in "vin rouge," for he was singing at the top of his voice and monopolizing the whole of the road. Of course, there was nothing for the guards to do but arrest him, since he knew nothing except that he was on his way to headquarters, but he had no idea in what direction he was going, nor did he know the pass-word. He was stopped at the point of the bayonet.

"Who are you?" asked one of the guards.

"Can't youh see who I am? American sojer, of course!" the bibulous one replied. "I'm a runner, and I'm goin' to report to headquarters. Coursh I know where it is. It's in this direction som'ers. Gimme a match."

"You don't get a match. Don't you know what the orders are about smoking up here? You would have the whole German army shelling us in an hour."

"Sure that's orders, but I gotta smoke."

Just then the corporal of the guard approached with relief, so the two guards and their prisoner were picked up and taken on the round to the other posts. It was probably at the second post that the prisoner decided he would smoke regardless of the consequences, so he produced a cigarette, and the guards said nothing because they knew he had no match and they forgot all about him and his cigarette, for he was quiet by now. Their consternation can easily be imagined when suddenly they saw a small light close to them. The prisoner had searched around in his pockets until he found one of those cigarette lighters of French manufacture, and he had worked with it until a light was produced. Of course, he immediately got a "bawlin' out" from his guardians.

"Now, you drunken bone-head, we're sure to be shelled in a few minutes, and it'd serve you right if you'd get blowed into a million pieces. What yuh mean by strikin' a light here? It's you for the guard house for about six months now!"

The longer the indignant guard spoke, the more penitent the man became, until he was almost on the verge of tears, and was looking upward with the intention of swearing never to smoke again, when suddenly he saw a star "shoot." He immediately began to quake, and as he sank to the ground, he moaned:

"My Gawd! They're shellin' us now!"—E. F. Tuttle, Harrisonville, Mo.

From a Buddy to a Buddy

As a buddy to a buddy I will say "Hello"!
The 88th is here, as 'twas there, always on the go.
Lots of pep, and right in step!
That's how we made them go! Amen.

—Nicholas Garitz, Waco, Nebr.

Escape of Lieut. Prichard

On the afternoon of Saturday, Oct. 12, 1918, the company commander of our company (Co. D, 338 M. G. Bn.) informed me that I, as second in command of the company, would be in charge of a detachment from our company which would aid in the construction of a new trench line that night. That I was to report at battalion headquarters of the 2nd Bn. of he 350th Inf. just before dusk.

It seems that the infantry battalion commander and the French, who were still in the area, had conceived the scheme of straightening out the American and French line at that point. As the idea was explained to us at battalion headquarters when I reported there two companies of the infantry battalion were to be in advance as combat patrols and that the other two infantry companies and the detachment from the Machine Gun Co. would construct the new trenches. The plan was to take over the enemy line of observation and make it our own and dig communicating trenches back to our old trench system. It was thought that the enemy line at that point was but lightly held.

The commanders of the working parties with certain sergeants and guides were to make a reconnaissance of the ground as soon as it was dark and the working parties were to come forward from the rear areas after dark under the command of junior officers and noncommissioned officers and join us after we had mapped out the work.

The reconnaissance party was soon divided into two sections as some of the officers had not eaten their evening meal and others had. Accordingly those who were ready to proceed first started out in command of Captain House. In that party were two infantry lieutenants (whose names I have now forgotten), four infantry sergeants, Sergeant Bernard Flannery (of Minneapolis) of my own company, two French guides, and myself.

We were led through a series of trenches and cross-trenches into which I had never before penetrated. I had come forward to the line but the day before and had spent my time familiarizing myself with the machine gun positions, fields of fire, etc., and consequently the territory we were then going into was all strange to me. Consequently I merely "tagged" along and asked no questions.

After traversing a considerable distance through the trenches at length our guides led us out of the trenches into "No Man's" land. We moved along as silently as we could until suddenly a single shot rang out. Intense silence followed and then the artillery and mortars opened up. There were a series of flashes to our front; the earth shook, and the din was so terrific that we could barely think. We ducked into the nearest shelter, but in so doing our party was divided.

Most of the party followed Captain House into a small dugout or "sap" which had two openings. It was small and there was barely room for us. It was almost V shaped. Besides Captain House and myself in the dugout were the four infantry sergeants and one Frenchman. The earth was shaking considerably and it was hard to make one's self heard but I did learn from Captain House that the remainder of our party had taken refuge from the bombardment in another hole near by.

Germans at Dugout Entrance

After some time, (how long I do not know) the barrage seemed to be somewhat lighter in our neighborhood and the French guide looked out of the hole. He imparted to us the information that a party of Germans were at the entrances to the dugout and immediately thereafter we heard a guttural "Auf! Auf!" from above.

And "auf, auf" it was for us. They took us for British at first, but soon one sent up the shout "Americans". As we filed out of the hole I went out directly behind one of the infantry sergants. The sergeants, or at least some of them, had their rifles, but I had only my Smith & Wesson revolver. I was not prepared for an extended visit away from my bedding roll as I was traveling light. In addition I had on my person various articles which I did not wish to have the Germans obtain—for instance my fire control rule, the new table from the ordinance department relative to the trajectory, angles of fall, etc., relative to the Browning machine gun, besides various other things that I would have left behind if I had known beforehand where I was going. When I had started out that afternoon I had thought I was to be in charge of a night working party but did not surmise that that duty would call for my being out in No Man's land with a reconnaissance party.

Consequently I did not know whether to commence getting rid of certain of my paraphernalia or hold onto it and take my chances of getting away with it. The night was dark and cloudy. It was typically French also that it was damp and almost what might be termed misty.

So, I filed out after the sergeant, I had no plans made. I was merely awaiting my opportunity. At the head of the hole stood a Boche receiving our arms. I closed up behind the sergeant and as he was turning over his rifle I succeeded in extracting his revolver from his holster with my right hand. When he reached for it the holster was empty and he was allowed to pass on. I handed over my own revolver with my left hand and kept the sergeant's concealed on the other side of me. I was passed on.

At that moment I seemed to be left quite alone. I could not see anyone closer than about ten feet and I thought that in the darkness and confusion that was my chance. I had felt of the chamber of the revolver and was satisfied it was loaded. I saw a little opening to one side and headed for that. I ducked and made it. I soon ran into some barb wire and had to stop as I could not go forward or backward. I made myself as inconspicuous as possible and waited. Soon I saw the party coming my way and I hugged the ground closer than ever.

As they passed by me I could distinguish our own men from the Boche by the silhouettes of their helmets against the sky. They seemed to be keeping pretty close tab on Captain House as one of the Boche was escorting him, and it appeared as if he were held by the arm. This forced Captain House out of the path of the others and as he went by he stepped on me with both feet. I was glad it was he rather than some one else as they might have stopped to investigate.

As soon as the party had passed on I went back to the dugout to plan what to do. I did not know the country where I was, nor did I know if the rest of our party had been taken or not, and if they weren't, I did not know where they were.

I had a small compass and had just determined to start off southwest to what I had decided was the nearest point of our line when I was certain I heard some one call out in English, "I saw them right over there." I supposed it was one of our patrols looking up our party and I started out.

There about 25 yards away were about 20 or 30 men in a group. But just as I was emerging from the hole I looked to the right and there within reaching distance sat a Boche, but fortunately looking toward his companions. I held my breath (voluntarily or otherwise) and made it back into the hole without disturbing my caller. Soon the others came over and stood around the hole, looked into it, etc., but none came down to investigate.

Runs Into Barbed Wire

After they left I started for our own lines. My progress was slow and I was in no hurry as it was still early in the evening and I did not care if I did not get back to our own lines before daybreak. I thought that the sentries might be a little nervous and might shoot first and investigate afterwards. Besides the ground there was cut up badly with shell holes, barbed wire entanglements and old trench systems. I had never encountered so much barbed wire before in all my life.

About 11 o'clock I had gotten a little more than half way back as I figured it when the Boche started shelling again. I had been following an old trench line and I dropped into it. I sniffed a time or two and thought I detected a foreign substance in the air. I thought it might be gas. I put on my mask and kept it on a few minutes and then tested for gas.

I could smell something I didn't like, all right, so I kept the mask on. Too, I thought I ought to keep on the watch so as not to be surprised again. So alternately watching and testing for gas I spent the remainder of the night. Always I could smell that strange odor.

About 4 A. M. as it was getting slightly gray in the east, I thought "gas or no gas" I wouldn't wear that mask any

longer. As it got a little lighter I discovered what it was I had been smelling. Right where I had been were two fresh high explosive shell holes and tangled up in the debris and partly covered with dirt were the bodies of either two or three Boche. I then knew what I had been smelling all night long. I arranged a hiding place for the day in case I was compelled to spend the day out and waited for light. As the day dawned I recognised the old mill at Balschwiller, which I knew was within our lines. I made for it keeping in the old trench line where I could and the rest of the time along the ditch of an old road.

When I got near the mill the first men I saw was a detachment from my own company. They were armed only with pistols and revolvers. When I asked them what they were doing there, etc., they told me they were my working party and were still looking for me.

They were in command of Sergeant Maurice McKenna and had stuck to the front line trench all night through the bombardments. They had suffered two casualties, two men slightly wounded by flying shrapnel.

About an hour after I returned the two infantry lieutenants, Sergeant Flannery and the French guide, who had become separated from the rest of us the night before when the first bombardment commenced, came into camp. They had not been discovered by the Boche and when daylight came they had made there way back to our line.—George W. Prichard, First Lieutenant Co. D, 338th, M. G. Bn., Onawa, Ia.

The Corporal and the "Ghost"

One evening while in our billet in France, in the little village of Longeaux, the boys of Billet No. 35 were sitting around the stove telling ghost stories. No matter what ghost story was told we had one corporal in the bunch, who would always say "I do not believe in ghosts and I never shall until I see and hear one myself."

One evening after taps had sounded and we were all in our bunks this corporal, who bunked next to me, started to brag about how brave he was and that he was not afraid to go to places supposed to be haunted. I thought of a plan that would entertain the boys of the billet, so I started to tell him that I did not believe in ghosts either, but I heard that the woods just north of our billet was haunted, and on certain nights one would hear strange noises and see ghosts. So I suggested that he and I go to the woods some night and find out if there was anything to the story. He spoke right up and said "Sure we will go up! I will not believe in ghosts until I have seen one." He also went on to tell how he had often proved that certain places that people thought were haunted were only a farce. So I said "All right, we will go up some time."

The next day I fixed it all up with the rest of the boys, and told them I was going to prove to them that Corporal "Blaze" was afraid of ghosts, even if he said he was not.

Before I go on with the story I will have to tell you how the scene was laid. The woods were very dark at night as most of us know. A stone wall surrounded the woods and in several places the wall had tumbled down, leaving openings so one could pass through. There was a path running through the center of the woods, which led to an old stone cave, that probably had been built in the year 12 B. C. It was a very dark, gloomy place. Just to the rear of the cave, but on the outside of the stone wall, was a hill that was very steep. Co. B and Co. K of the 350th Inf. will know exactly the location of the hill as Co. K's kitchen was at the foot of the hill.

I stationed about five of the boys of my billet in the woods behind trees and stone walls and I took one of our white bed sacks and was going to be the ghost. I stationed myself about half way up the hill. On this particular evening that we planned this I had to tell Corporal "Blaze" that I had to go to the orderly room and help the "Top Soak" with some work that he had to do. (Did I say the "Top Soak" had to do some work? Well, I did not mean that. I meant I was going to do the work for him.) I told "Blaze" I was sorry I could not go with him but for him to tell me what they would see and hear. So I left the billet early and stationed my men and myself and had it all fixed with the rest of the boys to bring "Blaze" to the scene.

It was a moonlight night but very dark in the woods. the boys were tipped off to flash a flash-light when they were approaching the woods, which was to be our signal that they were nearing the woods. As they started to enter the woods one of the stationed men began to pound on an old wooden pail and a very dull noise came from it. Then he would stop and another one would begin to make a noise on some kind of a pan or kettle in another direction. They kept this up for a short time and then all was silent. Old "Blaze" was standing still as a mouse in the center of the woods still brave, however, although the boys were sure his knees were trembling. They coaxed him to go a little closer to the cave, which he did. When he was about 100 feet from the cave, I rose up from my lying position, with this white sheet in front of me, and started down the hill toward the cave. At first when he saw me he wanted to run, but the boys did not think it best to let him go yet so they said "Let's stay and see what it does." As I was coming down the hill toward the cave and the boys, Old "Blaze's" nerve was giving out, but he held his breath until I reached the stone wall. From where he was standing he could not see the opening in the wall which had tumbled down and as I came through the opening with this white bed sack in front of me I stepped on it and tripped and fell on the rocks causing them to fall away some more and made a terrific noise. When the rocks began to fall it was too much for Old "Blaze" and he started. No one could beat that old race horse. He reported to the sergeants' billet; told them how the ghost came through the stone wall. This is the way he said it:

"Why! when that ghost wanted to come through that stone wall he just shoved it down."

By the way, this wall was about seven feet high and two feet thick. But of course he did not know that I was lying there on the rocks rubbing my elbows and knees that got bruised from the fall.

Later on the sergeants were all put wise and they brought him back to the scene and this time he was not so brave but said "I will go as far as the next one will go, but I will not go alone." So they brought him back and he was trembling all over but they succeeded in getting him just inside of the woods. Then the sergeants began to search for me but of course could not find me. I placed myself in the cave, this time, and they kept coaxing him a little closer to the cave and I waited until he got rather close then flashed a flash-light through the white bed sack and "Blaze" was off again. No one could stop him until he got to the billet.

I came in later and here the boys were all sitting around a cold stove telling what they saw and they told me that "Blaze" now believes in ghosts. I said to "Blaze":

"What was there to it?" and he said "I now believe in them." After we told him the joke, and had a good laugh, he wanted to get peeved at me, and I told him that we were entertaining the boys for the evening, but still he was going to get peeved but the boys laughed him out of it and told him the story would not get into any books so the folks back home would know how brave he really was. The story spread fast and we never did hear the end of it.—Corp. R. P. Burfening, Co. B, 350th Inf., Fargo, N. D.

Trooper had Enough 10 Miles Away

The bombardment on the night of Oct. 12-13 gave the men of the Division their first taste of modern high explosives with their terrific bursts, frequency and noise. It could be heard and seen from every portion of the sector of 200 square miles of territory. Far off at the Division P. C., Montreux Chateau, men of Headquarters Troop gathered on the viaduct of the railroad to watch the great flashes in the sky and hear the explosions which even at that distance gave a thrill of terror.

"That's enough for me," said one, "I've seen all I want of that! I don't want to get any nearer!"

And he was ten miles away!

How Capt. Brethorst Met His Death

(Mr. Janousek was asked to tell something about the night he got wounded and how Capt. P. V. Brethorst, Lennix, S. D., Co. F, 350th Inf., received the wounds from which he died. Brethorst was teaching school in Wisconsin or Minnesota when we entered the war and he was a reserve officer instructor at the first officers' training camp at Ft. Snelling. It is safe to say no one chafed more at the long delay in sending the 88th Div. overseas, and though he often said he did not believe he would come back, he had a real anxiety lest he should never see the trenches after all. Much has been said about the events of the night when he received his death wounds, but little is said about his heroic and unspectacular service just behind the lines trying to save his men, who were armed not with guns and bayonets, but with picks and shovels. For his company was going out to dig new trenches in No Man's Land. Captain Brethorst was terribly wounded, his back being badly torn, but he survived several days and until the end kept up a brave and smiling front although he knew his early intuition had been true—that he would never come back. As his friend I am glad to pay what honor I can to his memory.—E. J. D. L.)

It was the 12th day of Oct., 1918, that I got wounded while marching up to the front. This happened I should say, between half past 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening, but why we were marching up to the front for we didn't know and I don't know to this day. It was just before supper that Captain Brethorst said for us to fall out right after supper with light packs and intrenching tools, and he also told us to fasten our leggings so that in case we had to run they wouldn't come down.

When we got to a village about a mile from the front, he halted us and we stayed there for an hour or more before we continued our march, and when we got out of this village about 80 rods the Germans opened fire on us. Then Captain Brethorst gave us orders to get under cover the best we could, which we did, and weren't very slow about it, either. I was a corporal and there was one of my boys that didn't get hit, and he died of fright. I don't remember his name for he wasn't one of my boys until that night when he was put in my squad for replacement.

Captain Brethorst gave us orders to get under cover, but he didn't do that himself. He kept pacing back and forth all the time just in back of us from where the shells were coming. The reason I know that it was he is that I heard something in the grass and I looked back and saw somebody there; and it was just light enough to see his shining leggings and the size of the man. I knew that it couldn't be anyone else for he was the most heavy set of the officers. He wandered so far away that I didn't see him when he got hit, but at the time I thought something had happened to him, although I couldn't tell until I got to battalion headquarters, where one of the lieutenants told me that our captain was wounded.

Well, I haven' told you yet where I was hit. I got a right fractured forearm and two more scratches on my arm and one on my right hip. I am not much of a writer as you see, or I would write more about myself and the rest of the boys I know. I could tell you more than I can write.—Charlie Janousek, Brookings, S. D.

SERGEANT GETS HIS CHANCE TO REVENGE DEATH OF BROTHER IN BATTLE OF YPRES

You all know how, when and where as to the coming to France and the going. Yes, as far as Byans you all know the coming. Byans, near Hericourt, 40 kilos from Belfort, is where my little story begins.

"Sept. 18, 1918—(So reads my little diary). I see the first signs of the coming storm. A couple of German airplanes and the French 75's trying to reach them. But we are having a problem; no time to watch the little puffs of smoke form about Fritzie.

"Sept. 19—(So says the little book again). VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FRONT. I am amongst the lucky ones to get REVENGE! A spark that has burned since the fatal report of Aug. 6, 1917, when an American lad garbed in the uniform of the R. F. A. (Royal Field Artillery) of England fell mortally wounded in Valtinghe, Ypres. This lad was my brother."

Well, to make a long story short, we went loaded into trucks; we pulled out. On our way to the front we passed several units which consisted, I was told, of the 29th Div. We stopped for a short time at a wayside cafe where the French had to have a touch of vin rouge before going on. As one of the units passed us some of our boys laughed at the Hob Nail Express going by and began to recite the "Charge of the Light Brigade," when one of the Gold Brick Stragglers butted in with "Laugh, ya bloody recruits, wait until you're coming this way, then ya'll laugh—like h'us!"

Well, we landed at Dannemarie. "Fall in. Throw away your fags, no smoking. No talking. No falling out till orders to do so!"

It was a drizzly, foggy night. All the way the glares were showing themselves. Often what seemed to be heat lightning would light the heavens and the deep roll of distant cannon was heard. Well, we were in for it all right. More than one thought of HER and wondered what she could be doing. We finally came to the journey's end. Frenchmen ran here and there. Soon came my turn. Lieutenant Carpenter of our company was our battalion commander.

"Corporal Johnson, you will be in charge of the guard tonight," were his orders.

I mumbled a "Yes, sir," but my heart was just hitting on one cylinder. So we were led to our stations. The French adjutant pointed out ahead. All he could say was "Boche," then pointing in another direction again he said "Boche." Then he left us.

Well, after waiting for what seemed months, daylight came and our first night in the front line was to remain in our memories forever. Our first night in the front line!

It was not until the 21st of September that we knew what a Whiz Bang was or the real whistle of the 77's as they went over our heads, and not until the 29th of September that we had any reason to throw a grenade or fire a shot. In the afternoon of that day a French soldier of the 38th Div. infantry of France said that on the previous night the French had taken a prisoner and that the latter had said that a raid was to be pulled off the coming night. You can well imagine our surprise when they pulled most of the boys out of the second line and left eight men and a non-com (corporal), which was myself, to hold the front line.

Everybody was on their toes as soon as darkness began to settle. About 9 o'clock the first grenade was thrown by Pvt. Emmet W. Smith of Elmira, N. Y., who figures again in my story somewhat later. (I guess every rat was killed that night, as we never saw any more after that.)

Oct. 4 in broad daylight two French sentinels were taken prisoners, and that night we were scheduled for patrol. The first French-American patrol of the 88th Div. went out at 8 o'clock that night. The Americans were Corp. Elmer G. Johnson, Hibbing, Minn., and Pvt. Floyd M. Hammer, Wetglaize, Mo., and Emmet W. Smith. Leaving our lines at 8 P. M. with six French soldiers and a French adjutant of the 38th Div. we got over the wire entanglement to make our plans.

When we started we had an interpreter, but somehow he got lost or became confused and returned to the P. C. But with the French adjutant in motion and "Wee, wee," we found to our surprise that we three were to lead the patrol at 100 paces and 30 paces apart from each other. Being Yanks we said "Wee, Wee," and off we went.

At 11 P. M. we were to hear the two whistles to return to the tree which was our reference point. But time sped on and no signal came. It had rained for two hours and it sure was a "mess" of a time. Hammer, having a wrist watch and seeing that it was 12 o'clock, crept in from his place and he and I returned to the tree, whistled for Smith and left for our lines, where, after a half hour of whistling, Smith came. "Patrol," said Smith. "Hell, the Kaiser in Berlin could hear the French talking while we were out there." 'Twas the "Patrol pas bon," as the French called it.

Well, the 38th French Div. bunch left us and we got a French second "looey" down in the trenches one day. (He had just got out of school.) He was only about 40 years old. He wanted us to clean out the trenches and take away the logs which were lying over the top. But those logs were too good to be taken away and they remained there.

Oct. 5 we waited all day with our eyes scanning No Man's Land trying to locate the "Boche officer" who was to appear

with a white flag as a truce was to be called. He never came, although he blew a bugle all the afternoon.

On Oct. 7 our company came up as we were going back for "rest." But the French major at Hagenbach said, "As you were!" After lying all night on a cement floor we hiked back again to our company, which had gone up to the front. We hiked 10 kilos for one night's rest on a cement floor! * ? ! *

Between the 7th and 18th of October our company sent out several patrols without success, even going so far as to enter the German front lines. Oct. 16 I went to Hagenbach to act as a guide for 101 men who were returning from the hospitals. Adjutant Lieut. Slaughter, (Ottumwa, Ia.) forbade us to leave until after dark. Thanks to his good judgment.

Oct. 18, Co. I, 351st Inf. received a "Baptism of fire." I had been kept in reserve to see that we got our share of the rations and was returning when a couple of hand-grenades exploded. Then H—l tore loose. This is where 1st Lt. James H. Taylor, University Place, Nebr., showed his mettle by making the platoon's front line under a heavy barrage fire. (Such a man should and was worthy of a Special Mention to Headquarters, but he never got it.) Also, one Pvt. John Vander Linden of Bussey, Iowa, who offered his services and did escort Sgt. Elmer G. Johnson to Post 58B where the sergeant had never been before. Credit must also be given to one Pvt. Otto Malmind, Brandon, S. D., for finding another private, who as Malmind said, "had 'buck fever.'" And when the private asked Malmind if he should load his gun, Malmind replied, "No, you might kill somebody!" But that is not all. Later when the lieutenant questioned him as to what he had done with the forlorn private, Malmind said, "Ay yust pushed him in the platoon's toilet so he wouldn't get hurt!"

On Oct. 26 we were helping the 313th Eng. in reconstructing when I called upon Post 58A of Co. I, 352d Inf. and found the automatic post carried but one round of cartridges to its post. They soon got more and the 31st of October they were very handy.

My story is about completed. Only one more incident: Our captain lost 1,900 francs on our hike from Hagenbach to Evetta near Belfort. Would the finder have a heart? Nobody found it! But you've got me guessing as to where all the "crap money" came from later on.

I am also enclosing a list of the boys who did duty the first night and the second night, Sept. 20 and Sept. 21, 1918, according to my diary:

First Night

1st Post Co. K.	*2d Post Co. I.*
Stone, H. V.	Morris, Melvin
Vandergone, G.	Peterson, Harry
Hanson, Al.	Smith, Emmett
Wells, Okey	Hastings, H. L.
Worthington, L.	Hepner, Edward
King, Oscar	Hebbing, G. A.

Corporal of the Guard—Elmer G. Johnson
Countersign—"Duvera."

Second Night

Post No. 1	Vandergone	Post No. 4	Hastings
	Worthington		Smith
Post No. 2	Wells	Post No. 5	Stone
	Hanson		King
Post No. 3	Hepner	Post No. 6	Morris
	Hebbing		Peterson

—Elmer G. Johnson, Sgt., Co. I, 351st Inf., Hibbing, Minn.

He Thought up the Cloverleaf Insignia

Credit for originating the 88th Div. "Cloverleaf" insignia belongs to Corp. Robert J. Fitzgerald, Co. A, 338th M. G. Bn., of Kankakee, Ill. While the two Figure 8's form a Maltese cross it is the resemblance of the design to a four-leafed clover that gave the Division its appellation of the "Cloverleaf Division." The title was a fitting companion to an earlier nickname of the "Lucky 88th," which had doubtful origin and was even more doubtfully appropriate. The question of whether the 88th had a "lucky" history depends entirely upon the point of view.

The Flu-Fighting Ambulance Company

I respectfully dedicate this little story to my officers and comrades who did their bit in the World War, willingly and without complaint.

After many months of hard drilling and training in one of Uncle Sam's huge cantonments, across the Big Pond, through several rest camps and a couple of box-car rides, the 349th Ambulance Co. found itself close enough to the Great European War to hear the boom of the big guns of the contending armies; one fighting for the extension of territory, greed and lust, the other to "make the world a decent place to live in."

So there we were, billeted in a French town called Chavannes-sur-l' Etang, up in Alsace-Loraine, expecting in a few days to become a cog in the mighty allied army.

Well, one morning after we had been in this town a couple of days we fell out for morning roll-call, as usual. After reporting the company "all present and accounted for" (when I knew that more of them were asleep in the billets than were in line), the captain made the announcement that we were to proceed without delay to Belfort, France, where we were to open and maintain a hospital.

His words almost dumfounded us. We, a company trained for field work and just aching to smell a little of the Fritzies' gas and hear the whine of his shells, to beat it back to do the work of women and Base Hospital men!

Well, duty is duty, so we all cut out our crabbing and made the best of the trick Fate had played on us. The next day found us busy as a lot of ants, getting the place ready for a lot of patients we knew were coming in a few hours.

The place we were to mold into a hospital was originally built for a French army post. It had also been used as a hospital at one time and the equipment was still there. The post was composed of about 16 gray stone buildings. Six we used as wards, the others we converted into the kitchen, quarters for the men, office, officers' quarters, store room and morgue.

Now here are the cold facts, with all the "boost" left out, that some of us soldiers are gifted with: In 18 hours after we had arrived our company of 117 men and three officers had cleaned up and put up about 14 stoves, carried from the storehouse, a distance of about 300 yards, beds, linen, blankets and other ward equipment, to completely equip one of the wards which would accommodate 114 patients.

That afternoon, not quite 24 hours after we had arrived, the ambulances started coming in, but we were ready and waiting. These ambulances were filled, not with wounded men from the front, but with the poor boys of the 88th Div. who were stricken with the terrible Spanish Influenza, which we were all so well acquainted with. That night as the bugle blowed taps at Hospital Rethanns (that was the name the French had given it) its clear notes were heard by about 60 sick boys, tucked into warm beds by the lads of my company, the 349th Ambulance.

Well, from that time on until we were relieved by the 351st Field Hospital some four weeks later, it was work, and hard work, for everyone of us, from the captain down to the last buck private. Every day we opened up new wards, until we were caring for about 650 patients. In the days that followed we who had so reluctantly laid aside our steel helmets and driver's gloves for the hospital gown and mesh, fought the old Flu to a standstill. We, who were ambulance drivers and mechanics, became hospital orderlies and mechanics.

When we first started of course we did not have much of a system and things were in a sort of jumble for our training had been for field work, not base hospital. Before many days rolled by things had got to going pretty smoothly, and ambulance drivers had become expert in taking temperatures and giving salts, and we had talked our chief mechanic into taking charge of the morgue.

One incident I will never forget happened as I went through the wards to see how the ward sergeants were getting along. Coming out of a ward into the hall I found one of the boys sorting some soiled linen. He looked up and said,

"Say, Sergeant, I came over here to drive an ambulance; now look at me, working day and night in a base hospital; but I guess I'm doing my bit, so I won't kick." That was an example of the boys who pulled many of the lads back from the clutches of the old Flu.

Every morning during our stay at the hospital, it was we Medics, in the doughboy fashion, who shouldered a gun and slowly followed a wagon draped with the American and French flags bearing the bodies of American soldiers whose great adventure had ended, not on the field of glory by the Hun bullets, but by that terrible disease, the Spanish Influenza, which claimed so many all the world over during the winter of '18.

Those poor boys we laid to rest far from their native soil in a little French graveyard in Belfort, France, were buried in true American style, their coffins draped with Old Glory, a few words by an American army chaplain, the three volleys, and lastly the bugle call taps.

After a few weeks of work as a base hospital unit we were relieved and told the next day we would leave for the Toul front, where we would have at last seen action.

The morning of Nov. 10, 1918, found the Flu Fighting Ambulancers at Lagney, France, a few miles from the Big Show, and the next day we were to go in. Well, we all know what happened the next day, one of the greatest in the history of the world; the Armistice was signed.

So Fate had cheated us again from work on the front, but I think we had done our bit, just the same, don't you? —1st Sgt. Wm. C Ronaldson, 349th Ambulance Co., 313 Sanitary Train, 1100 Adams St., Denver, Colo.

"Remember?"

Refreshing the memories of buddies in Co. C, 339th Machine Gun Battalion.—By F. B. Schwack:

Remember any of these? Bevo? Maudass 2:08¼? Goldie the Horse Jocky? Vin Rouge and Vin Blanc Twins? Slick? Speck? Boom? Get the boom and sweep the woom? Toothless Jerry? Judge Alton B.? Pinkey? Thoity-Thoid Avenoo and Thoity-Foist St. dog robber? Van? Ike? Sgt. Lantz? Snake 'em off Lloyd? Fritz? Diddle? Ma Crosley? Dollie? The Runt? Rum Hound? Onion Face? Overdick? Gunboat? The Ostrich? Petit Mechanic? Allie Allie Jim? Battle of Loop Run? Charge on Rum Hill? Dynamite? Sears Roebuck? Little Company 'tenshun?

Remember when Boom made that famous speech: "Come on Joe"? Eh?

Remember how Dynamite had Schneider hold that Goat at Camp Dodge? Eh?

Remember how Lieutenant Swan had his platoon chopping wood while on Alsace front, Eh? Enough wood for the French Corps that relieved us.

Remember how Lieutenant Clancy poured that glorious cognac out of Schriefer's canteen on the memorable hike to Bessancourt? An iron man for a drop of it now, Eh?

Remember how we made those 35 kilometers, pulling carts, equipment and ammunition by hand on only one dry bread bacon sandwich, and in nine and one-half hours? Eh? You thought you was a jackass, a mule 'nvrything, but you wasn't, you ain't, and will not be, because you are a Yank and World War Hero.

Remember the latrine dope, seventh hole, when do we go home, inspections, etc., etc., Eh?

Remember the Eau Portable fountains, all the frogs kneeling down ready to jump in the pool, but you found out that they were only washing clothes. Remember the guard-house lawyer? Eh?

Remember when top kicker McDonald said "Hey you funny face, what is your name?" Eh?

Remember how hard you tried to find out how Gunboat Smith could get so many blankets issued, Eh?

Remember when we hung out the last shingle "Old Latrine?" Eh?

Remember that school at St. Joire? Eh?

Remember them carrots, Eh? Mess-hound Waddick was not to blame.

Remember that pit-pitter-patter-pat that lullabied you to sleep each night, Eh?

Remember the first ride in 40 Hommes shoveout 8? Eh?

Remember when you joined the A. E. F. O. F. Lodge? Americans Exploring France on Foot. Eh?

Remember how you wondered why Buckley was only a corporal? Eh?

Remember the time we were to see the first American Girls in a show how we fixed up the barn for theatre, hay-mound for stage? Remember how you cleaned and shaved up that time? Do you do it now? And remember that about all the girls did do is, sang, "Homeward Bound" song that we knew so well? Eh?

Remember Nolan and his "Rocky Road to Doublin"? Eh?

Remember how Gregory and Parker cornered the market on francs? Eh?

Remember at Gondrecourt when Black-Jack inspected you? He stopped two inches from you, looked at you and you did not see him? Why didn't you look at him? Eh?

Remember when Sallese went to Orderly Room with full pack and wanted a pass to Italy? Eh?

Remember when Sergeant Yates said "Lookout, I am coming out." He did and was crocked for a goal by the guard? Eh?

Remember that drum corps we had at Chassy? Eh?

Remember that billeting officer of ours when we pulled into rest camp at La-Chappelle-Chea-Poop? Eh?

Remember the swell chicken dinner Xmas 1918? Six chickens for 154 men, then somebody stole six more from "neversmile" and we had to chip in une franc, cinquate centimes, for them? Eh?

Remember how Corn Willie paid us a visit Thanksgiving, 1918? And remained for dinner? Eh?

Remember how hungry the fish were or must have been on way home? Eh?

Remember the cribbage fiends? Eh?

Remember the famous expressions: Cigarett? Shokolaat? vollez vous promenade avec mwa? Oola-la, wee, wee? Zig-zag? Zig-zig? Beaucoup malade? and remember how they put sugar on the beans to make them toot sweet? Eh?

Remember how pickled you got on your furlough? You thought frogs charged you too much. Can you get pickled for that money here? Eh?

Remember the Rhesus? St. Charles? Pastores? Eh?

Remember how Captain Tyschen admonished us against those French girls, to remember the girls we left behind and how he himself got married with first girl he met? Eh?

Remember how economical Sergeant Boom was? Could you get a shirt? Trousers? Leggins? Hell no, but can you get them for nothing now? Eh?

Remember how you worked off your poll tax on frog roads? Eh?

Remember the "Fall out one, two and three" but you didn't fall out, you just turned and run like a deer? Eh?

Remember how the dog "Trondes" stood reveille and retreat each day? Eh?

Remember how the Y. M. C. A. served you hot drinks, chocolate and doughnuts at the front? Eh?

Remember Caruso Beck? Eh?

Remember how Kendall was finishing his one-mile relay? He looked like a hobo running out from railroad yards? Eh?

Remember that parade at Camp Dodge? Eh?

Remember when you got that discharge paper? Eh? Well the dog is sending each and every one his best wishes and regards.

An October Morning "Strafe"

My experience on the morning of Oct. 31, 1918, is indeed an interesting memory to me, and may be to other members of the Division. As I recall it the morning was damp and foggy. After my usual inspection of the posts I left Sergeant Swanson in charge of the platoon and went down into my dugout for a little rest.

All was quiet until about 9 o'clock when a barrage opened and the gas alarm was given. The shells were dropping pretty thick around my P. C. but after making sure that there was no gas I took off my mask and tried to discover what was going on.

One of the boys at the nearest post (Private Larson) was unlucky enough to be in the way of a shell which shattered his arm and broke his leg in two places. Fortunately for the rest of us his shell turned out to be a dud. A corporal nearby had his coat tail and the butt of his rifle trimmed off and was quite excited until he recovered the wounded man's gun and found it in working order.

I got in the way of a bit of H. E. myself, which plowed through the side of my neck. I felt no pain at the time but was a little inconvenienced by the blood until one of the boys helped me tie on my first aid bandage.

I was quite concerned about the advanced posts so sent one of the corporals out to see how they were getting on and to help them out if necessary. Also sent a runner back to company headquarters with the word that we were being shelled but were holding our position.

Both got through safely and in the meantime Sergeant Swanson succeeded in getting our wounded man back to the dressing station, with the aid of some machine gun men who happened to be resting at our P. C. at the time.

In passing along our line of resistance I found every man at his post ready to do his part when he got the chance. The barrage lasted but a short time. When it lifted we discovered that our front line had been left untouched and that our outposts were on the lookout for raiders.

We failed to see any however, for, as we afterwards learned, the attack was aimed at I Company's sector just north of us around the brow of a hill.

Things soon quieted down so, after visiting all the posts again and finding them in good condition and ready for the worst, I left the sergeant in charge and walked back to the dressing station to have a new bandage put on my neck.

There they insisted on relieving me from duty and sending me back to Battalion headquarters with Larson who had received first aid but was suffering terribly. Larson was taken on back to the hospital but was in so serious a condition that he died that night.

I was very much disappointed at not being allowed to go back to the outfit but think I didn't miss much, as the company was relieved after a couple of days in which no more excitement turned up.

I was greatly pleased with the conduct of every man in the platoon, in the little emergency, and felt assured that the months of training had not been in vain. We were ready for the bigger job that had been laid out for us.—Donald C. Elder, Dewitt, Ia., Lt., Co. L, 352nd Inf.

Almost!

Where the Germans played their pranks,
Where the doughboys spent their francs,
In Leipzig and Berlin.
Where the Germans shed their blood
In Leipzig and Berlin.
Where the doughboys slept in dugouts,
Where the doughboys chased the Hun
And took away his gun—
In Leipzig and Berlin.
Where the doughboys shot their craps
In shell-holes and in gaps
In Leipzig and Berlin.
Where the doughboy slept in mud
With a cootie for his "bud,"
In Leipzig and Berlin!

George Schamaun, Rear 1410 3d St., S. W., Canton, O.

An Old Favorite "Over Here"

It's a long way to Berlin, but we'll get there.
Uncle Sam will show the way.
Over the line and across the Rhine.
Shouting Hip! Hip! Hooray.
We'll sing Yankee Doodle "Under the Linden",
With some real live Yankee pep! Hep!
It's a long way to Berlin
But we'll get there,
And we're on our way, by heck, by heck!

—From Pvt. George C. Parks.

My Experience in the 350th Inf.

First came the call to arms. When I arrived in camp it seemed quite a strange place, but after I got down to work I didn't have much time to think. After a course of six months we were ordered to France. We left New York Aug. 16, 1918, and arrived in Liverpool, England, Aug. 29. We got up in the morning and found ourselves in a strange country. Then is the time the boys began to get homesick.

We left England Sept. 1 and arrived in France Sept. 2. Then started those heavy packs and endless hikes and hardtack and bully beef. After we had hiked around for about a month we were ordered to the firing line which was Alsace-Lorraine. That was the 8th day of October. We were scared out when we arrived but later we got very bold.

I was a 350th Inf. scout and had lots of excitement. I very well remember the first night we were out on patrol. The boys said, "We will stick together, no matter what happens;" and we sure did! We were crawling up an old German trench and one of the boys, Ben Bryant, a big, burly Missourian, said, "Well, boys, I reckon as how we-all better make our wills before we go any farther."

Eugene Perry spoke up. "Well, boys, it wouldn't be so bad if we could see which way those bullets were coming." The bullets came thick and fast sometimes, but we were never lucky enough to stop any of them.

One night we were trapped in a barb-wire entanglement between the first and second line of German trenches and the boys got to cussing and were heard by a German patrol. Of course they naturally sent free bullets over us, but we all got out of it lucky and accomplished our mission.

We left Alsace about Oct. 28 and later were ordered to the Toul sector, but before we got a chance to get up to the firing line the armistice was signed. Then came the thought of going home. You could hear them all holler, "When do we go home?"

We were stationed at Longeau, France, till May 1, then we started for St. Nazaire. We sailed from St. Nazaire May 18, 1919, landed at Newport News, U. S. A., May 30, and were mustered out June 6. We sure were a happy bunch to get back home again.—George Schamaun, Rear 1410 3d St. S. W., Canton, O.

Army Life in France

I am sitting alone in my billet, while the rain and the sleet is falling down,
My comrades are out and a-working, while I am a-lounging around.
The place is cold and cheerless, one little old stove near the door.
The chickens roost up on the rafters, while we sleep down on the floor.
Some go to bed before supper, some at the bugle's last call,
Some come in at midnight while others don't come in at all.
We are up at six in the morning, and down to breakfast we stream;
It is nothing but rice and bacon, and coffee, sans sugar and cream.
At noon it is beef and boiled onions, and potatoes with jackets on tight,
A slice of bread and black coffee, but butter is never in sight.
And at night when we are lined up for supper. Oh! What do you think they do?
As we pass along with our mess kits, they fill them with Mulligan stew!

We eat in the streets and the barnyards, we wash our clothes in the stream,
And take our baths in a bath house without any fire or steam.
Our clothes are wet almost always, for there's no place to dry them, you see,
For fires are scarce in this country, while the sun you never can see.
One day it is cold and a-freezing, the next day it's mud to your knees
With a cold, cold rain a-falling, and the next day a nice, gentle breeze.
But I'm still alive and a-kicking, and some day expect to be
Back in the land where life's living! In My Land over the sea!

—Wagoner John Engel, 313th Eng., Co. B, Gettysburg, S. D., Bx. 532.

Adventures at Couvertpuits

After the armistice was signed and the 338th Machine Gun Bn. was snugly (?) billeted in the little town of Couvertpuits, in the Province of Meuse, it seemed the chief ambition of the headquarters bunch to dodge as many details as possible, and spend their leisure moments in the neighboring town of Morley, where no Americans were quartered and there were no "off limit" signs to mar their pleasure. Part of Headquarters Co. was billeted in a combination house and barn belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Henri Rochere. The latter was nicknamed by the boys "Shot Gun Liz," much to her chagrin. In fact this name was so distasteful to her that at the mere mention of it she would pick up her broom and pursue the offender.

Our sleeping quarters were in a loft which was reached by a ladder and also by the odors from the cows, pigs, horses and the ever present manure pile. To get to this ladder it was necessary to go through the front room. The inhabitants of this loft—besides the rats and cooties—were Corp. Orval William Epperson (in charge), Private Ernest M. ("Gun Boat") Smith, Private Loren ("Affidavit") Buck, Private Andrew G. Anderson, Private George States, Wagoner Axel Jermstad, Wagoner Thomas ("Red") Nagle and Wagoner John Proctor.

One night after taps had sounded our attention was attracted by noises downstairs. This proved to be Wagoner Jermstad, returning from an afternoon and evening at Morley where was a fair mademoiselle, who very graciously smiled on him as she poured his "encore cognac" and took his francs.

The Rocheres had killed a hog that day and hung it just inside the front door and as he was groping his way toward the ladder, leading to the loft, he grasped the suspended hog in his arms, which, at every advance step, pushed him backwards. Jerry, feeling that he was making no progress in reaching his sleeping quarters, began calling aloud:

"Erickson, Erickson, someone is trying to knock me down!"

Jerry had dallied in the cafe until it had closed and he now wondered if that had not been too long. He finally mounted the ladder to the loft, without any assistance, and after lighting a candle, prepared to get into bed, removing his hat, coat and shirt. His other wearing apparel, consisting of boots, trousers, etc., were left on. He had no sooner reached the bed than he decided he was sick and asked "Gun Boat" Smith to take him to the infirmary. His requests being ignored he put his pack on his back, took Smith's rifle and started down the ladder, sans hat, coat or shirt. Smith, who had been feigning sleep, seeing his rifle disappear, yelled for him to come back and wait until morning when the ambulance would come for him.

Jermstad complied and crawled into bed and soon began begging Smith to come and see what was on his feet, something that was in bed with him. The "something" proved to be his boots which he had forgotten to remove. Later he was disturbed by the mournful wailings of a cat somewhere in the darkness and crawled out of bed, taking Smith's shoe in one hand and a lighted candle in the other and started out in pursuit of the offender. The "cat"—which proved to be Corporal Epperson—immediately ceased his whinings until Jerry was snugly tucked in bed again.

It may be interesting to here relate how a few of our Headquarters boys earned the titles they bore:

One wintry night when the thermometer stood about 2 below by the centigrade, our reputed champion checker player, Private Ernest M. Smith—his favorite cigar tucked at the usual angle of 45 degrees from the right corner of his mouth, his cap pulled over his left ear to balance his head—sallied forth with the intention of extending his conquests in his much loved game. The darkness of the night, further intensified by the fact that he had just come from the house brilliantly lighted by two tallow candles, blinded him to such an extent that his footsteps strayed from the narrow road and before he realized it he was plunging headlong into a creek, which flowed between banks about 5 feet high, and was only a few feet from the road at this point.

Ordinarily a "cootie" could swim it with ease, but recent rains had transformed it into a stream of considerable depth. When he came up sputtering he was minus both cap and cigar —the former was recovered the next day with the aid of a pole, but the cigar was not found. No doubt if the villagers had known that beneath that foot of mud lay one cigar that had barely been lighted they would probably be endeavoring yet to find it. He scrambled up the bank and hurriedly retraced his steps, his only thought being to get warm and dry. His ardor for checkers was cooled for the time. As his wardrobe consisted of what he was wearing at the time of his plunge the only thing left for him to do was to go to bed and have his clothes put by the fireside to dry. His chief regret was that this plunge had not occurred earlier in the week as he had already taken the weekly bath which was compulsory. It was not to his liking to take two baths in one week. From this date he was nicknamed "Gun Boat" Smith.

Private Loren Buck was assistant to the billeting officer. A certain Frenchman missed about 8 feet of gutter pipe from his building and suspicioning some American was using it for a stovepipe put in a claim against the United States for the loss of it. Buck was given the task of getting affidavits to either establish or reject this claim. He loyally performed this work by hiding out each morning after mess, his refuge being at the fireside of "Shot Gun Liz" mother-in-law, where he and Corporal Epperson would "parler" with her and incidentally persuade her to fry "duo oeufs"; and by paying "cinq francs" and supplying "graisse" and "sucre" induce her to furnish the balance of the ingredients to make "gaufres."

She would squat in the center of the hearth with batter on one side and bacon rind with which to grease the waffle iron on the other. During these morning socials, Minnie, the cat, and Henri, the dog, would sit at opposite ends of the fireplace, and wistfully await an opportunity to partake of the dainties. If the old lady's back was turned Minnie would avail herself of the chance to lick the surplus grease from the bacon rind while Henri would lap a few mouthfuls of the batter. Nevertheless we ate them with as much relish as if they had been cooked in the most sanitary kitchen. After spending a week thus, Buck's ruse was found out with the result that he was sent to school at St. Joire as punishment, but the nickname of "Affidavit" Buck stuck.—O. W. Epperson, Neasho, Mo.

Doughboy Blues

There were details that made us happy
There were details that made us blue
There were details that drove away the sunshine
Like the M. P.'s drove us from the booze.
There were details that had an awful meaning
That the doughboy alone could feel,
But the details that filled our hearts with sadness
Were the details with one cooked meal.

(Composed by Billet No. 13 Bonnet, France, April 25, 1919).

A. R. Johnson, Nanson, N. D.

Propaganda Via Airplane

As they were pioneers in development of "H. E." (high explosive) shells and the use of gas projectiles in this war, so also the Germans were first to adopt the "gas" of insidious propaganda. They had long used the method of spreading doctrines and misinformation useful to them by means of the press before the war, and along the front they endeavored to stab directly at the spirit of the men opposing them by dropping leaflets from airplanes behind the lines. Some of these messages were crude attempts, but showed thorough familiarity with Yankee talk. Here are some examples:

"Do your part to put an end to the war. Put an end to your part of it. Stop fighting. It is the simplest way. You can do it, you soldiers. Just stop fighting; the war will then end of its own accord. You are not fighting for anything, anyway. What does it matter to you who owns Metz or Strasburg? What do you care about them? But there is a little town back home, in the little old United States, that you would like to see. If you keep on fighting here in the hope of getting a look at the German fortress you may never see home again. The only way to stop the war is to stop fighting. That's easy. Just quit and slip across to 'No Man's Land,' and join the bunch that is taking it easy there, waiting to be excused and taken home. There is no disgrace in that. That bunch of American prisoners will be welcomed just as warmly as you who stick it out in those infernal trenches. Get wise. There is nothing in the glory of keeping up the war.

No Business in France

"And think of the increasing taxes you will have to pay! The longer the war lasts the larger those taxes at home will be. Get wise and get over. All the fine words about glory are tommyrot. You have not any business fighting in France. You had better be fighting the money trust at home instead of fighting your fellow soldiers in gray over here, when it does not really matter two sticks to you how the war goes.

"Your country needs you; your family needs you, and you need your life for something better than being gassed, shot at, deadened by cannon shot and rendered unfit physically by the miserable life you must lead here. The tales they tell you of the condition of the German prison camps are fairy tales. Of course you may not like being a prisoner of war; but anything is better than this infernal place, without any hope of escape, except by being wounded, after which you will only be sent back for another hole in your body. Wake up and stop the war. You can, if you want to. Your government does not mean to stop the war for years to come, and the years are going to be long and dreary. You had better go, while the going is good."

Better to Live than Die

"Don't die until you have to! What business have you to die for France, for Alsace, for Lorraine or for England in France? Isn't it better to live than to die anyhow, however glorious a cause? Isn't it better to live and go back to the old folks at home than to rot in the shell holes and trenches of France?

"You have had to hear many high falutin' words about liberty, humanity and making the world safe for Democracy, but, honest now, are not these catch words, merely sugar-coating to the bitter pill, making you spend wretched months far from home? Do you really believe those German soldier boys in the faded gray uniforms on the outside of 'No Man's Land' are on the trail of your liberties? Just like you, they want the war to end with honor, so they can go back to their homefolks. All they want is a chance to live and let live, and so if you should happen to fall into their hands, you wil find that they treat you fair enough on the principle of 'live and let live.' Why run any more chance than you have to? You might just as well be a free boarder in Germany till the war is over. You don't want to die until you have to."

Another dropped in the 88th Div. lines read:

"Soldiers of the U. S. A.! As we hear from your comrades seized by us, your officers say that we kill prisoners of war or do them some other harm.

"Don't be such greenhorns!

"How can you smart Americans believe such a silly thing!"

All of which indicated anew how little the Germans understood the Americans or realized the quality of the average doughboy's intelligence.

Why is it Called "Rest Camp?"

One doughboy to another:

Don't you know what a "rest camp is? Why, they walk a man in heavy pack for miles up hill until he can't walk a step farther and he falls down in a heap all in. They call that spot a "rest camp."

An Open Invitation

Tim Casey Kniffen of the 349th Ambulance Co., is one of those fortunate young men blessed with a real, motherly mother. "Tim, (she writes) says he stayed a year in France and while he didn't shine much in the fight he sure did shine when it came to something to eat. Also shone in the K. P. so much that after he came home he would forget and would catch himself helping with the dishes. At present he is half owner of the Manitou Plumbing Co. at Manitou, Colo. We own 'Dixie Land,' a summer home in Cheyenne Canon, Colorado Springs. Would be glad to see any of the company at any time—also the editor. We can pretty nearly take care of a whole company there.

"My young hopeful went with the ambulance boys of the 349th and while they spent a year at Camp Dodge and another year in France, when they came back and I let them have the place for a couple of weeks, I decided I'd keep it for myself a while. Such a spoiled lot of boys I never came across. They would roll the rugs and dance and I think have a house party ALL THE TIME. There were 123 in the bunch and just one of the boys died in France so they hardly realized what an awful thing the war was and all they thought was "You owe us a good time." They sure had it. I was awfully thankful the house was left standing. Since then have had a lot of the boys there and they call it home. It is 20 rooms right at the mouth of both the North and South Cheyenne Canon, close to the foot of the famous Seven Falls, the prettiest grounds anywhere, just around the corner from the Broadmoor which is one of the largest hotels in the U. S., a summer resort. I have 11 cottages on the ground. Have a young sister and niece and with my son to help entertain (he sure can do that) you would enjoy a trip the best in the world.

"You may pass the word that a soldier boy can always find a good square meal at 'Dixie Land' (no change; we do not keep boarders) and they are always welcome.

"By the way I thought when the boys came home they would want to be quiet and read, etc., so I moved my whole library there, some 3,000 books, including all the books of the past year or two, but I guess maybe the doors were hard to open as the boys didn't read any of them."

The Orderly's Repartee

This actually happened at Gondrecourt:

Private Crockett, Hq. Troop was on duty as orderly to the general during the day. The general's car drove up in front of Headquarters.

Crockett went into the commander's office, stepped before the general, came to attention, saluted and said:

"Sir, the general's car awaits without."

The general look up.

"Without what?"

"Without the general, sir."

Leslie J. McKay, Grand Forks, N. D.

Red Cross Nurse Lost in Dugout

I was a member of Co. I, 349th Inf., under Captain Brearton. We had a fine bunch of boys and our captain was liked by all of us. Soon after joining this company at Des Moines, Camp Dodge, I belonged to the buglers of Co. 1. Later on in France, in service at the front, I had a position of signaling. Then after the armistice was signed we were located at Reffroy (Meuse), France, where I was transferred to the Y. M. C. A. Hdqrs. at Gondrecourt, doing driving duty, and the following happened during a tour through the battlefields.

With Mr. R. F. Williams, Y. M. C. A. secretary, V. R. Daily and George Kenedy on duty at the "Y", George Miller, cook of Supply Train and Guy B. Hainke, driver, we took a tour in April, 1919, through the battlefields, taking the road from St. Mihiel through Verdun on down the Argonne forest. This being a three-day trip, gave us plenty of time to wander around the different cities and fields.

The Second Day:

Being lost isn't any fun, especially down in the third basement of a German dugout where the darkness is so thick you can almost cut it with a knife, with barely enough candle to last a few hours and the water drizzling down the walls to put your light out, with mud and water on the floor, and many things which had been abandoned lying around to make you lose your footing and fall.

This is the story of a Red Cross nurse who got lost from her party in a tunnel three-quarters of a mile long and wide enough for a squad of men to march through abreast. Tunnels lead in all directions from this main drag up at Dead Man's Hill, No. 295.

She was with a party of ten other nurses and a guide, when she stopped to put on her rubber, which had come off in the mud. The party did not notice that she had stopped and continued on the tour. When she again looked up the party had disappeared and she was left alone. With no sense of direction she plunged on with only a small piece of candle to light her way. Becoming exhausted she stopped, listening.

George Mills and myself threw a stone down a vent hole, not knowing, at the time, that this hole led down that tunnel. As the rock fell through the hole it happened to drop next to her in the tunnel, this being 150 feet beneath us. George and I were patiently waiting for that stone to light.

We heard a voice. I looked at George and said, "Did you hear that?"

George said, "What?"

"Why, that voice."

Again it came, "Don't do that!"

We asked her who she was and where she was. Finally upon reaching the opening of the tunnel we slowly followed it until we found her, scared to death and all full of mud. She was as white as a sheet when we had carried her out to the fresh air again. She was taken away from the dugout and the rest of her party were soon located.

Oh, You Nurse!—Guy B. Hainke, Otis, Kans.

Rats, Airplanes, 'N' Everything

I was on the Alsace front 13 days and it seemed 13 years before I got out of there. They sent over some shells the last night and I thought I was *never* going to get out, but I never saw anything only rats and they scared me to death and the airplanes would keep me dying all the time, and the lieutenant and captain.

The first night we scared about 18 Germans so they never bothered us any more. Then we moved up around Toul. We were getting ready to go into action but it stopped and I sure was glad of it. I don't think there was a sober man around.

We went from there to Reffroy. We stayed there about five months, and then I went to the hospital. I was in there 17 days with the mumps and I thought I was never going to get home, but the 88th is ALL RIGHT.—Walter McGhee, Co. L, 349th Inf., Colome, S. D.

"The Battle with the Cooties"

While fighting with the Boche, in a front line trench with a bunch of our boys and a bunch of the French. We had taken the mumps and became quite alarmed, and had also slight itchings under our arms. We were sent to the Infirmary and back of the ditch. The doctor said we had both mumps and the itch. We spent a week in the hospital back of the line and we started to look to see what we could find. We pulled off our shirts to see what we could see and we found a little bug about as big as a flea. The French were acquainted with a bug of this kind so they sprayed us with something,—it must have been lime, for the way it did burn me I thought I would die. If someone had told me I would have called it a lie. So we called on the doctor and called on the nurse, but day by day the cooties got worse.

We were finally transferred to an American camp, but we couldn't rest a minute for the miserable scamps. We reported to the nurse what we found in our clothes, we were filled with the graybacks from our heads to our toes. So they called in the captain to join in the fun, and he couldn't believe it till we showed him one.

He took us to the Cootie Ward, away from the rest, and he brought us in a gas tank and told us to undress. We washed in gasoline and chloride of lime. We lost all the cooties—and part of our hide! It made me dance round for an hour or so. If you never get the cooties you never will know how the little devils bite you when you try to sleep. As soon as you lay down, then they start to creep. So we pulled off our nightclothes and threw them outside and we had nothing left on in which cooties could hide. The next day we were equipped with a new suit of clothes so we pulled off our old ones and threw them outdoors.

Now we are resting more easy, this little cootie bunch, but somehow or other I have a hunch that the war is about over and the graybacks all done, the battle's about finished with both cooties and Huns. We are going home soon and that you can bet, but the battle with the cooties I shall never forget.—Charles S. Kersting, Gilmore, Mo.

Souvenir from Lamalou

At the time of the first furlough granted to men of the 88th Div., Pvt. William Clausen, Co. A, 352d Inf., now of Sioux Falls, S. D., was granted one of the furloughs which resulted in his being able, and also enabled myself and one of his corporals, to bring back a rare souvenir of France. This was in the form of a ribbon for each man, which was supposed to have been worn by one of Christ's disciples on one of their journeys through from Bordeaux to the Holy Land, and taken from an old, old chapel near Lamalou-les-Bains, at which place Mary and Martha were supposed to have worshipped on one of their journeys between the two places. Whether or not this part of the story be true, will, perhaps be doubtful to most readers, unless they happen to be students of the Bible and Bible days, and know beyond a doubt the exact truth of the matter.

Private Clausen and the corporal met in Lamalou-les-Bains an old Catholic priest who had gone to France for his health from New York State, and as the soldiers on furlough there at that time were the first American solders to visit that part of France, the priest, who was then caretaker of the chapel, took it upon himself to let the two boys enter the chapel, as there were only the two of them with him at that time. He stated at the time that no other Americans had entered this chapel in the memory of the oldest inhabitants of Lamalou, and the boys were only allowed to do so out of respect for the services they were rendering France. This, itself, is a souvenir in the minds of the two boys, and one which they will always remember with respect to their benefactor, the priest.

It was upon their return from Lamalou that Mr. Clausen discovered he had two of these ribbons, and presented me with one, out of respect for our friendship prior to army days.—John A. Smith, West Sioux Falls, S. D., Co. A, 352d Inf., formerly with Batt. D, 147th F. A.

Doughboys on Leave to Alps

The latter part of February, 1919, a bunch of us put in for a pass which was granted us on February 26. We were billeted in Gondrecourt and were supposed to report at the railhead at 8 P. M. as we were to be checked in and issued traveling rations before the arrival of the train which was to appear at 10 P. M. Sergeant Grande had charge of the bunch. He got us checked in and then obtained our issue of traveling rations, "gold-fish," "bully beef," "beans," "hard tack" and some bread. We put it all into a burlap bag and were all set at 9 P. M. Then it began to rain. Our guard-house, however, was only about a block or so away so we sought shelter therein. We, of course packed our rations along. About 10 o'clock a train pulled in. Grabbing our rations we made a beeline for the depot where the train was reported two hours late. So back we went, rations and all. Finally at 1:30 A. M., our train did come. We all piled on and in about an hour were off.

The next day at noon we got to Is-sur-Tille and were ordered out. We began to wonder what was up. Soon we found out. We were assigned to billets and awaited further orders. A "shavetail" came in and cried, "Everybody outside with soap and towels and all your clothing except blankets." Quick as lightning came the thought that we were to be put through the delouser. And sure enough, such was the case. The bath was fine, but our clothes—creases? Man, you couldn't begin to count them! And then came the thought that we were going on pass and wanted to make a hit with some demoiselle. Luckily the French girls weren't particular. Just so you were a "Soldat Americain" and had "beaucoup francs," you were "tres bien."

We left Is-sur-Tille next day at 4 P. M. and the morning of March 1 found us on a side track at Aix-les-Bains. Looking out of the window we saw several cafes, and Private Hammers and myself went out on an expedition. Crossing a picket fence we got into a neat cafe. After having a few shots of cognac a piece we went back and I tore a big hole in my brand-new leggings crossing that darn picket fence. But that made no difference, I just wrapped it upside down and it was "bon" again. We left about 7:30 and got to St. Jarvais, our destination, on the evening of the same day. On getting out of the train all we could see were mountains. "Some leave area!" was our comment.

We were assigned to Mont Joly Palace, a modern hotel in all respects. That night we slept in an "honest-to-God" bed for the first time since we had left home in the good old U. S. A. Next day was Sunday. There wasn't much doing. Monday morning, however, we got up before breakfast in order to catch the morning train for Chamonix. At the Y. M. C. A. there we found out about a trip up one mountain which took an hour and a half up and ten minutes down. So Sergeant Wolf, Private Silva and myself decided on the trip, while Sergeant Grande and Private Hammers and also Private Stevenson went to see some mademoisells(?)

But I am getting away from the subject of climbing mountains. We had a Y. M. C. A. man for a guide, and together with about 15 other boys and one "Y" girl, we started out. After an hour and 45 minutes' continuous climb we reached a house halfway up the mountain where we rested. The large hotels of Chamonix down below looked like cigar boxes. After ten minutes' rest we started back. Coming to a ravine our guide all at once said "Follow me," and sitting down on the snow, which was plentiful, started down the hill.

We watched him for awhile. Finally I said, "My O. D's. are just as good as his," and followed him down. Talk about speed! Soon I heard someone screaming. Setting my brakes (elbows) into the snow, I looked around and there I saw the rest coming down with lightning speed, the "Y" girl in the lead. Loosening my brakes I was off and got to the foot of the mountain in about eight minutes. Wet pants? Oh, Boy! they sure were! It reminded me of my kid days, sliding the cellar door. Adjusting our clothing, we went back to Chamonix, and boarding a train got back home just in time for supper. The rest of the week was spent in different hikes and roaming through the mountains, of which Private Silva and myself did the most. We surely saw some interesting sights.

Leaving St. Jarvais the following Saturday, we started back home and arrived at Is-sur-Tille Sunday noon. Stopping over night we started out Monday at 9 P. M. and Tuesday's dawn found us at Gondrecourt, where we reported to the top sergeant and again became active members of Co. B.

That same night our Co. clerk, Sergeant Gordon, had us all on guard and K. P.—John J. Kupka, Ft. Atkinson, Ia. Co. B, 337th M. G. Bn.

Laughs in Two Spasms

FIRST SPASM—When marching from the Alsace-Loraine front we did not know where we were going. A scout by the name of Andrew Kelly who was always harping on going home made the remark, "Well, boys, we are marching in the direction of the coast. We are going home!"

A sniper by the nickname of Long John Tennessee spoke up and said, "Yes, Kelly, we are going home but it will be the roughest—home you ever went to!"

SECOND SPASM: While on the Alsace front there were four members of the 350th Inf. Scouts billeted in a dugout. A new man by the name of Corporal Sanders had just joined our group. The first night of sleeping in the dugout we four went to bed early, all broke, so we could not pass the time away drinking vin rouge. About 10 o'clock Corporal Sanders fell asleep and the three of us were still awake. Seeing that he was asleep we started to have some fun. Pvt. Andrew Kelly, putting his hands over his mouth, yelled to me, "Have you got your mask on, Grace?"

I answered as loudly as my lungs would permit, "Yes, have all the other boys?"

Over in the corner where Corporal Sanders slept there was a noise just about as loud as if a big shell had hit the side of the dugout. It was Sanders falling over a table trying to get his gas mask on. When we thought he had it about on Kelly took his hands away from his mouth and asked Sanders what the matter was. After he told us what he thought of us, which would not look good in print, he told us how he felt when he woke up and heard us talking in what he thought was our gas masks. He said to himself, "It is all off with me, but I will try to get it on. It might not be too late yet!"—William F. Grace, Kings, Ill., Ogle Co.

Get Scare and Muddy Feet

On the evening of Oct. 12, 1918, the second platoon of B company 313 Engineers, of which I was one, had been sitting in our barn talking about the war. Both Corporals Sittner and Patterson had crawled up on the hay and retired early and old Dad Tolles was gas sentry when all at once about 8 o'clock the Germans put over a barrage, as our 350th Inf. were just going into the trenches to relieve the French and we were backed by French artillery. This happened about three miles east of Fontaine where we had been busy building dugouts at the rail head.

We all went outside back of a warehouse and were watching the big guns flash except the two who had retired early, but the awful noise woke them and they called down to the gas sentry and asked what had happened and where all the men were. He told them they had beat it for a dugout as it was awfully dangerous in the barn, so they grabbed up their clothes, having only their shoes on, and ran. There was about four to six inches of soft mud and water in there, but that did not make any difference to them; all they wanted was to get with the bunch to a place of safety. After they had stood in there awhile and could hear the men a short distance away outside, they finally came to where we were and sure had an awful surprise and we all had a long hearty laugh for some time after.—Edwin A. Goltz, Havana, N. D.

Kept Their Prisoner All Night

I was out on a patrol with my company into No Man's Land on the 13th of October. I was posted out there with two of my comrades and there we remained until daybreak. Everything was very quiet that night, but the next morning about daylight we, my buddies and I, captured a German and kept him with us. We were stationed about 100 yards from the German lines in an old house which had been shelled down to the ground. There were some big weeds in there and we stayed in this house with the prisoner we had captured.

Not long after daylight a battle started and a heavy bombardment from both sides, German and French, began popping all around us. They started out with their machine guns, rifles and hand grenades, and there were several Germans killed. One of the men of our company was wounded and captured and the company driven out by the Germans after a little fight. My men and I were cut off from retreat and remained hidden in these weeds till 10 o'clock on the 14th of October, and at that time we made a start to get back to our dugouts.

We took our prisoner and started out and went along all right, but we sure were shot at. The shots fell all around us but we said we were going, and we did go. They shot at us with machine guns but we got with our man in our own trenches at 10:30 the night of October 14th.—Louis R. Eads, Co. D, 350th Inf., Vienna, Mo. R. 1, Box 15½.—Division Citation.

Sergeant Is There with Retort

On one of those cold, sleety, February days in the Valley of the Ornain, Department of Meuse, when the 351st Infantry was marching to an imaginary engagement with an imaginary enemy at the behest of someone higher up that "didn't know the war was over," the column had come to a halt, probably waiting for some of the "higher up" umpires to roll up in their limousines after a long night's sleep and a tardy 8:30 breakfast.

Everybody was feeling as ugly as only such circumstances can make one feel and when the column started forward, old Captain Church who was acting as regimental liaison officer and in command of the regimental headquarters detachment, called back to Sgt. Ray Cardon in charge of the regimental intelligence section: "Where in hell's that damned intelligence section?"

Now Sergeant Cardon had a few ideas of his own regarding the relative importance and worth of the liaison group and the intelligence section and he stepped out of the column, stood at an alert attention, saluted Captain Church, and hollered, so it could be heard up and down the column for 200 yards, "Right behind the—damned liaison group, sir."

Captain Church was about as hard-boiled as they make 'em and I expected to see some fireworks, but in passing him a second later, he was laughing to himself and said "Carp, that man Cardon's a damned good man, aint he?" And he was; they're both d—d good men.—H. G. Carpenter, Captain, Hq. 351st Inf., Fargo, N. D.

350th Band Praised

The Division bulletin of Feb. 25, 1919, devoted a paragraph to praise of the 350th Inf. Band, which read:

"The work of the 350th Inf. Band while on duty at Nice under Lieutenant McDermott and Sergeant Olsen, was appreciated to such an extent that several letters have been received by the Division commander setting forth the praises of the band as a musical organization and because of the soldierly bearing of the members thereof. An extract from the letter of a senior officer on duty in the Nice leave area is given below:

"'THE DEPORTMENT OF THE MEN WHILE HERE HAS DONE CREDIT TO THE ORGANIZATION TO WHICH THEY BELONG; AND IF THE OTHER MEMBERS OF YOUR COMMAND ARE OF A TYPE SIMILAR TO THE REPRESENTATIVES THAT WE HAVE HAD HERE, YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON THE SPLENDID BODY OF MEN YOU COMMAND.'"

"Keep on Moving"

(Inspired and Composed Aboard U. S. S. Pocahontas)

1.
Keep on moving! Keep on moving!
Don't you know you can't stand there?
'Tis the message that they gave us
At the gang-plank: St. Nazaire.

2.
And those words are oft repeated,
Passing on from lip to lip;
Everywhere we pause or loiter
There's a guard to give the tip.

3.
"Keep on moving!" shouts a loney,
As we slowly mount the stair
With slum dripping from our messkits;
A "southwester" on the rare.

4.
Step by step we labor onward,
Up that steep and slippery stair;
At the top we pause a moment,
But another guard is there.

5.
You can't stand here! and, You can't stand there!
Keep on moving just as far as you can go.
Will three times around the vessel be enough?
I'd like to know.

6.
So we start on, moving slowly,
Down the crowded passage-way.
All the while we're searching vainly
For a vacant place to stay.

7.
"Move along! You bloomin' heathen."
Quickly shouts a doughboy when
His messkit has been invaded
By a hobnail, number ten.

8.
Keep on moving! Keep on moving!
And our stomachs take the hint,
And we strive to reach the railing;
Lean far out in mad torment.

9.
"Keep on moving." The echoes mock us
As we stand beside the rail,
Thinking that at the next effort
We'll lose our stomach without fail.

10.
But we have the consolation
That ere long we'll reach the shore.
We'll leave the gang-plank with its farewell,
Move on. Move on. Move some more!

Clarence J. Feemster, Co. M, 352d Inf., Fulton, Kans., R. 3.

Co. L., 350th, Buddy Is "Disappointed"

The morning of Oct. 18, or about that date, was a damp and foggy one and was a very delightful time for Jerry to put over a few bombs composed mostly of gas. I had just entered the lines in Alsace, passing through a little village called Bauschwiller the evening before, and was not used to much excitement, so you can imagine how my pulse was beating. I was on gas guard by myself. Jerry shot the first few high and dry and very much to the rear of our trenches, but when he did level down the boys of Co. L were wishing they were back in their happy homes across the sea.

The first few did not excite me very much, but when the grass roots and tin cans began to sprinkle me I became very much disappointed with my situation. Jerry sent a bomb which just missed my ivory dome and then I became so excited that I jumped to one side, and in doing so I stumbled and fell, losing my gun and helmet. I jumped up "toot sweet" and had my gun in action but did not have time to hunt for my helmet till some of the excitement was over.

In a few days our company was relieved and we marched back for a few days' rest to prepare for the lines where Jerry was sending his bombs more freely and where he had more excitement for the Yanks.—Zehnder Hicks, Mulberry, Kans.

Song from Treveray

Treveray, France, March 31, 1919.

When the call to arms was sounded and the draft laws bid us come,
We bid farewell to civil life and said farewell to home.
We knew not where we were going, nor what we had to face,
We were freighted around in box-cars, we were shoved from place to place.

We slep in lousy billets, we stood and ate in the rain,
We were knee-deep in the mud. We stood all kinds of pain.
Sometimes our mess was slim, sometimes there was none at all.
Sometimes in the heat of battle we saw our buddies fall.

But now the war is ended, it seems too good to be true,
The folks at home commence to know what the soldiers have gone through.

Our commanders who are in Washington running the U. S. A.
Keep us in their memories and forget not our payday.
Forgive us if we outstay our pass and come back A. W. O. L.,
Remember we are the A. E. F. and that all war is —!

Lead us not into the kitchen and make us stand K. P.,
Help us to forgive all mess sergeants, wherever they may be.
We pray you to forgive our manners, at that, they were quite fair,
Forget that we were S. O. L., and forgive us if we swear.

NO BEER,
NO DRILLS,
COMPRI?
M. P.

From Russell Strand, Leeds, N. D.

A "Letter Home"

(Letters from our boys to the home folks published in the local papers were a welcome method of keeping everyone informed of the men's life in France, as far as the censorship would permit. Most of these letters were notable more for what they omitted than for what they told. A good example of these overseas missives was one Machinist Paul W. Ross, Co. L, 350th Inf., sent to his parents and published in the home town paper, dated March 10, 1919. It follows:)

As I have an awfully sore arm today, decided to drop a few lines to the Democrat. I am anxious to know how all the boys from back home fared in this war. I got a shot in my arm yesterday and am feeling the effects of it today. We think they are fixing us up in good shape to go back to the good old U. S. A., although we were informed the other day we would not sail for home before August. That is the official report. That is a long time to wait. Would like the best in the world to place my foot on one of those big ocean liners and not stop until we reached New York. We have quite a lot of fun at times, but know we could enjoy it so much better if we were home. I have never been sick since coming over here until I was vaccinated yesterday.

I was sent to the front line trenches about October 10 and remained there three weeks. Went into the trenches one night about 6 o'clock and hardly got settled before Fritz sent over a couple of shells about the size of a sugar barrel and threw dirt all over me. I thought I was in hades for a minute, but we soon got used to this. I had to make use of my gas mask ten minutes after going into the front line trenches. Our trenches were only about 200 yards from the German trenches. We could see the Huns and every once in awhile he would get a little too far from his dugout and some Yank would take a shot at him. And frequently Fritz would never be able to get back to his dugout alive.

I became lost out in No Man's Land one night, and I sure was forced to lay close to mother earth to save my hide. I thought every minute I would be bumped off, but good fortune was with me and I am here without a scratch.

Trench rats seemed as big as calves. One got in bed with me one night, and as soon as I discovered what it was he soon had the bed all to himself.

As it is mess time will close with best wishes to all my friends.

The First to Reach France

The first men in the uniform of the American army to land in France after we entered the war were members of Base Hospital No. 4 which assembled at Cleveland, O., May 5, 1917. Twenty days before landing they had been civilians, and they stepped off the British transport Western Australia at Rouen, 100 miles up the Seine River as it winds from the ocean, where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake. As the ship swung up to the stone quay on the north bank of the river, the word spread among the crowds at the tables under the trees at the Cafe Victor Hugo that "the Americans had come." These were the first of the A. E. F.

But it was to be some time before the commander-in-chief and any fighting men were to reach a "foreign port." It was on the morning of Sunday, June 8, 1917, that General Pershing and his party stepped off the gangplank of the Baltic at Liverpool. With 24 field officers, 30 line officers, 55 clerks, four interpreters and 67 enlisted men. Six days later Paris went riotously mad in welcoming them. On the morning of the following day, back in the North River at home, a line of transports weighed anchor and set out for France with the first contingent of troops to swell the handful into an Army of 2,000,000 men.

It was not in O. D. uniform, but in civvies that the first contingent went over. The submarine was then at the height of its career, and through the danger zone everybody, from the Commander-in-Chief to the most newly enlisted buck, wore civilian clothes. For the Baltic was a passenger liner, and the White Star officials had explained that the presence of even one man in uniform was interpreted by U-boat commanders as sufficient excuse for shelling lifeboats.

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers were drawn up on the pier to greet General Pershing and his party and a special train was waiting to carry them to London. In the English capital the officers were quartered at the Savoy Hotel, while the famous Tower of London, where the little Princes were murdered and where Anne Boleyn was beheaded, became a temporary barracks for the enlisted men.

General Pershing called on King George on the next day at Buckingham Palace. "I am very glad to welcome you," said the British monarch to the American soldier. "It has always been my dream that some day the two English-speaking nations should fight side by side in the greatest cause that any nation could fight for—civilization."

The few days in London were filled with dinners and receptions, but there was no organized demonstration, and it remained for Paris to show with what enthusiasm the new Allies could be welcomed. No preparations had been made, but when the Paris noon-day papers on June 13 blazoned the news that the Americans were due to arrive in a few hours, a crowd that made traffic impossible packed the streets outside of the Gare du Nord.

As General Pershing stepped off the train he was greeted by Marshal Joffre, a company of French poilus presented arms, and the Garde Republicaine band broke into the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner."

From there through the boulevards to the Place de la Concorde it was a triumphal procession. The welcome was stupendous. The French authorities expressed their regret that word had not been sent in advance so that they might have tendered a fitting reception, but it is difficult to see how grants of money and weeks of preparation could have evoked a more soul-filling spectacle.

There were no brass bands or martial glory to accompany the departure of General Pershing and his staff from "an Atlantic port" on May 28, 1917. But exactly one year afterward, on May 28, 1918, the Americans, making their first attack in force, showed the world what the A. E. F. had grown to and what it was capable of by taking Cantigny. And two years afterward, on May 28, 1919, the war was won and more than half the A. E. F. was back home and in civvies again.

The first contingent of fighting troops arrived in France June 26, 1917, under Maj. Gen. W. L. Sibert. The second contingent landed July 27. The 42d (Rainbow) Div., containing National Guardsmen from every state, and many officers

at first assigned to the 88th Div., reached France Nov. 30, 1917.

American troops fired their first shot of the war in trench fighting Oct. 27, 1917, when artillerymen sent over a French "75" at 500 yards. The shell case was preserved to be given President Wilson. The first American to be wounded after part of General Sibert's party entered the trenches was 1st Lt. De Vere H. Harden, whose leg was hit by shrapnel Oct. 28, 1917. On Nov. 3 the first fatal casualties occurred when a small detachment of infantrymen was attacked by superior German forces and cut off by a heavy barrage. The fighting was hand to hand and three Americans were killed, five wounded, and a sergeant, a corporal and 10 privates taken prisoners. Two Frenchmen were killed. The American dead were Corp. James B. Gresham, Evansville, Ind., Pvt. Thomas F. Enright, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Pvt. Merle D. Hay, Glidden, Ia.

French vs. American Girls

It might be of interest to American women to know what their American men think of them in comparison with the French. It was a peculiar thing, perhaps, but in conversation carried on for any length of time the subject was sure to turn to that topic over there. The French women did not believe that the specimens of femininity among welfare workers were representative American girls, and they always asked what our girls were like. This is a symposium of comparisons gathered at second hand:

American girls cannot or do not want to cook or do other housework as French girls learn to do.

American girls do not know how to dress becomingly.

American girls cannot make their own hats or dresses, or sew or knit laces.

American girls are lazy, expensive, and unappreciative of money spent on them.

American girls waste most of their time; they disdain to work with their hands, or learn to do anything useful.

These observations are bona fide and are supposed to be the opposite of the French girl.

Outside of these few indictments the American boys must have thought their home girls about all right, for of the 2,100,000 of them who went abroad in the army only 3,600 brought back "war brides." Of these three-fifths were French, one-fifth English and the other 50 scattered among 21 other nationalities. They ranged from 15 to 55 years in ages.

The Army Alphabet

A is for the Army of Uncle Sam.
B is for the Bugle, prefixed with a damn.
C is for Cootie, the doughboys' pet.
D is for Detail, always for let.
E is for Efficiency in using the broom.
F is for Filth, to which our arrival meant doom.
G is for Gun, which should always shine.
H is for Hardtack on which soldiers dine.
I is for Inspection; 'tis well to prepare.
J is for Java, on the "Bill of Fare."
K is for K. P.; in the kitchen he's found.
L is for Louey who hikes us around.
M is for Mule whose burdens we bore.
N is for Non com who learns army lore.
O is for Orders; obey them you must.
P is for Pack to carry or bust.
Q is for the Quality of rice served to us.
R is for Rice which made doughboys cuss.
S is for Soup, branded "Turtle" and "Ox-tail."
T is for the long, dark, dreary Trail.
U is for Uniform which must be O. D.
V is for Vin blanc when out on a spree.
W is for Whistle, which made army life hum.
Y is for the Y man who handled chocolate and gum.
Z is for Zoo, which billets become
When francs are exchanged for wine, beer and rum.

—Clarence J. Feemster.

Co. A's Barber and "Carrot Soup"

After a Sunday dinner of carrot soup, etc., at Naix, France, up came Corporal Keating and Wild Bill Thompson and set before Corporal Steckdaub's sparkling eyes a beautiful bottle of "conniac." They asked him to sample it. He did, and they told him that if they had money they could get more. Corporal Steckdaub was "broke" but thought of his broken-toothed comb and clippers.

He stepped into the street and began to yell, "Shave and a hair cut! Bay-Rum! Shave and a hair cut! Bay-ay Ru-u-u-m!!!" Then an officer came by. Steckdaub snapped to attention quickly and saluted. The officer said, "Corporal, you are getting pretty noisy for Sunday, aren't you?" The corporal answered, "Oh, no, sir; Just my way of advertising!" A few minutes later and there was a rushing business.

The following Saturday Corporal Steckdaub wanted to go to Treveray to get some shampoo so he went to Lieutenant Musberger. Standing at attention and with a snappy salute the corporal said "Lieutenant Musberger, may I go to Treveray to get some shampoo?" The lieutenant said, "Which are you really going to get, champagne or shampoo?" "Shampoo, sir," answered Steckdaub. "You may go."—By S.

Getting Pretty Close

The second night out on No Man's Land Corporal Steckdaub and Corporal Keating were out with a combat patrol of 32 men. After prowling over No Man's Land for about four hours, framing things up if they ran on to the Dutch, they bumped into them. The men were ordered into a formation of "Automatics flank!" This was done splendidly and quickly, but after this things were quiet and Steckdaub got nervous and told Keating he was going to slide over into the next shell-hole closer to the German trenches and see how close they were. Keating said, "Good night, Steck! You are getting on a good road to go West!"

Steckdaub went but in a few minutes returned. Keating said in a weak voice, "What did you see? What did you hear? How close are we to them?"

"We are so close to them that I could smell whiskey," answered Corporal Steckdaub.

After the armistice was signed the company was out in a field of mud for drill. It was raining and a bad day. Lieutenant Patterson told Corporal Steckdaub to take his men and drill them in the school of the soldier. This he did and was going good, but while he was walking backward, watching his men, he backed into some barbed-wire entanglements and stuck some barbs. This made him mad. His men were still coming on and getting close. He couldn't think of the command *"Squad Right About,"* so he yelled *"Squad round about!* March!!!"

Lieutenant Gerstenkorn's By-Words: He would yell "Make that *piece ring!*"

When he asked anyone something and they gave the wrong answer he would say, "Like hull!"—By S.

Sought Eats; Got Bath

Here is a pretty good story about a buddie named Henry Hollander of St. Louis. He was in Co. E, 352d Inf. and we had just got through making about 25 kilos and stopped to rest over night. Just as soon as Hollander got his pack off his back, he started to make for the kitchen to get something to eat. He thought he was walking toward the little bridge, when all at once he walked into the creek and went up to his neck in the water.

He came up to the billet with the water dripping off him. You know we could not help laughing at him, although it surely was cold. He said, "Pete, don't laugh at me," and he said it just like a little boy would have, so I got up and broke up all the bunks I could get hold of and started a fire. I took off all his clothes and dried them out for him and gave him a couple of drinks of vin blanc and put him to bed.

The last time I saw him was coming over on the ship and he came up to me and said "Pete, I owe you a reward for saving my life that night," so he took me up to the Y. M. C. A. and bought me a dollar's worth of candy.—Joseph John Peters, Supply Co., 352d Inf., St. Louis, Mo.

A Night Hike in France

(Being an account of how the 352nd Inf. made the hike from Vezelois to Tremoins in late October, 1918, by Corp. Stanislav Wallach of Co. A.)

Things in the little village of Vezelois had just settled down into the regular routine of the day in the army. Our company had been there just long enough to become dulled to the sight of an occasional air scrap, or the entrance of the "Q. M." truck, which formed our only means of connection with that world for news of which we eagerly waited. Only one package of mail had broken the monotony of the period, and the letter from "her" which Cook Frye had so jealously guarded from the spurting grease of his calling and had hidden away over his heart (or where a cook's heart would be if he had one) was almost worn out. Daily we went out to drill and daily we came in at noon to cuss the mess sergeant. Daily also came the report that peace had been declared. From morn till night the K. P.'s labored amid the inspiring lectures of the artistically inclined Mess Sergeant Schuld, specialist in discourse on the beauty of the Alps. What mountains those hilly Alps must be! Every hill we passed, from the time we first saw Le Havre had been a "foothill of the Alps" and had called forth another enthusiastic discourse. The Top Soak had with the aid of his orderlies located all beer stands in the vicinity and was settled down to leading an orderly gentleman's existence. All in all, it wasn't such a bad war.

On this particular day, things weren't going right. A strange foreboding of evil was in the air. To start with, Private Beyer stood reveille with every button of his blouse in the proper buttonhole, and Lieutenant Gahan failed to forget his gas mask. Private Pendleton managed to "keep his trap shut" for once while standing at "attention." Likewise Jack Frye forgot to cuss the outfit as we fell in line for stew and actually showed evidence of a tendency to prevent cruelty to animals by helping out the K. P.'s. Supply Sergeant Jones appeared bustling around corners with an unusual look of industry on his usually placid face and the customary straw did not dangle from his lips. At noon mess the officers were on their ear about something. "Where'n the ——— is Merlo with the dinner?" exploded Lieut. Hazelrigg from Kentucky, and the former right hand man at Cicardi's stepped around in double time. Lieut. Barrow attempted to talk Cook Obenhaus out of the 7 francs he'd given him the previous evening to buy apples for pie the next evening. Considering that the Loots had just met the new mademoiselles who'd arrived that very day, there seemed no reason for a grouch. Top Soak Curran smoked the captain's Roitan half the afternoon in blissful unconsciousness of his failure to light it. The company clerk was buried in a stack of dirty papers, service records, and what not in the old carpenter shop that served as headquarters.

Then Things Began to Happen

At afternoon drill things began to happen. Captain Hyatt almost wore out his proverbial blue streak in an attempt to carry out platoon drill. As for the men, we couldn't see how "squads east" was going to win the war. Anyway, we came over here to fight. Drill was suddenly cut short by an order to "police the village." Oh, what a pleasant task, this, of cleaning up a frog village that for a century had been accumulating material more or less dear to the hearts of generations of frogs. We could well attest the fact that "the American army made a clean sweep." Strange, no order followed to roll packs. Perhaps we weren't going to move after all. Retreat passed, mess was served a la mode, still no announcement came. The tension was relieved. Sergeant Brown again curled his embryonic mustache and casually remarked that the third platoon was getting too much detail of late. For an hour or two we parleyed Francais with Mademoiselle Madelon and made merry with "zig-zag" until "I-can't-make-it" Maxson with his bugle called us away to dream of "the girl we left behind."

Two hours of sleep. Through the blackness of night the shrill blasts of the rasp whistle, grating the ears and rousing to semi-consciousness the sleep-drugged senses—not minds—of the fagged humans who sprawl in uncouth and animal-like postures over the dirty floor of the barn. There's Sergeant Kreigmus poised on his knees, his head resting on his folded arms on the floor, mixing up snores with such remarks as "I'm gonna git six of 'em. No jokin' about ut. Six of 'em are gonners." Sergeant Johnson carries on his drill exercises regardless of snores. "One, two, three, four. Correct those pieces, there.—*88—**!*!!!— " While from away off in a corner out of a pile of old straw comes the voice of Sergeant Schuld, "How beautiful those Alps are." An unearthly hammering comes from the door of the old cow barn, which finally opens far enough to admit the head and lantern of Corporal Wallach, half-dressed and minus his gas mask, "Everybody OUT!"

"Huh?" "What's up?" "There's that company clerk with his order and his lantern." "Get the——out'a here." "Where do we go this time?" "Dunno! Hustle it up, there! Yu' got thirty minutes to roll yer pack." Sergeant Johnson forgets his drill and pops up, "All right then, men roll out."

Here and there a tousled shock of hair protrudes from a miscellaneous hodge podge of arms, and equipment. Stiff backs, legs and necks, aching limbs. Br-r-r-r it's cold. Curse this hard ground! What's up, anyway? "Get a move on, men." We move! "Thought so," chirps Sergeant Ryan from the Emerald Isle, "we haven't missed a Saturday night yet."

God! Another hike! A half-day of drill, of speedy bayonet work, of doubling time with a gas mask, a half-day of stiff fatigue, and now—another hike. On with the shoes, stiff and cold, smelling to high heaven. Leggins next, wrap ones at that—what do we care if they go on upside down? Thirty minutes before formation. Oh, this army life! A hitch to the underwear (why couldn't they give us union suits?) and belt and then on with the blouse, still wet with yesterday's cold sweat, damp and ill smelling, but it'll do to keep warm. A hasty dive for tent pins, reserves, clothes, etc. The pack must be rolled in a hurry. "Gimme a lift here." Rookie!

Fine Night for a Hike

A drizzle of rain is falling. What a night for a hike! Ten minutes left. Wash? Impossible. Half a week's growth of beard and unbrushed teeth. Water is scarce. Fill your canteens carefully. Out in the rain to slap together the pack, grunting and cursing. "What's that you're luggin' along there, Tikwart, a drug store?" "Where you gonna open up that barber shop?" A world of adjustments. "Mine don't hang right. Take up a hitch on this side for me." "Who was your dressmaker last year?" Here's a fellow with his straps twisted—will he ever be ready? Time to fall in and 15 more things to go on—extra rations, shoes to be tied on, that damned helmet—swing it up on the back, sling the gun, and stagger into line, muttering and cursing, swaying under the 90 pounds. (And they said trucks hauled our luggage—like the M. P.'s won the war.)

On the line. "Sergeant Ryan, right guide; Sergeant Kreigmus, left guide!" "Squads right, march!" Up the steep hill and the night's gruelling task has begun. Everything goes pretty well—if it only wasn't so dark. We are warming up, beginning to sweat, the soreness disappears from the legs and the packs settle into more comfortable position. The first half is welcome. What's that, Jones falling out? Ten minutes more. Wholesale adjustments are in order. A bit thirsty, but better wait; a long hike ahead. Sixteen miles? Twenty tonight? Discussion varies.

The whistle! Up again; a stretch of road and the pack gets heavier. Another 50 minutes. This'n seems long. How long have we been going? Twenty minutes. What's that? Falling out already? Who is it? Maxson. Oh! The boys are recovering their equilibrium—except some. Sergeant Kreigmus catches his second wind, "Lemme carry your packs about four recruits." "Ready to fall out, Jerry?" "Never

mind, I'll be ploddin' along when you Kansas prairie birds 're pushin' up daisies." Shift the rifle and plod some more. The wordy skirmish gains strength. "You gonna use that second helmet fer retreat, Sarge?" One, two, three—Gosh, it's dark—and what sticky mud we find in Sunny France. "Say, Zitzman, is this the kind of moonlight they have in Missouri?" "Naw, this is Minnesota moonlight." "Let's see, where is Missouri?" "Ask Pershing, he knows." "Now I've got it; that's where they make Budweiser." "You fellows give me a pain. Why don't you live in a real state, like Michigan or Kentucky?" From the rear comes the authoritative voice, "Gwan, cut the jawin' up there!" Quiet reigns for a while save for the swish and splash of mud. The night is cold but the sweat starts. Coats and trousers become clammy. Shirt saturated. Some sing. I would too if the sweat would keep out of my mouth. "When you dream at night of moonlight on the Wa-a-a-bash—" Sure, there's one Hoosier in the crowd. There's another one, "Drunk last night, drunk the night before—" Pick it up. "Aw, that's too dry. It recalls fond memories. How you gonna get drunk on vin blanc? Try this:

"Packs last night, packs the night before.
Gonna get packs tonight like we never got before.
An' when we've packs we're happy as can be (like hell)
For we are members of the pack family.
Glorious! glorious! One pack apiece for the four of us!
Thank Great Jehovah that there are no more packs
For the four of us would fall out all alone."

Looking for Rest Stop

Now, that's appropriate. Where's the applause? Singing dies down. Wonder when that next rest comes. Another lonesome stretch. Keep off my heels. I've got enough to carry. Ah, at last! Don't sit on the wet grass, the "flu" 'll get you. Wish it'd stop rainin'. "Home was never like this!" wails some poor bird up the line. Shoot him, somebody, he doesn't deserve to live. "Anybody fall out yet?" comes down the line. "Still here, sir." Top Soak takes an inventory of the sick, lame and lazy.

"Fall in!" How that strap cuts my shoulders! Wonder how far we've gone. What're you so thoughtful about, Kull? "Wonderin' what slacker's takin' her to th' show tonight?" There's another one of 'em—hanging's too good for 'im. Cut out your cussin', you'll shock the ladies. "Come on, step up, boys, it's on Corporal Glau. Will you have Falstaff or Budweiser? Heavens, I'm dry. Damn these birds that keep chirping about the comforts of home. Will this hour never end? Wind is too precious to waste in talking. A little swig from the canteen—not much. I shouldn't have drunk so much. I'll be S. O. L. before long. How do you like the sound of those howitzers on the right? Some Fourth of July celebration, eh, Bo? "Fourth of July, hell," comments Goettelmann, "that's our artillery playing the Wacht Am Rhein."

"Column right, march!" Ye gods! what's this? A forest. Wasn't it dark enough before? A loud chorus registers disapproval. Why couldn't we have kept the rock road? There goes a dead one. Guess he got scared of the dark. "Drop back and help him along, one of you men." The rations truck rushes by. Flashlight reveals Maxson perched on the bags. How did he get to ride? Surely, this is the entrance to Hades. Rain, mud, dark as pitch, a 90-pound pack,—seeing France, beautiful France, Sunny France—damn the Kaiser! "Follow in file." The Sarge in front has a flashlight. "How the hell can I follow in file when I can't see my hand in front of my face?" Don't fall all over yourself. Where are you? What a pleasure to climb the hill in this clay. Who was that fell down? Up again? Stay with it, Yank. Twenty minutes. What's wrong with your pack? Come undone. Why didn't you fix it before you started? "Couldn't. I was one o' the poor nuts that helped Lieut. Gahan find his sag paste." How long, oh, how long! Who's that down in the ditch there? Sling his pack between us. The captain's carrying it. Give me your gun. Stay with it. Can't be much further, Buddie. A rest at last! Down in the mud for a few. Who cares for rain; it's rest we want. Get some circulation in those arms once more. Wonder how far we've come—must have covered over 20 miles already.

Another hour of it, mechanically plodding and halting. Shoulders are deadened to pain. Mud—churned into slush by the ranks ahead. "Falling out, Tikwart?" "No, sir, this Bohemian never falls out." How far do we have to go anyway? Wish I'd shaved. Dirty drops of sweat splash over my gun sling. Thank the Lord my feet don't hurt. Water almost gone and not yet daybreak. The mud increases. On through a bog of it. So does the darkness. A bit faint? Nibble a piece of greasy hard-tack that has been in the pocket for a week, chumming with an old letter and the stub of an indelible pencil. What're you cussin' about Curran? Man, hear that Top Soak swear! Broke a tooth! Why don't you soak your hard tack? We smoke another cigarette. Got any more "Bull" on you. Sweat, sweat, sweat and chill when we stop. Who said the trenches were rough? There goes another one. "What company?" Take off his pack. Put on your overcoat and wait here for the ambulance. Wonder how the others are making it?

Day-dreaming Eases Things

Five minutes of day-dreaming makes the going a little easier. Bingo! Come alive! Five drops of sweat on that damn gas mask, which swings like a clumsy suitcase against the leg. Thank heaven, I forgot about it for a minute at least. Filthy underwear, sweat-soaked, slides against the soiled body. Let's see, what month was it we had a bath? Canteen gone and hours more to go. More mud. Tongue like a blotter, and unbrushed teeth make things worse. "Help carry your pack a bit?" "No, thank you, lieutenant, I'm getting along O. K., sir." Company—halt! Nobody waits for the command of execution. Thank God! Off goes the pack into the ditch and I follow it. To hell with the mud and the extra trouble. It cut my shoulders the last hour. There, that foot's blistered. These home-knitted socks! Where's the eighth man in this squad? In the ambulance. The lucky scoundrel. Give us a war song, Chief. We need it. "I wonder if the guy who invented, 'I don't wanta get well' ever had a dose of this." "The life we read about back home!"

God, I'm thirsty! Can't even seem to day-dream this time. Bumps in the road twist your feet. Sergeant Johnson wakes up, "Follow in file, there! If you fall out here we never will find you." How the — will I follow in file when I can't see my hand in front of my face. My feet slide all over creation. What makes you stagger, Wells? Stay in ranks. That's the stuff, watch the other man's feet. One, two, three, one, two—one, two, three, four. Carry it on. Damn that expression. Let's see, what was it Sherman said? Water, water! Shift the rifle. Lord, but it's getting heavy. Who's that? Tikwart, out at last. "Meet you after the war, Joe."

Well, might as well have a couple of good swallows and know you're through. Finis. Breeches getting soaked with sweat, pack cuts—wriggle with chafe at every step—water!—why did I use it up! French town the seventh one we've passed. Maybe we'll stop here. No such luck. God, what a long time between stops. Surely, we've covered 25 miles. How many of us do they expect to have when we get in anyway? "Who started this war, anyway?" "For heaven's sake, somebody coin a new phrase—cussin's too weak." Day is beginning to break—so'm I. This pack! And Ma wanted to know if I needed more clothes, and fur caps, and knitted socks. Thunderation! Don't get ahead of the line—one—two—water! I'd sell my soul for a swig. When you need something you need it. Halt! Off again. How I hate that pack. Not a dry spot in 30 miles—"Sunny France." Oh, hell! Up again. Move along, cattle. Sweat and mud in the eyes—you're not getting blind. That pack weighs a ton. Lots to think about—one, two—one, two—pack, sweat—one, two—chafe, blister,—water!

What's that? A pump? Think I'll fall out. Hell, no! Not made that way. You'd look like a jackass doing that. If the other worms can keep moving you can too. Well, we're by it and you couldn't drink anyway—some damned German's poisoned it most likely. I'm not bumping into you. Well, you're wabbly too, so quit growling. Five thousand miles—then this. No wonder the Yanks fight like hell. Oh, those Germans,—that Kaiser—! Another kilometer and I'm done.

I don't care if the war goes to hell or the country goes dry or what happens. I'm through. I'm no mule.

There's a church steeple over the edge of the hill. What's that he said, our billets right around the corner? Pick it up, come along, Yank. What's the captain raving about? Man, he's riled. Cussin' because the advance detail hasn't got hot coffee for the gang. Give 'em hell, Cap! "You'll get in, and you'll have hot coffee for these men before they go to sleep, too, or—!!!*x*!**!!!. Thank God! Barns with hay in them. Chlorinated water! Estaminet "Champagne, Dix Francs." "Chocolat Menier." Manure piles. Home again! Oh, boy, I'm glad we never fell out, ain't you? Got a cigarette? Merci beaucoup.

Impressions of French Life

France has no sewing circles; she has washing circles.

The little gatherings of our mothers' days where women gathered and neighborhood gossip was exchanged to the accompaniment of clicking thimbles, are unknown in that primitive country.

This doesn't mean that confidences anent "Madame So-and-So" are not repeated, but it is to the whack of the washing paddle that furnishes commas and periods for the conversation.

One of our wash tubs or wash boards would be considered a curiosity. Neither does the thrifty housewife of France know aught of boiling suds, but she has nice, clean clothes of wondrous whiteness just the same. All are washed in cold water and laid out on the grass to dry. She never heard of a clothesline, and she wouldn't know what to do with a clothes pin.

Most of the French villages are built along the banks of little creeks or small rivers. The municipal authorities have selected a central place along the stream, convenient for the villagers, and built the "washing place." This is done by sinking a sort of low sea-wall, built of concrete, and a step upon which the women may kneel as they lean over and float their clothes in the stream, and beat them with long-handled wooden paddles.

So far as I could find out, they seem to have certain neighborhood laundry parties. They go together in friendly groups, and keep up a sort of rhythmic paddling on their half-floating and half-submerged clothes. Then it is that they chatter merrily away.

When one of the ladies has an unusually tempting bit of neighborhood news, all will stop and listen while the historian narrates the terrible tale, illustrated with the shrugs and gestures peculiar to the French people. Then all will return to their washing task, and register indignation over Madame de Jones' behavior with vigorous and chastising whacks of their laundry paddles.

In many of the provincial villages where no stream is available, the municipal authorities build in some section of the town or village what appears at first sight to be a natatorium. It is always roofed, but left with the sides opened.

Here it is the French villagers truly have a washing circle, for the natatoriums are invariably built in circular form. The women wash and chatter as the mood seizes them, and they look forward to "wash day" with pleasant anticipation, for over there even the dreaded "wash day" has its distinct social advantages.

Our men, when they first saw those round wash houses, mistook them for village natatoriums. Many a Yank sneaked out before the bugler "couldn't get him up" to take an early morning swim. But early as he was, Mrs. Frog was there ahead, whacking merrily away at the family linen.

Their soap is poor and they eagerly seized upon the Yanks' government soap, quickly recognizing its superior washing qualities. The water is unbelievably soft. In fact, so soft it is hard to rinse the soap from your body after bathing.

Whether the big Frogs and little Froggies wear buttons on their clothes I am unable to say. If they do they must be wonderful buttons. Every bit of laundry we entrusted to Mrs. Frog came back sans dirt, sans snaps and sans buttons, the result of the poundings of their wooden paddle.

Captain Raymond Benson, an Iowan with our command, once gave a nice little Mrs. Frog an O. D. uniform to wash. It was covered with mud. Mrs. F. did a thorough job. When it came back every metal button on it was pounded as flat as a Frenchman's pocket.

Mended but Buttonless

Our clothes were always sent home neat and wonderfully mended, but without buttons. If you sent socks, they were returned with every hole darned with the most exquisite needlework imaginable, but that the buttons were gone she never noticed. Among the other things we Yanks left behind over there were buttons—millions and millions of them.

The French housewife is a wonderful needle woman. Love of lace and dainty embroideries are hers by inheritance, and her nimble fingers supply them. Table linen in even the most humble of French homes is wonderful. All are trimmed and embroidered in the most exquisite fashion. No French woman is so poor that she doesn't own laces that would make her American sister pale with envy. Much of them she has inherited from ancestors of past generations; still more she has made herself. All French women ply the needle with amazing dexterity. Even the little girl kiddies can sew. It is natural with them.

French homes have many peculiarities, particularly those in small cities and provincial towns. Of ventilation they know nothing. Their homes are neat, clean, nicely curtained and inviting.

French beds are strange. All have canopies, daintily covered with a sort of chintz. Bed springs are unknown, and beds are made soft with ticks. Pillows are used only to make the beds look "nice." To sleep on one, the Frog and his family would consider a sacrilege. He even has bed clothing that resembles an old feather bed in its thickness.

(Evidently the writer had not come into contact with the big square pillows and long round bolster so common on the continent. The sleeper was expected to use both, and often madame was greatly concerned that the odd Americans refused to put so much under their heads, and even refused to use the great, square billowy cover that rested on the middle of the bed. Truly "Les Americains sont fous." Mais oui.—E. J. D. L.)

Occasionally you see on the floor of some peasant home a wonderful Oriental rug—probably centuries old, and priceless. It is an heirloom, inherited from some remote ancestor. Nothing in the home corresponds to it in the way of furnishings.

Carpets, as we understand them, are like the washtubs and washboards—unknown to France. Floors are "rugged," save where some affluent Frog has a home with a wooden floor. He is so proud of that wooden floor that he wouldn't cover it up with a rug for worlds. Ninety per cent of all French floors are of stone.

Mrs. Frog Is "Some Cook"

French cuisine is famous all over the world, and gastronomic experts will so attest.

The just-returned Yank would tell you the same thing, but in more homely fashion. He would probably say: "Mrs. Frog is SOME cook!"

Let me add that when it comes to meal preparation, the lady of the French household registers 110 per cent. This, too, despite the fact that she has but a small part of the cooking utensils our home folks possess.

When it comes to cooking, Mrs. Frog registers 100 per cent. A cook stove or range would be as strange to her as one of our laundry outfits. Not even the taverns in south and central France have a range. Cooking is all done in a fireplace. Of cooking utensils, Mrs. Frog has but a scattering of ancient pots and pans. But from these she can produce a wonderful dinner.

Everywhere in France, even in the most humble homes, dinner is a matter of importance. Everything is served in courses. First the soup is eaten and the dishes removed before the fish is brought. Each vegetable is served separately. Two things to eat at the same time on the same table are unheard

of in Frogland. Rather would he eat with his knife than have his food set before him all at once, insists the Frog.

Travelers through France, we had the greatest difficulty to make the French people where we were billeted understand the Yank wanted everything set before him when he started to eat.

But our greatest difficulty came when we tried to get it through the Frog's head that we wanted "breakfast." He couldn't understand it, and what's more he didn't propose to understand it.

"What," he exclaimed in his voluble style, "eat in the morning. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

The Frog has a little bit of bread or a roll and a sip or two of cholocate in the morning, usually in bed, brought by a maid or one of the daughters, but his first real food comes at his lunch, served at noon. And it is nothing heavier than an omelet.

In one town, St. Loubra, it was, I managed to get the Frenchman to understand that 40 men of our convoy wanted breakfast, and wanted it early in the morning. The getting up early part was all right, but the breakfast was another matter. When finally told it was the militaire, it was different. No Frog will dispute the wisdom of an order from the "militaire." He just does it, and no questions.

On this Thanksgiving morning at 4:30 A. M., our men got the promised "breakfast." Soup was served first. The fish followed. An entree came next, and a roast was the principal item of the bill of fare. The Frog stood by, watched our Yanks dig into the "breakfast," shook his head sadly, shrugged his expressive shoulders and said nothing. He had "made good," but it took him all night to do it.

A score or more of miles away toward the fighting line, our convoy that same day had lunch. Again came the soup-fish, entree, vegetable, meat, salad, coffee, cheese and a cigaret, and all served in courses. Thirty miles nearer the front that Thanksgiving night we had dinner, and, as per usual, it came along in sections, starting with soup and ending with the coffee and cheese. It was a merry and gastronomical holiday.

A French woman without warning, can cook a mighty palatable dinner or lunch for 40 hungry soldiers in 40 consecutive minutes, using nothing better than her little assortment of ancient pots and pans, and cooking it over the always dependable family fireplace. In fact she can get the meals without difficulty, and a dozen little Froggies hovering around her doesn't seem to bother.

She was always nice when our convoy would pull up and show our cards and ask for food. Pleased she seemed to be when the Yanks showed their appreciation by "cleaning up." We were allowed approximately two dollars a day to ration each man, and the French women were glad to get the money. At first their charges were comparatively reasonable. But Mrs. Frog is quick and receptive. She quickly got the American viewpoint so far as money was concerned and shifted her scale of charges accordingly.

If we did nothing else for France, we taught France to chew gum. The chicle habit had never before invaded that country. All soldiers find company and consolation in gum and chew it habitually. First we gave it to the French kiddies and they swallowed it. Truth be told, for a time we about ruined the digestion of youthful France. But the juvenile Frog is hardy, and he recovered. Now he has learned to chew gum with all the dexterity of a Shubert chorus girl. The kiddies would do anything for a Yank if he would give them a slab of gum. Mam'selle, the big sister, proved an apt pupil, and soon achieved the art, and once in a while we found an old father Frog who liked his gum.

Since the Yanks have been coming home from overseas, the public have heard much of the men suffering from jaundice. Doctors have said it was due to a change of diet and the release of men from the anxieties of war, which in turn, interfered with digestive machinery.

I'll tell the truth. There is no jaundice—the digestive apparatus is just as good as ever and still working good.

The men turn yellow from French garlic, which they have learned to eat in capious quantities, and which they now miss.

Jaundice, no—garlic, yes.—A. G. Bainbridge, Jr., Manager Shubert Theater, Minneapolis, Minn. Lt., Hq. Co., 337th F. A.

Our Fallen Heroes

By Lucien O. Holman, Flint, Mich.

There is many a spot in France and other parts of Europe that will ever be remembered with profoundest reverence by the living soldiers who were the comrades of the men who sleep there. There are many American cemeteries in Europe, and each is a spot that must be forever beautiful to American people, and especially so to American soldiers now living who fought along those battle lines.

On the side of a gently sloping hill in Eastern France there is a bit of landscape that will ever be sacred to men of the 88th Div. who have now returned from the fighting and will always be remembered by them with silent reverence. It is an American cemetery, near the edge of a bit of woodland just a few miles from the village of Hericourt and not far from the ancient city of Belfort, where are buried several hundred American soldiers, among them many of our comrades. This resting place of our men and of so many other soldiers is a most beautiful spot nestled in a broad valley and surrounded by magnificently rolling hills. At each grave is a white wooden cross bearing a metal identification plate on which is the soldier's name, number, regiment and company, and other information concerning his death. A little river flows along the lower side of the cemetery, singing a rippling lullably and keeping the flowers and the grass green and fresh as it goes on its way to the sea. The tall trees of the woodland which skirts one side of the cemetery seem, in their silence, to be bowing their heads in perpetual reverence of the glorious dead. Ofttimes in the sultry summer afternoons the tallest of the trees throw their shadows far out over the myriads of beautiful flowers which the loving hands of French women have hung in wreaths upon the crosses and scattered in clusters upon the graves, as though trying to protect them from the heat of the summer sun.

To the southward may be seen the blue outline of the Swiss mountains. To the east the Vosges mountains slope abruptly down to rolling fields. The West, as the sun sinks toward the rim of the hills at the end of the day, is filled with the radiant crimson and pink of the sunset. Of a sudden the air is filled with the ringing of beautifully blended bells—it is the ringing of the Angelus, filling the air with music. And when the music dies away in echoes across the valley a reverent evening quietness settles over the graves of our heroes.

Such is their resting place; and these splendid hills and valleys where they lie will be eternally eloquent landscapes to us. And we who live hear these fallen comrades say to us—a challenge clear and strong and unmistakable—

> We are the dead . . . .
> To you from falling hands we throw
> The Torch. Be yours to hold it high;
> If ye break faith with us who die
> We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
> In Flanders fields.

Having given the last full measure of devotion for their country, they throw the Torch of Honor to us. If we are to make good their sacrifices, we must see that this America for which they fought is protected from every foe from within and from without. And we will not fail if we do not break faith with them!

Their death is a challenge to us! Animated by the noblest of ideals and impelled by a force as inevitable as the force that makes the tides of the sea, they went out to the field of battle and died. The ideals for which they gave their lives must never be allowed to become less noble in our sight nor must there ever come a time when the honor and protection of the country will not be worth as great a sacrifice as they paid to protect it. We must not cease to remember them; for them we must hold the Torch high: for them we must

never cease to be quick to honor the uniform and respect the flag under which they fought.

Because her men were noble, the commonwealth must become nobler still as the years go on. Because our men died for high ideals, we must live for high ideals. Because of them we must as individuals, as communities, as a nation, rise from anything that is base in public life and governmental affairs to that which is worthy. The memory of our fallen heroes must be an inspiration forever to those of us who survive them, and because of them our goal, which is indeed the goal of the nation, must be the ideal commonwealth where loyalty is each citizen's chiefest passion.

The sacrifices and the bravery that are mutely told by the thousands of white crosses that fleck the hills and valleys of Europe from Flanders to Archangel must be to us a perpetual challenge to clean and honest manhood and loyal American citizenship.

Ducks in Hallowe'en Prank

At dusk on Hallowe'en our squad of six of the 2d Bn. Liaison Sect., 349th Inf., had filled our canteens, rolled our blankets, received our password and slipped out of the little village of Beuthviller, Alsace, and wended our way along a camouflaged road to Bauschwiller, here we turned to our right and crossed a large, marshy field. We were nearing the canal where one of our outposts was on duty. It was the last fading light of day and each one was advancing with the quietness of a cat. Suddenly an awful clatter and fluttering caused us to fall flat for further investigation. The noise proved to be only a flock of wild ducks that we had startled from their rest.

Hallowe'en is spooky enough and I don't think that any of the six, Privates Brolliar, Roup, Vogebein, Olson, myself and Corporal Dauer will ever forget our first real scare on No Man's Land.—Lee Norris, Ainsworth, Ia.

Religion in Crucible of War

Gondrecourt, France, March, 1919.

Does the soldier have a religion? There are some who say that he does not. They claim that there is no place in the soldier's life for religion—that his every act is antagonistic to religion. What is the basis of such an answer? If it is the superficial evidence so often used, he certainly has little or no religion. If we are to consider religion in terms of mechanical form, in church attendance, in public prayers, in oral testimonies, he is altogether bankrupt, but if we are to consider religion in terms of feeling, attitude, ideal, and service, then he of all men is certainly religious.

The soldier is observed, first of all, in his period of preparation. The evidence of his religious life is seen in the eager willingness with which he volunteered his service or the enthusiasm with which he answered the call in the draft when he saw the outrage perpetrated on the world and on all that he held worth while by the organized forces of militarism. He counted the cost. He said good-by to those whom he loved without hesitation. He set his face toward the enemy with a determination born out of the innate righteousness of his soul. To him defeat was unthinkable. Victory filled his entire horizon. He came into camp with its entire new life. Rules and regulations were imposed from without. Physical comforts were reduced to the minimum. The most menial labor became a daily duty. The life of exaggerated individualism was abandoned entirely for a highly specialized group life, where the individual became a mere atom in the great war machine. To the new situation he adapted himself with amazing rapidity. He submitted to direction and authority, was reconciled to the self-denials imposed with an enthusiasm that is only possible where there is a high ideal, a sense of justice and moral purpose. Slaves do not thus submit. There is a driving force that comes only with the consciousness of the justice of the cause in which the soldier is engaged. He worked not as one who was compelled from without, but as one who was impelled from within by the dynamic of a great ideal.

In many cases the period of preparation was brief. The soldier was hurried onward from place to place, from situation to situation, across the sea toward the stage of action where the destiny of the world was at stake. For him the period of preparation was soon at an end. He was thousands of miles from home in a strange land under most abnormal conditions. He was now in the fight, but the same moral enthusiasm was manifest. He waded through mud and rain, he stood hours in the trenches, he awaited the order to go over the top and he rushed out into No Man's Land, not because he was ordered to do so, but because he was lured on by the power of his great ideal. He fought, he suffered, and he died with a confidence born of an eternal hope, a hope that caused the foe to quake and to hesitate, and in the end to turn backward in defeat.

Always a Manly Response

At no time in the period of preparation in the States or on the eve of active participation in the fight, has one witnessed a stampede in the rushing of masses of soldiers, through fear, to God, for deliverance from approaching death. There was always a manly response to the challenge of the eternal truth. There was impatience with all attempts of misguided souls who sought to arouse and appeal to feelings, as has so often been done in improperly conducted revivals. The soldier, of all men, is quickest to detect the unreal, the sham, subterfuge, and camouflage. All superficialities, he waves aside, and demands that we deal only with the real, the eternal verities of life. He prefers to be judged by his deeds rather than by his words.

In the great conflict of ideals with ideals religion has shown itself to be decidedly more than church affiliation, particular creed or ceremony, as important as these are. Men who ate together, slept in the same bunk, worked side by side, and fought shoulder to shoulder, have regarded each other, not for their church preference or pet beliefs, but rather for what they were and for what they did as real honest-to-God men in the greatest fraternity in the most worthy cause that could challenge the attention of strong men. Certainly no one would condone the willful misdoings of men anywhere, but he must be blind, indeed, who has not seen, many times during this struggle, the deepest loyalty to truth stand out in all its glory, when the rough exterior which obscured it had been consumed in the crucible.

Many times that which had been pronounced gold by the old superficial judgments, has proved to be dross, and that which has been condemned as worthless has stood the fires of test and has shone forth with all the luster of pure gold.

Soldiers have not only come to regard each other on this true basis of religion, but they have come to a new appreciation of the minister as represented in the chaplains in the army. Living with them daily, they have found them to be human. They have discovered that they are possessed with all the normal appetites and desires common to men—that they live in much the same world as themselves. They have found Chaplains who were lovers of fun, who were leaders in athletics, and who were afraid of neither men nor devils. Men who have felt that the minister's knowledge was limited to hymns and the Bible have been surprised to find him with

a liberal education and interested in every phase of life. Even in the test applied by the army itself, the soldier has seen the Chaplain, who is only a minister by profession, measure well up toward the top. The respect for the minister and his religion has been greatly increased because of this new army relation.

Minor Differences Lost

The ministers have made no less a discovery than the soldier. They have come to know, to respect and to love each other. They have found after all that denominational differences are secondary and not of primary importance. The Catholics and Protestants have co-operated most closely, because they have regarded fundamental principles alone. Protestants have lost sight of minor differences among themselves, and have set to their common task with a combined effort which has produced most wonderful results. No finer illustration of this new spirit of religious tolerance can be found than the Jewish Passover held in Gondrecourt, April 1919. The service was held in the Salvation Army Hut. The ritual was read, and the elements consecrated by the Jewish Welfare Secretary. After the religious feast, a Y. M. C. A. director introduced a Methodist Chaplain for the address. After the address, a Y. M. C. A. troop made up of both Protestants and Catholics furnished the entertainment for the hundreds of Jews present. Such a service prior to the great testing through which we have just passed, would have been impossible.

The ministers also have discovered the men through these army contacts as they never could have done otherwise. They know men's temptations. They have seen that men are to be judged by their purposes, their convictions, their ideals, their struggles, rather than by a few words, a few disconnected acts, or the donation of a few dollars more or less to the support of the church. They have been able to talk with men from their own point of view, and have a new regard for men whom they were accustomed to condemn as rough because they themselves were often effeminate. They have found that men will respond to a moral challenge that is worthy of a man's effort. Their faith has been strengthened both in men and in their own Gospel Message.

It may well be said that this has been a religious war so far as the American soldier and the American people are concerned. They have opened their treasuries. They have pooled their natural resources. They have offered their common prayer to a common God, and have laid their lives on the altar of World Service. They asked for no material reward. Hardships, suffering, even death itself lost their terror. Unselfish Sacrifice became a pleasure in the consciousness that new life and new liberty were being brought to the whole world. Men everywhere have had a new vision. They have seen themselves stewards of God, guardians of truth. They have suddenly found themselves co-partners with the Eternal Builder, creating a new world of human relationships in which justice and righteousness shall prevail. They have found the sure way to life through death, and they have been exceedingly glad.

Out of the great ordeal, religion comes recognized by all as a vital dynamic, charging every phase of life. It is no longer to be considered a formal static profession appropriate alone for the stupid and the dead. Now that there is time to reflect and to properly evaluate the forces operating in the great struggle the soldier's religion is seen to be the one mighty impelling power, without which the present victory would have been impossible, and the future peace of the world would be hopeless.—Alpha H. Kenna, Senior Chaplain, 88th Div.

How 175th Brig. Show was Named

Long before the A. E. F. sent out the G. O. assigning commissioned officers with the theatrical detachments organized from talent of the ranks, Gen. William "Babe" Stewart assigned 1st Lt. Hoyt S. Brown and Mus. Billy Billingsley to organize and produce a theatrical company from the 175th Brig. The troupe had been on the go for several days, when a "rumor" reached the detachment in St. Mihiel that there was a rivalry between the brigade show and the "Who Can Tell" show which at that time was beginning to take form. The 175th Brig. show then moved from the St. Mihiel sector back to Toul, at which place it was to play a week's engagement in the Comedy Theater. Upon arrival in Toul, the lieutenants in the entertainment office of the 2d Army, gave the information they were A. W. O. L., and the proper authorities did not know where they were. There was some excitement for a few minutes, as the detachment did not know they had ever been lost.

When the 175th Brig. show reported in Toul it was greeted with "Here are the runaways at last." From then on they were known as "General Stewart's Runaways," for General Stewart was responsible for the creation of the theatrical company for the benefit of his men. The only running away the show knew of, was with the honors among the shows of the Division.—Billy Billingsley, 310 West Walnut St., Des Moines, Ia.

Christmas in France

Plans for Thanksgiving dinners were spoiled for the Division in the 2d Army area by the order to move to Gondrecourt in 1918, so nothing was permitted to prevent a real celebration of Christmas. The French "kiddies" did not know much about Santa Claus or Christmas trees, and for five years their "Noel" had been rather tame. So the local juvenile population came in for a treat and every company had some sort of a "blow-out" and special feed. Circumstances did not contribute greatly toward obtaining much of a menu or to cooking, but wonderful results were achieved frequently. The illustration shown herewith gives an idea of what was in store for the men of Hq. Co., 350th Inf., at Monaucourt. Besides the roast cochons and "biftek" there were "pommes de terre" mashed (not "frit") with gravy, creamed corn, celery, olives, cake, doughnuts, raisins, nuts, coffee, smokes and Croix Rouge gum, or perhaps it was issue.

At left—Lt. Sterling Kelly, Harvey L. Pries, mess sergeant Hq. Co., 350th Inf., Lt. Chas. Dawson, Chaplain Luther Maulberg, Menaucourt, Dec. 24, 1918.

Typical French Peasant Home.

Those "Customs of the Service"

With the infusion of so much civilian blood into the officer ranks of the army many of the venerable "customs of the service" went by the board. It was the desire of the new element to observe as many of the traditions as could be discovered and publishers of military text books and guides did a thriving business in everything that would enlighten the novice in what was expected of an officer, socially and officially—things unwritten and untaught in training camps yet of the force of law. Overzealousness on the part of some officers, especially the "looie-est" of the "looies," led to ludicrous situations sometimes.

Small commands at permanent posts in peace times was one thing, and a large army in active service was another. Old forms and courtesies had to change. But the fledglings did not all think of this. A few, who had read and re-read the chapter on "Customs of the Service" and rehearsed what they should do when reporting on their first assignment, left the sin on the side of commission rather than omission. It was not uncommon, for instance, to have a young lieutenant, suit case in hand, present himself at Division Headquarters at 22d St and ask directions to the residence of the Commanding General. A little inquiry would disclose that he bore the usual order to proceed to Camp Dodge and "report on arrival to the Commanding General thereof," and he was obeying orders.

Regulations also direct that on being assigned to a post and reporting for duty, an officer make both an official call and a call of courtesy. Some officers did call on the general at his residence. Had all lived up to this requirement so literally the commander's house would have been overwhelmed with callers.

Must Have Been Amusing

It must have been amusing to the army-bred officers sometimes, and a pang of regret must have been felt, over the elimination of some of the pretty, old-time ways. It is not to be wondered at, also, if some gave way to a feeling of resentment at this quick usurpation of their bailiwick by the influx from civil life. But, on the whole, it must be said that

Men's Bunks Aboardship.

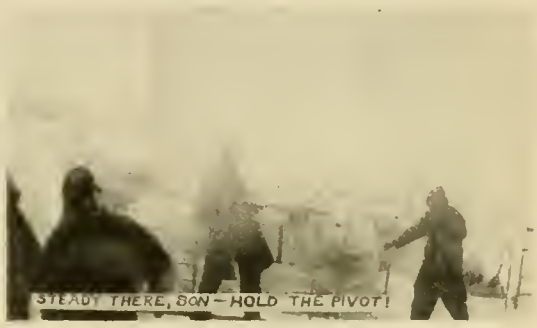
the relations between regular army and reserve officers was for the best interest of the army's success.

Probably all divisions had their instances of exceptions, particularly between West Pointers and National Guard or National Army officers. (This designation of "U. S. N. G.," "U. S. N. A." or "U. S. R." was later abolished.) There is the notable case of the 26th Div., some of whose ex-officers refused to attend a dinner to General Pershing. They were among officers who had been relieved of their commands in France.

This matter of relationships between professional and amateur officers is one which could be followed with considerable interest. While professionals might resent breachs of precious codes and violations of vague ethics, the citizen officer was by no means the only one open to criticism. He had his code, too, the code of the man out in the world among men, and if the truth is to be indulged it must be admitted that he did not wholly approve of what "the service" makes of a man from the specimens he met. The thing that detracted from discipline among officers more than anything else was that the civilians, after contact with the professional officer in his own element, believed themselves superior morally, mentally, physically and spiritually—that is, in everything that they had learned to cherish as the attributes of a man.

Were "Almost Simple"

On general topics outside of military matters that interest thinking people, the reserve officer found the regular surprisingly uninformed, and this did not serve to increase his respect for him. As one (a lawyer) put it, "They are almost simple." In comparing reserve and regular officers, the conviction was general that the latter did not have the grasp on their own profession that the others quickly evinced, due to the changes in war methods. It is a fact that when the United States Army went into training to go to France, the regular officers were almost as green as the reservists. Not only that, but they were handicapped with traditions, a knowledge



A Rough Day on the Ocean.

of and loyalty to old ways and standards. An army-bred man is nothing if not "set" in his habits of thought and action. Changes are unwelcome. It is hard to learn new tricks.

There was a decided suspicion among reserve officers that the accepted "army life" must have been such as to be derogatory to the individual. Hard-headed, narrow-minded, ill-informed, visionless, and thinking only "by direction," the "regular" had lost touch with the real, pulsing world and remained in an abnormal community of his own—the same today as tomorrow, ten years from now or 50 years ago. Exceptions, of course, were pleasurably frequent.

These observations are set down as the expressed opinions of so many reserve officers who in civil life are men of large affairs that there is no fear of perpetuating a personal conviction in a permanent book without due support. Whatever lessons there may be is left for the reader to deduct for himself.

"Some" Squad, This

Corp. Frank B. Schwack of St. Paul, Minn., is properly proud of his little group of men, the 1st Squad of the 1st Platoon of Co. C, 339th M. G. Bn. Here are some of the reasons, being records of fast work:

Going into action from cart, mount the gun and fire a shot: 17 seconds. Going into action from cart, mount gun 50 yards in front of cart and fire: 54 seconds. Going into action from cart, 100 yards from starting point and fire, 1 minute 37 seconds. Each man on the squad could assemble the Browning Machine gun blindfolded. Every man could name every part of the Browning gun mechanism and also the functions making it automatic. Every man, except the corporal, was six feet tall or taller.

The members of this "crack" outfit,, besides Corporal Schwack, were F. Lantz, J. Downs, F. Besser, P. Zinter, A. C. Keniston, H. W. Nickell, B. Osborn, and Moses Smith.

Capt. Andrew C. Tyschen was company commander.

Stories from "C" 339th M. G.

Sgt. Roy W. Yates, instructing rookies in squad drill, halted the squad and, angered, said to Private Berglund:

"Can't you hold that pivot?"

(Berglund): "Sir, I haven't been issued one yet."

Private Westby of "goat" fame at Camp Dodge, to Pvt. "Gunboat" Smith while in "Bloody Alsace":

"Dunboat, Dunboat, Didup! Das!"

But there happened to be no "gas" that time.

It's all Amusing—Now

Say, buddies of old Co. B of the Engineers, remember the old long hikes we used to take over the rocky roads?

"Allison, pull in on your butt."
"Neislie, get in step!"
"Fister, hold the pivot." Oh, Boy!!

Then at Fontaine, remember the little French stove we swiped and how we used to crowd around it at night, sing, tell stories, and talk on every subject imaginable?

At St. Mihiel, our mess-hall in the square? The Christmas we spent there? Remember the "latest dope?"

At Demange, the mud floor and the double bunks? And "Weinie," how the boys used to celebrate? How we used to beat it across the canal to get away from the top?

Oh, Boy! Some memories, eh?—"Bug" W. B. Fletcher, Co. B, 313th Eng.

"Who Won the War?"

The 88th had one distinction among many of the combat units that got to the front—its members did not claim they won the war. Most of the other "outfits" did, it will be recalled. The 26th, 28th, 35th, 32d, 42d, 33d and the 77th—perhaps especially the 77th—ask almost any of them who won the war. They will gladly volunteer voluble information on the point. And it won't be the answer the fellows used to give sometimes for the benefit of the red-banded "cops" in Gondrecourt. They would cluster in a tight group like melody yodlers near a busy traffic corner, and the leader would sing out lustily:

"Who won the war?"
Then all together:
"The M. P.'s!"
Once again the soloist:
"Who backed them up?"
Answer (double F):
"The Y. M. C. A."

No, the 88th didn't win the war by its own unaided efforts, or get into the worst of the bloody fighting, but for some 700 or so families of soldiers the experiences of the Division were as much as the Marne, Verdun, Gallipoli and the Argonne rolled into one. It did not make much difference to the mother, wife, sweetheart or father whether the communique read "There is nothing to report from this sector," or "Furious fighting took place;" when HIS life went out the most tragic battle in history took place. It did not lighten the blow that he met his death in a "quiet" sector or in a losing battle with the "flu" in some cold dingy billet.

And for hundreds of the men (which includes officers) there was plenty of the terror that tries men's souls. No one knows how many hearts quaked or how many learned again how to pray. So the man's name is purposely omitted from the following sent in by Cloice C. Harrison, 1520 S. Barrett St., Sedalia, Mo.:

"I wonder if ———— told his folks about telling Jamison to pray for him on the night of the bombardment, Oct. 12, 1918."

Private Blank was probably not the only one who secretly or otherwise desired supplication that night, and one man when put in charge of a post by Lieut. "Jack" Richards admitted that he was too frightened to undertake it. Yet when the test came he proved a real hero and was decorated for the work he did. It was no disgrace to have shaking knees at first, but the men of the 88th showed it was not a chronic affliction with them.

Note—Company Marching in Newport News is Co. H, not Co. A, as stated.

PART 3

History of the 352d Infantry

By David S. Owen, First Lieutenant Infantry

Bonnet (Meuse), France, Feb. 15, 1919.

(Introduction: Perhaps, if this regimental history were to begin with what may be termed a "moral", light would be thrown on the regiment's practise and its hopes for how that practise would have stood it in good stead.

The regiment wishes, like any regiment of real men would wish, that it had got into the fight earlier, that it had had its chance at Chateau Thierry, or in Flanders or in the Argonne. It is believed that its men would have been brave, that its training would have told.

Back at Camp Dodge, the regiment drilled from 6 A. M. to 7:30 P. M. with the minimum of intervals for catching its breath and eating its meals. It put energy and muscle and mind into learning all that could be learned on the drill field and in the lecture room on how to fight. It learned close order drill, to shoot, to dig. It memorized parapet, firestep, trench depth dimensions. It deployed at double time under every day's hot sun. It crawled on its belly against a thousand waving semaphore flags, imaginative representations of German rear guard machine gunners.

In these prticular phases of fighting it developed that the regiment was not to have a chance to show its knowledge, to try its hand.

But one of the things it learned at Camp Dodge and in subsequent overseas training were the parts of the Browning Automatic Rifle. It learned to take the gun down and to put it together in less than six minutes; blindfolded, it learned to do the same thing in less than ten minutes.

And, at a quarter after six on the morning of Oct. 29, a few months later in 1917, a crack Boche patrol, an outfit of Germans who did nothing but raiding, attacked on the heels of a box barrage an outpost of Company I, 352d Regiment, in the quiet sector of Altkirch in Alsace, where so many American divisions have had their first actual trench experience. Privates Harold H. Crosby and C. E. Boyd were on duty at their post in observation. Immediately upon the lifting of the barrage, they were joined by Corporal Johnson. The corporal ordered Boyd to the rear because Boyd was badly wounded. He took up Boyd's automatic rifle and began firing. Crosby threw grenades.

There were some 40 of the Germans. They came from two directions, in single file. Crosby was wounded severely in both arms and legs. The Germans were throwing hand grenades and shooting their Luger pistols. But the work of the two Americans halted them. Then Corporal Johnson's automatic jammed. There was sand in it. "Keep throwing them," he commanded Crosby. Then Corporal Johnson whipped down his automatic rifle across his knees, dissembled it, cleaned it, assembled it and took up the fire.

The Germans were beaten. They didn't kill or capture him. They left one prisoner, and one dead.

No, the 352d wasn't in at Chateau Thierry, in Flanders or the Argonne. Really, for all its hard months of preparation, it only touched actual swords with the enemy at the I Company outpost. But the regiment wishes, as any regiment of real men would wish, that it had had its big chance. It believes that its men would have been brave, that its training would have told.—D. S. O.)

The start of the 352d Regiment was something like this: Major Clyde E. Hawkins, then of the Q. M. C. and Remount Service, was inspecting at Kansas City, Mo., a large lot of horses under consideration of purchase by the U. S. government, on the 25th of August, 1917. He was examining a curious fetlock—or was it a wither? He was handed a telegram from the War Department at Washington, which announced that he was a colonel of infantry, and that he would report for duty with the 88th Division at Camp Dodge, Ia.

The Colonel made his way to the new cantonment, reported to General E. H. Plummer, and was informed that he was assigned to the 352d Infantry.

For several days Colonel Hawkins was the whole regiment. Then Major Henry J. Meyer, until recently captain of a troop of colored cavalry that had done notable service with General J. J. Pershing in Mexico some months previous, reported to the colonel. Then there were two. In a few days there reported Lt. Col. Frank B. Wickam, an infantryman of many years' of service. The regiment was taking on proportions.

Colonel Hawkins is commander of the regiment today. He has been on duty with it every day since the first assignment, except for a short leave prior to the regiment's departure overseas. In every way the regiment bears the stamp of the Colonel upon it. It reflects his personality. It is part and parcel of him. Like those first few days before his subordinates reported, it can be said, in somewise, that he *is* the regiment.

He was born in Washington, Pa., Nov. 16, 1869. His father was Alexander Hawkins, who enlisted in the Civil War at the age of 17 and rose from the ranks to a captaincy. He became a colonel of the 11th Pa. Volunteers and served at that regiment's head during the Spanish-American War. Col. Alexander Hawkins has had 25 years' service in the Pennsylvania National Guard.

Col. Clyde E. Hawkins was educated at the Washington and Jefferson College at Washington, Pa., and at the United States Military Academy at West Point. A brother went through West Point also and became a colonel of the 352d Reg., 89th Div., which went through the last phases of the Argonne fighting.

Fought Utes and Moros

Colonel Hawkins was graduated from West Point in 1895. He served his second lieutenancy for three years in the United States cavalry. He was promoted and transferred to the 7th Cav. and served with that as platoon commander during the Spanish-American War. As a first lieutenant the colonel went to the Philippines and took part in the quelling of the insurrection there. In 1901 he was promoted to a captaincy of a troop in the 2d Cav. While captain he had interesting experiences in 1907 campaigning against the Utes in South Dakota, and in 1911 against the Moros of the Philippines. During these years he did the various "border" service that almost every army man encounters.

Colonel Hawkins became a major in the 14th Cav. July 1, 1916. While at Bonnet, France, he became a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry. After the mustering out of the National Army, Colonel Hawkins anticipates returning to his old service in the cavalry.

Lt. Col. Frank B. Wickam was the infantryman of the regiment. As Colonel Hawkins said at an infantry dinner, "When we want the true infantry dope, we go to Colonel Wickham, and we get it." Unfortunately, the record of his services, as well of those of the regular army majors who have left the regiment are not now obtainable. Colonel Wickham started from the National Guard as an enlisted man 27 or 28 years ago. He later decided to make the army his profession and passed the examination for a commission. He has seen long service with the regular army. Colonel Wickham was one of the features of the 352d Reg. during his stay with it. He had much to do with the organization of the unit, and with its training.

Capt. Oscar A. Iverson had been picked the day the reserve officers reported for duty, Aug. 29, as regimental adjutant. He was a veteran in the army and had large experience in paper work. For some time, it will be remembered, he was a most busy man, performing single-handed, the job of adjutant, sergeant-major and correspondence clerk.

Major Henry A. Meyer was a personality whose name is still one to conjure with in the regiment, and particularly, in his battalion—the first. He was a captain in the 10th Cav. before receiving his assignment with the 352d Inf. as a major. His troop was selected as one to go with the Pershing expedition into Mexico after bandit Villa. Major Meyer was a strict disciplinarian, but a humorous and most likable man. He won the respect and quick obedience of his men.

Fisher Leaves the Regiment

Major Roland A. Fisher was with the regiment in command of the 2d Bn. only a short time, his health making an assignment to a southern camp necessarry. He left the regiment in December, 1917.

Major Joseph H. Barnard was a team-mate of Major Meyer. Together they worked hard and enthusiastically for

the regiment. Major Barnard was a cavalryman also. He had started his service in the Spanish-American War. The 3d Bn. improved smartly under Major Barnard's direction. It became an organization of quick discipline and great esprit de corps. Both majors were about 40 years old. The report is that Major Meyer is now a colonel with the 26th Inf. and that Major Barnard a lieutenant-colonel with the 353d Inf. Both saw fighting in the Argonne. Major Barnard came to the regiment early in September.

In the second week of September, 1917, the officers did their first drilling. This deserves its separate paragraph. These were the first reserve officers of the first training camp. They were something new. Something very important, to be sure, if America was to do its part efficiently in the war. But they were the "Ninety Day Westpointers." From law practices and insurance selling they had become captains and lieutenants in three months. With what interest, curiosity and amusement Colonel Hawkins, Colonel Wickham and Major Meyer must have watched them from their window in regimental headquarters!

The first men to come to the regiment were the 5 per cent of the draft that volunteered to start the ball rolling in the great National Army camps. About 200 of these men arrived nearly two weeks in advance of the regular draft. They were men of fine caliber. Today, 50 of them are still noncommissioned officers with the regiment, ten are officers, and a good proportion of the others officer candidates. Their lot until the first draft came was a minimum of drill with a maximum of fatigue. At this time, some 50 regular army noncommissioned officers were assigned to the regiment.

The first drafted men came on Sept. 20. The officers will never forget those first roll calls, the first setting up exercises, those first meals. The regimental strength jumped from 250 to 2,120. More than 1,000 of the men were from Northern Minnesota, some 400 from North Dakota.

Drill was commenced under division schedules. The regiment worked hard. Regimental spirit was fostered. The 3d Bn. marched past Division Headquarters and astonished with "Over There" sung in unison by the entire battalion, every man lustily at it and in step. The regiment took it up, and soon units over the division were noted for their mass singing. The drilling by the officers was done with great enthusiasm—why shouldn't it have been? At any moment might come the order to entrain for the embarkation point.

Were We Replacements?

On Nov. 20, began a succession of orders which transferred almost everyone of these men to Camp Pike, Ark. The period following that was one of police guard and doubt. Were we a unit in a replacement division? Some 400 men remained in the organization. The officers and noncommissioned officers went to school all through the cold winter months and did guard duty. A guard detail would be called for from a company at least once a week, sometimes three times a week. To a number of the now older noncommissioned officers of the regiment, the most lasting memories of this may well be those of cold winter nights of 1917-1918, when they walked post so much. There were relieving features. The barracks were warm. There were some leaves. There was the memorable Christmas dinner.

The division schools for a majority of the officers and a great number of the noncommissioned officers, were in gas defense, field fortifications, trench mortar, musketry, bayonet and automatic arms and for the Headquartrs Co. 37-Mm. and signal work. Already Colonel Hawkins had evinced a particular interest in the bayonet and had intimated that every one of the regiment's officers must become an authority and expert in the handling of the weapon. Battalion classes in outlined division courses were held daily by Lieutenant Colonel Wickham and Majors Meyer and Barnard and the officers in turn from these schools would teach the same subject matter to the noncommissioned officers.

This period of the arrival, training, and departure of the initial draft was a formative one of the regiment. It ended with the companies well organized, the regimental staff well organized and with the development of a considerable esprit de corps. During the fall of 1917, battalion football teams were organized; the 2d Bn. won a palm there. A regimental team was organized from those three, which snowed under with big scores the 350th and 349th teams when it played them. There was also a social function of the 352d, the first dinner-dance given by a Camp Dodge unit which had its value in promoting the regimental esprit de corps upon which the colonel of the regiment set great store.

Major Meyers Goes Overseas

In the latter part of January, 1918, Major Meyer and Major Barnard were ordered overseas. Major Barnard's order was revoked. Major Meyer was succeeded by Capt. Ivan J. Kipp of A Company. Captain Kipp was to receive his majority in the following summer. Captain Kipp was a reserve captain at the opening of the First Officers' Training Camp and was commander of the 7th Co. at the first Ft. Snelling Training Camp, the company from which the majority of the 352d officers came. Major Kipp is a resident of St. Paul, Minn., and a graduate of the Shattuck Military Academy at Owatonna, Minn.

In January officers of the 2d Officers' Training Camp were attached to the regiment. They helped to drill the next increment and remained on duty with the regiment until late in the summer when the majority of them were transferred to the Depot Brigade. Many remained with the regiment. Those who did and came overseas with the unit and are in it now are:

Capt. Howard G. Strunk	Capt. Simon Ross
1st Lt. Charles K. Morse	1st Lt. William E. Hazelrigg
1st Lt. Earl E. Phifer	1st Lt. Ralph C. McDanel
1st Lt. John M. Craig	1st Lt. James B. Ladd
1st Lt. Owen A. Garretson	1st Lt. Clifford C. Rice
1st Lt. James E. Carey	1st Lt. Headley H. Stuart
1st Lt. Arthur E. Gelwick	1st Lt. Paul G. Balcar
2d Lt. Alfred S. Davis	

In the preceding November, Captain Mohler had been assigned to the captaincy of F Company to replace Capt. Seymour Wells, and Captain Freitag to H Company to replace Capt. Percy Bordwell who went to the Division Inspector's office. In January Captain Strunk went to G Company to fill the vacancy there created by the transfer of Captain Garrett and sometime afterwards Captain Ross to K Company to replace Captain Edwin.

Captain Verl A. Ruth had become regimental adjutant in November, Captain Iversen went to the command of Headquarters Co. and Captain Sarles from that company to the command of I Company. Assistant Regimental Adjutant Donald F. Hall had become adjutant of the 2d Bn. and in January Lt. Donald A. McGregor became adjutant of the 3d Bn. Lieutenant Shepherd, formed adjutant, went to L Company. Lt. Frank B. Appleby became 1st Bn. adjutant, Lieutenant Garver going to the command of D Company.

In March Lieut. William H. Beebe and Walter T. Potts became first lieutenants. On January 4 took place the first promotions in the regiment, the following walking up to Division Headquarters and exchanging their gold bars for silver ones:

Frank B. Appleby	William L. Hassett
Nelson F. Coburn	Myles W. Gahan
John M. Dougherty	George Yates
Chester P. Haycock	Henry J. Kroeger
John W. Schrader	Thomas P. O'Connor
Turley Cook	Winfield O. Shrum
Donald F. Hall	Donald A. McGregor
Robert A. Livingstone	Mount Burns
David S. Owen	Lucien H. Hurt

Second Increment Men Arrive

The second draft increment came to the regiment Feb. 27, 1918. There were 1,900 men. They were fine men who differed noticably from the men of the other increment because a large proportion of them were city and town men. Because the officers were much more experienced in drill mastering and there was a personnel of noncommissioned officers to help much more rapid progress was made with this increment than the preceding one. The quick learning of close order drill by these men were remarkable. Again, ther was faith that we would go over soon and with the men we were drilling.

The regimental "pep" meeting was held at the Liberty Theatre in Camp Dodge. The colonel, lieutenant-colonel and French and British officers and others spoke. There was a minstrel show by talent picked from the new men. Each company had its yell. That night the officers and men went home, hoarse and hearty members of the 352d.

Then came a succession of orders that transferred almost every man of this new draft. By April 6 the regiment had returned to a low ebb strength, this time mustering out about 600 men. Those men went to infantry divisions and engineer units. Those who went to the infantry divisions saw fighting in a short time. There were men who left the 352d in April who were among those replacements hurried up past Chateau Thierry to Belleau and Beuresche Woods in July to take the place of the men who had gone down in a magnificent stopping of the Boche. This was ascertained by the casualty list which appeared later and in which many names were recognized in Camp Dodge orderly rooms as being men of the February increment. Names of other men from the 1917 draft had already appeared in casualty lists from time to time.

The 352d worked conscientiously and are proud of these men whom they have trained.

It was in the last days of this draft's leaving that the regiment started its large bayonet course, ending in a 1,000-inch range, the biggest and best course at Camp Dodge.

Shooting Is Taken Up

Now comes the period of push and pull. Instead of relapsing into a stalemate because for the second time we had driven in upon us the information that we were members of a replacement division, regimental headquarters started in to make the regiment a crack shooting regiment in six weeks. From early to late we did position and aiming, drill, loaded and unloaded dummy cartridges, went through courses of shooting with the French aiming device, listened to lectures on ballistics and the indispensibility of a correct trigger squeeze and finally ended with the completion of the actual regulation firing course on the range. The members of the regiment will recall those umbrous times when the pit detail moved out into the darkness, the firing line followed at 1,000 yards and with the dawn the first targets showed their heads and the Model 1917 began to pop.

D Company led the field in shooting records, M coming second. The best individual record was made by Cook Ickler of Co. B with a 328 score out of a possible 400. Sgt. Maurice Olson of Co. L shot second, with 317. The 500-yard range was in the course. This was also the period of the "Model Company." This was composed of all the noncommissioned officers from all the companies. It was a crack outfit, and was designed to harden the NCO's, to teach them the new open order, and to furnish a model for the infantry companies with the new drafts. Capt. Charles W. Briggs was its commander. The lieutenants were Hyatt, Appleby, Haycock, Beguhn and Rice.

Bayonet work was under full swing then, too. Officers went to a four-hour class which was begun then and continued all summer under Lieutenant Haycock. The noncommissioned officers would receive special training in it after coming home from the day's work with the model company.

It was at this time that Regimental Headquarters was looking at the company kitchens so closely, through the eyes of the regimental mess officer, Lieut. Elmer J. Waller and the colonel himself. There was a war department telegram that said the kitchens in Camp Dodge were the best regulated of any cantonment in the United States, and a regimental memorandum with a quotation from Capt. Ben E. Easton, division mess inspector, saying that the kitchens of the 352d were the best regulated in the 88th.

Men Come and Go Again

The next drafted men to the number of 1,900 came the last days of April. They were gone by May 18, however. A few of these men were retained as noncommissioned officer material. Really, the regiment was never deeply interested in the draft increment, try to be as it might. The men came as "attached" from the Depot Brigade. The regiment knew from the start that it was not to retain them and the officers found it impossible to put the enthusiasm into their teaching, as they had formerly done.

But the wait was short. A change in disposition came soon. A rumor got about that the big, and at that time successful, German drive had caused a tremendous steaming up of transporting divisions across seas. There were stories, authentic, that Camp Funston was vacated by the 89th. A fourth draft increment came surprisingly soon. By May 13 the regiment had received 1,700 new men. They were novelties. The largest percentage was from Missouri, the remainder from Iowa. Moreover, the colonel said they were the men we would go over the top with. On the last day of June 900 men came, almost entirely from North Dakota. Immediately, week by week, beginning with the arrival of the "Missourians," the schedules of drill began enlarging. Up at Division Headquarters, no doubt, there was actual knowledge that the unit was to move overseas in the near future.

The pressure was started. It was felt in every corner of the camp. The nation set the clock ahead one hour. The regiment counted noses of officers at reveille and retreat formation. It was hot and everyone slept in the camp by order. The band members arose at 4:25 A. M. (really 3:25 A. M.) and played "Liberty Bell" and other selections before reveille, which was at 4:45 A. M. The regiment marched at 6 A. M. from the firebreak to the drill field. It drilled until dinner. Then there was a parade with band music. Followed a march home, and 30 minutes to get ready for retreat. Then retreat and inspection.

Immediately came supper, followed by one hour of push and pull. Then we marched over to the firebreak and to the Liberty Theatre to witness in a third degree sweat box temperature, West Point cadets do "squads right" in eleven counts. Finally home and nothing to do till tomorrow. Every third day a battalion marched to the firing range and worked all day there, using the large amount of practice ammunition which was furnished.

Regimental Strength at Highest

During this time of heat and sandstorms and hard work, men began arriving by transfer from the Depot Brigade at Camp Funston. By July 21, 400 men had joined the regiment. The regimental strength was now 3,500, the highest it had ever been.

The signs of overseas service soon were unmistakable. There were physical examinations of men and officers. Many officers were transferred to the Depot Brigade. There was an issue of new equipment and constant checking over of what each company had. There was much preparation for a field inspection. This was made by Col. H. C. Williamson of the inspector general's department in July. The regiment was pronounced fit for overseas service.

Trunk lockers were painted "A. E. F." and packed. The last arrangements in U. S. A. were completed. An advance party left for A. E. F. schools in France July 25.

During the summer there were some changes in officer personnel. Lieut. Colonel Wickham, who in February had been put in direct charge of the 2d Bn., was transferred by War Department order May 20 to Camp Hancock, Ga. The colonel said he was very sorry to go, for he had developed a great affection and respect for the regiment. Certain it was that the regiment had done this for him and felt that his loss could never be made up. Many times since, overseas members of the regiment have expressed the need for the steady guiding hand of "Daddy" Wickham.

Stone Joins the Regiment

The 3d Bn. also had lost that brilliant soldier who had so tirelessly built up its organization, discipline and esprit de corps. Major Joseph H. Barnard, who became a lieutenant colonel in July, was transferred to Camp Grant, Ill., June 24. Lt. Col. Charles B. Stone, who had become known to the officers of the regiment through his command of the "Model Battalion" and through his conduct of the officers' school, came to the regiment from the 349th Inf. July 2.

Major Barnard was succeeded by Major Alexander Wil-

son, from Ft. Snelling and the 36th Div. He was a regular army man who immediately took part in the hard training of the 3d Bn. Major Wilson was destined to remain long a member of the regiment, but to be away from it for several months. He was directed in the latter part of July to proceed to France and afterward was at the Langres Staff Schools. Major Wilson was born in Farrington, Mo., Feb. 18, 1885. He was graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis but did not follow at once the military profession. He entered the 4th U. S. Inf. as a second lieutenant in 1911, became a first lieutenant in 1916 and served with the 36th and 46th Inf. Regiments. He became a captain May 15, 1917, and a major June 8, 1918. He participated in the Vera Cruz expedition and did Mexican and border service in 1914 and 1916.

Capt. George H. Russ, Jr., who had been doing notable and efficient work as regimental supply officer, had been made major May 24 and had succeeded to the command of the 2d Bn. Major Russ was born in Brooklyn, July 13, 1880. He was graduated from the high school of Scanton, Pa. and from the college of law of Cornell University. He had had considerable experience previous to this as an enlisted man in the Pennsylvania National Guard, serving with the 13th Pennslyvania Volunteers during the Spanish-American War and subsequently in the Guard as both first sergeant and second lieutenant. In 1905 he became a North Dakotan, going into business at Bismarck, where he is vice-president of the Bismarck Bank. He was commissioned captain from the First Officers' Training Camp.

In July, Lieut. C. C. Snead was promoted to the captaincy of the Supply Co. and experienced the outfitting of the regiment and the preparation for shipment of its effects overseas in the last days.

In the preceding May Captain Loye had been transferred to the Depot Brigade and in April, the command of E Company, had gone to Capt. Walter F. Beyer. Lieutenant Hyatt was promoted to a captaincy and assigned to A Company Aug. 1, and Lieutenant Haycock was treated likewise and assigned to C Company on the same date. Lieutenant Andrews became Captain Andrews July 20 and 2d Lieut. Hutchinson, 1st Lieut. Hutchinson. Lieutenant Graham also was promoted to a first and assigned to the Supply Co. August 2.

Regimental Exchange Started

The narrative should stop here, too, to give a word about that most well known Camp Dodge institution, the 352d Infantry Exchange. With a $1,000 barber shop and tailoring establishment, the only ones of their kind in the camp, and with a store twice as spacious as any other at Dodge, the exchange was indeed a feature not to be omitted in this history. It was run by Lieut. John M. Dougherty. When it closed up its affairs in July, it turned over to the regimental fund as net profits, $28,000—a larger sum than any other regimental exchange was able to muster.

Now, to resume the narrative. We are oriented at the date July 31, place, Camp Dodge. The regiment knows a great deal of close orders. The men from Funston have had only two weeks of our training, but previously at Funston they had received three weeks of close order training. The North Dakota men had had some six weeks of the most strenuous work in their existence and the Missouri and Iowa increment, eight weeks. The men could march, could make and carry light and heavy packs, could drill, handle the bayonet with skill, and could get a gas mask on within seven seconds, knew something of gas, and could shoot. This last accomplishment they were really adept at, almost all of them having brought to the cantonment an amateur experience and a native familiarity with the rifle. They had learned much of discipline. In the many battalion parades and regimental ceremonies they had caught the idea of military smartness and learned of military show and pride. The men knew practically nothing of open order drill, of actual grenades, hand and rifle, and the field officers had had no practice with the regiment in maneuvers.

The overseas orders came the first week in August. The 1st Bn. entrained at Camp Dodge Aug. 8, the 2d and 3d Battalions, the day following. Headquarters Co. and Machine Gun Co. left on the 8th and the Supply Co. on the 9th.

Two companies made the trip to Camp Mills on a separate train. There were several routes taken to the port, but the experience of the companies were only slightly different. All were alike in that it seemed the American nation was down at every station to see the trains come in and go, to cheer the men, to wave them to success. The stodgiest private in the regiment, the least Americanized one of the immigrant members caught fire and meaning from that trip across the continent. Men learned what America is.

Tears in Women's Eyes

Elderly Red Cross women shook hands with the men and officers at the stations, some with tears in their eyes in memory of their own sons already across. Red Cross girls astonished everyone with their good looks, clever costumes, hot coffee. Farmers waved from their farm wagons, farm girls from doorsteps, city bred populations from street crossings as the trains passed through their cities. Every man had a berth, every officer a compartment. The government is to be thanked for its generosity and compliments for its astuteness for that swift, happy ride across the continent. Men and officers arrived at the port of embarkation more enthusiastic Americans than they ever were before. It was a fitting climax to the training on the home ground.

The regiment stayed three days at Camp Mills. The Supply Co. worked long hours in outfitting the men with overseas caps, spiral puttees, uniforms, and overcoats, hobnail shoes and three days' reserve rations. Company Headquarters worked day and night on passenger lists. There were physical examinations. Measles and other causes lost to the regiment here 177 men. K Company lost its first platoon, headquarters lost heavily, M Company was spirited away to Philadelphia at 4 A. M. of August 14. It went aboard the "City of Exeter" at daybreak and sailed for New York Harbor that day. By the next morning a fleet had sprung up around it. There were 13 other vessels, carrying for the most part units of the 88th Div. On the S. S. Ascanius, boarded on August 15, was the Supply, Machine Gun and Headquarters Companies, 1st Bn. and Regimental Headquarters. On the S. S. Ulysses was the 2d Bn. and the remainder of the 3d. The U. S. Cruiser St. Louis accompanied the fleet across the ocean. The fleet was escorted out of New York harbor to the completion of the first day's voyage by a convoy of destroyers, hydroplanes and dirigible balloons. Ten days after its leaving the harbor, it was ushered into the Irish sea by a flotilla of destroyers and submarine chasers.

The transatlantic trip was cold and memorable. The men were crowded but none was seasick. The food was substantial. The majesty of the convoy, the oddity of its circus-float camouflage, the wonder of the scene with its possibility of U-boats and sinkings; will most likely remain the most lasting memories of the voyage to the members of the regiment.

One night, off Newfoundland way, a gunner on the City of Exeter cracked an iceberg in two with one shot from his bow gun. Another time an Ascanius lookout reported a submarine dead ahead. Other than that, the submarine danger was never realized.

Lookouts Furnish "Memories"

The guards and the lookouts furnished the men with extra memories of the trip. Captain Schenk was boat commander of the city of Exeter, Lt. W. T. Potts was adjutant of it.

On Aug. 28, 12 days after the date of sailing, the regiment, less M Company, debarked at Liverpool. That city's citizens gave an enthusiastic and genuine welcome; the King of England, a personal letter to each man.

That afternoon the battalions, each on a separate train, entrained for Winchester. England, with its beautiful countryside and lovely villages was a surprise to the Americans. They were seeing the "Old Country" and it was rather better than they had dreamed.

But rest camps were to revise, in part, their new opinions. Winchester was reached at night. Camp Winnaldowns, there, was described by the Headquarters Co. historian as distinguished "by its complete and full lack of any appurtenances that would tend to rest the human body."

The following morning, Aug. 29, the battalions set out for

Southampton. By night all had embarked for Le Havre. The channel trip was a hard one. The boats were small, and officers and men slept sitting up, if they slept at all. The mal de mer, up to then unknown, visited the regiment that night.

The land at Le Havre was made Aug. 30. The march to an American rest camp, four miles away, at the top of a not easily forgotten hill, was made. Le Havre with its picturesque sea, cobblestone streets, flowery suburban homes, was thus the second of a long list of foreign cities that these men from the United States' Middle West were to visit. At this rest camp there was a night's rest in conical tents, and baths for some of the companies. Also, by an order of the camp commander, the men were deprived of their overcoats. Supply sergeants and company commanders will recall the ease with which this was done in this new land of no accountability.

From here the regiment entrained by battalions for the department of Cote D'Or, of which Dijon is the principal city. It was a wearying journey. The men rode in box-cars. These are vehicles which declares a capacity of 40 men or eight horses. The trip involved much changing of railroad lines. The victualizing of the men in the cars was done by dividing the rations at the start of the trip fairly, and letting each car take care of its own meals en route.

Co. M, which had been carried past Liverpool during these days, was considered lost by Regimental Headquarters. As a matter of fact it was progressing very well. The City of Exeter was taken to Manchester down the Manchester ship canal. The boat traveled very slowly down this canal, and the English people crowded the sides all the way. Children ran for miles, following the boat and catching the coins which the men, living up to the reputation that every American is a millionaire, were throwing down to them. One Englishwoman followed the boat for two miles, wheeling a baby-carriage, with one occupant, before her. M Company went through Southhampton and Le Havre and found most of the regiment encamped in pup tents in the town of Les Laumes, (Cote D'Or) the night of Sept. 3.

Pup Tents Pitched in Dark

This pitching of pup tents by the battalions was interesting. It was done in the dark after the long journey followed by a few kilometers' march, and 75 per cent of the men had never pitched pup tents, even in the daylight.

From Les Laumes the battalions marched to their first "billeting areas." It was their first hike in France, and as it has come to be, the pleasantest and most interesting. Cote D'Or is a beautiful province. There were lovely, plaited valleys, high surrounding hills, roads between avenues of poplars, winding creeks and old canals. The villages were old and interesting. The people of Cote D'Or were most hospitable, most curious about and interested in these newcomers, *"ces Americains."* It was the first time that they had billeted soldiers. They were generous and started the 352d Americans on a cordial and friendly footing with the French people.

First Battalion Headquarters was established at Les Granges, with A and B Companies. C and D Companies were at Grignon. Second Bn. Headquarters with E and F Companies went to Menetroux, and G Co. to Eringes and H to Bussey le Grande. Third Bn. Headquarters went to Alise St. Reine, an old, historic village, scene of the defeat by Caesar's legions of the Gallic leader, Vercingetorix, and also famous because of its waters which at one time were visited by people from all over France, who believed in their sacred healing power. I, K and L were here also. M and the Machine Gun Co. were at Gresigny. Headquarters and Supply Companies were at Bussey le Grande.

The colonel was billeted in the magnificient chateau of Count Rubutin. It was a wonderful place, but it was two kilometers from headquarters office, so the colonel changed his billet to a room in the village.

Here in Cote D'Or was the first message center development. By means of company runners, Bussey le Grande kept in close touch with the other villages. Here began the first training under A. E. F. general orders, one of which will be remembered to run "inclement weather will not be allowed to interfere."

Whether we would be in the trenches in fortnight or a two-month was not known. Regimental Headquarters applied pressure to the training. There was one concentration maneuver at which the colonel assembled the officers and insisted on a renewed hard schedule.

In Cote D'Or the regiment received its quota of automatic rifles and Browning machine guns. The officers and noncommissioned officers began the instructing of the automatic squads in the nomenclature, dissembling and assembling of these arms. The machine gunners started in almost immediately to shoot them, on a range constructed on a mountain top. The formation of the automatic squads necessitated a reorgization of the infantry companies.

The companies here completed their organization of their rifle grenadier squads, rifle squads, and liaison groups in accordance with the general training pamphlet, "802." In compliance with a four weeks' course of training laid down by A. E. F. headquarters, there was begun the training of these specialists. Bayonet work, close order and position and aiming drill still featured the program. Open order was practiced daily in exactly the formations "802." The various phases of combat there given were followed through. There was also advance guard and outpost work. Loading with ball cartridges was practiced. Some companies showed particular initiative here, and overcame the difficulties and established small rifle ranges.

Supply Company has Test

It was here that the Supply Co. had its first overseas test, a stiff one; its officers and men worked long hours and spent worried moments on how to get the rations to the companies. That the companies never had a scarcity of supplies, nor a marked hitch in the regularity with which rations came in is proof that the Supply Co. met its test successfully.

Bussey le Grande was 15 kilometers from Grignon and the 1st Bn. The 2d and 3d lay between. It was also 15 kilometers from the musty, Oliver Goldsmith village of Merigny, at which was established the rail-head, the place where the rations came to. The Supply Co. did not have a wheel. All equipment other than personal had been turned in at Camp Dodge with the expectation that a refurnishing would be made at the port of debarkation. There were 26 trucks in the division. By a constant clamour for these trucks by the Supply Co., and a clever utilizing of them so that they rarely traveled empty by the division transport department, the rations and supplies were got around daily to the companies.

The assembling of the officers' trunk lockers at Merigny where they were to lay for months in a deserted wine factory guarded by a Robinson Crusoe detachment from the Supply Co. was another test which the Company accomplished. The fact that gas masks and steel helmets did not get to the companies before they left for a "restricted area" was because these articles did not arrive.

It was in Cote D'Or, far from the dry state of Iowa, that the regiment made its first general acquaintance with the French light wines. It was the first experience for company officers with men who had not found them so very light. When the companies came to leave their billets, these hospitable French people were generous with the light wines.

Traveling orders came two weeks after the arrival of the regiment in their Cote D'Or billeting areas. The men and many of the officers believed that the regiment was going up in front to occupy reserve positions. In reality we were headed for the Belfort training area in Alsace.

Headquarters and Supply Companies entrained at Les Laumes on the now familiar box-car trains with their tight little third-class coaches for officers on Sept. 15. They detrained at Hericourt and Belfort, Headquarters marching 14 kilometers in a hot sun to Meroux, Supply Co. remaining at Belfort for two days and then going to Vezelois, and later to Moval.

Vyans Proves Too Dirty

The 1st Bn. left Les Laumes Sept. 16, detrained at Hericourt and marched to Vyans and Laire. A and B with 1st Bn. Headquarters went the next day to Tremoins, Vyans proving too dirty and too small a place.

The 3d Bn. left next in order from Les Laumes, departing

at 1 A. M., Sept. 15 and arriving at 5 P. M. at Belfort. It marched to Vezelois, arriving in the dark.

The second battalion and the Machine Gun Co. left the day of Sept. 16 and detrained at Belfort Sept 17 at 10:30 P. M. Here air raid warnings were sounded and the men were hustled into the caves at the station. A French officer informed the train Commanders that this had to be done. When the men returned it was to find that a large part of the rations had been stolen.

That night in the dark, the Machine Gun Co. marched eight kilometers to Moval, and the 2d Bn. three kilometers to Bermont. Here E Company was billeted, the other three companies marching on to Tretudans.

The 3d Battalion's experience that night was singular. By direction of Major Wilson, who had joined the regiment the day before this last change of station, the battalion slept out in pup tents. Vezelois was 20 kilometers from the front. The men and almost all of the officers did not know but what it was two kilometers from the front. At midnight a German plane, flying rather low, came only a few kilometers from Vezelois. It was dropping flares in search of marching troops. Its hum seemed very close. Then the anti-aircraft guns opened up, and machine gun fire. Every man was up and watching the show. "Our new drill ground," said one. "Some Fourth of July." "Hot dog!" These were the remarks that showed the spirit of the men who had come this distance from Camp Dodge to hear their first actual sound of battle with the enemy.

Within a day or so after the arrival in Alsace, all the officer members of the "advance party" had returned. Major Russ resumed command of the 2d Bn., Captain Mohler returning to the charge of F Co. Major Kipp returned to the 1st Bn. and Lieutenant Appleby was reappointed adjutant.

In this Belfort training area the regiment was to spend somewhat more than two weeks. With the exception of the 3d Bn., which had excellent grounds, the countryside was not favorable to training. However, there were drill areas allotted and the work immediately went forward. "Boche" planes flew over Vezelois almost every clear day and this kept the 3d Bn. keyed up to the fact that it was near the front and that real fighting was imminent. Furthermore, the country was strewn with barbed wire entanglements, down every angle of which glowered machine gun emplacements. They were the third and fourth reserve lines of the French, actually.

Open Order Work Improves

In this Belfort training area the training advanced and improved in the open order work, machine gun nest attacking, automatic arm tactics and firing, gas defense, and actual hand grenade experience. The battalion maneuvering was tried for the first time. At the later schedules in this training area, organization of strong points by companies and battalions, reliefs in simulated trenches, attacks by company and battalions were part of the everyday program.

The Machine Gun Co. which on Sept. 21 had moved to Ft. Fourgerais received there its gun and ammunition carts and the type EE field glasses. Its specialized training went ahead. A 1,000-inch range was constructed, and a 500 and a 15-meter range available at the fort were used continuously.

Company specialist work, battalion and regimental liaison and intelligence and sniping training were taken up intensively. The constant carrying of the gas mask, newly issued, was commenced, and the steel hat, also issued at this point, replaced the overseas cap. It was a rainy period. The steel hats were appreciated because of this .

It was here that the intelligence section was recruited to full strength, detached from the companies and concentrated at Vyans for intensive training.

Small ranges were improvised for each battalion. On these, each day, Sunday included, the automatic squads learned the firing of their Brownings. One of the first of the regiments in the A. E. F. to be equipped with them, they attracted much attention, particularly from the detachments of the French soldiers in the vicinity. The gunners learned to have great confidence in and affection for this weapon.

Headquarters Co. received a 37-Mrn. gun here and the one-pounder platoon started work on its signal apparatus, also received for the Headquarters signal platoon.

The general open order training and all of it that had to do with keeping pace with the changing methods on the actual front was assisted materially at this time by the oversight, advice, practical demonstration and lectures of Lt. Maurice Guittard, who came to us from the French Mission attached to the division.

From Meroux, Captain Andrews visited the front which we were late to occupy and brought back correct information as to the gassing of several companies of the division, then in the sector. The reports that the mustard gas casualties which had rendered ineffective one entire battalion were because of the improper and inadequate gas training had an immediate effect in the division and the regiment. Straightway, gas training, which had never been neglected, became strenuous. There were gas drill morning and night. The wearing of gas masks was ordered increased daily until the soldier had worn his gas mask four hours without having had to take it off. Battalion gas officers and regimental gas officers were relieved from all other duty. They fitted the mask of every man in the regiment. Lt. Charles K. Morris, fresh from the corps gas school at Chaumont, was made regimental gas officer.

New Lieutenants Arrive

At Vezelois certain members of the regiment with a great sigh of relief changed their Purgatorial, nameless state for the definite district of Sam Browne and golden bars. These were the candidate officers taken from the fourth officers' training camp and attached to the regiment just before its departure overseas. The new lieutenants were: John B. Richards, Arthur E. Martois, Kellog P. Bascom, Raymond W. Kelly, Earle V. Wilson, X. Zarfas, Kimbler, Leo L. Patterson, Hubert J. Huelskamp, Alvin Banow, Donald C. Elder, Rush S. Smith, Edward W. Merk, Roscoe E. Stewart, William H. Oesch, Arhut C. Harbold, and William W. Cooper.

It was in this area that we steadily received supplies which got us nearer to the complete authorized equipment. One day in would come field glasses, another day musketry rules, socks, jerkins, bicycles, rifle covers and so on. One day in came second lieutenants, graduates from the army candidates' school at Langres. They wore service stripes and some of them wound stripes. Immediately, they took hold of the practical work of platoon leading. From the beginning they have been considered most valued members of the regiment. Those reporting were Lieutenants Henry F. Durant, John L. Meyer, Abraham A. Biegel, George M. Bookman, Henry E. Pebley, Clarence U. Hibble, William E. Cameron, Roy H. Horn, Robert W. Wesson, Richard I. Ford, Daniel A. Horn, Edward H. Ehlen and Harry I. Newman.

From Vezelois, Major Wilson went to the staff officers' school at Langres. Capt. J. W. Sorrles took command of M Co. until he was transferred to the 350 Inf. Oct. 26.

The story behind the furnishing of the regiment at this time is the story of the busiest and most interesting period in the Supply Co. experience. From Moval to Tremoins, 1st Bn. Headquarters, is 16 kilometers. From Hericourt, division headquarters, to Tremoins, is 6 kilometers. The Division would truck everything, and this included an immense amount of material, to Captain Snead at Moval. He would have to truck it back to Tremoins. Also, he would have to truck it to the other billeting villages, all of which were included in a circle with a 20-kilometer radius. Nor yet did the Supply Co. have a wheel of its own.

The pre-eminent method of getting the supplies from Moval out was to overbear the truck drivers bringing the stuff, with tales of arson and incarceration in the deep Moval dungeons, re-load the trucks meanwhile by trained details, and to furnish the companies by the so-called "return" trips of these truckdrivers. Another method was to load supplies onto rented, home-made wagons of the Moval villagers and haul them by man-power to the distributing points.

While here the company did get three horses, and hacks burdened with the memories of their valiant young days in the French artillery service in the war of 1870. One of these horses had its leg broken, "mysteriously," and was shot. One incurred red rope-burn under the ridership of Capt. C. D. Schenk and was evacuated. One remained with the regiment until after-war days at Bonnet. From here, one morning,

when the regiment was preparing to win the Division horse show, it stalked out into the mist, pensive, lame, prescient, never to return.

Rubber Boots and Shoes Received

While here, the company got rubber boots and overshoes which were carried by the company until the regiment went into the trenches and there supplied to the rifle companies.

Whether the rainy weather and the necessity in the patroling instructions and in the open order maneuver to get down on the damp ground were causes or contributory causes, or that it was just the contagion of the disease itself, is not known, but Spanish Influenza ran its epidemic course throughout the regiment during the second and following weeks of the stay in the Belfort area. Altogether, in the month of October, there were 1,300 cases of the sickness, which resulted in 84 deaths. Improvised hospitals were constructed and the men were evacuated as soon as possible to S. O. S. hospitals.

This transfer of men to the S. O. S. with the accompanying difficulty of paper-work and payment and the eventual return of almost all of the men has been a feature of every company's administrative experience.

On Oct. 6 the 1st Bn. marched to billet in Vezelois. The great majority of the men were sick, and it was a memorable and troublesome march. C Co. walked only 66 men. This move was the first of several "leap-frog" changes of position that were intended, it was believed, to confuse the enemy as to the unit's intentions and as to what sector of the front it might advance to. These moves were begun at such time that practically all the distance was covered in the dark.

The men were now carrying a full pack made several pounds heavier by the addition of two blankets, an overcoat, trench knife, steel helmet, gas mask, automatic rifle and appurtenances, grenade carriers, jerkin and 120 rounds of ball ammunition.

On the same date the 3d Bn., again commanded by Captain Schenk, marched through Chevremont to Fontanelle. This was on a Saturday night. I and K were forced to sleep in pup tents because of the complete lack of billets. M and L companies were crowded indoors, 75 to a haymow. Subsequently many of the I and K Companies became ill. Sunday night the regiment marched back to Vezelois.

March to Romagny and Back

On Oct. 5 the 2d Bn. and Headquarters Co. marched to Chevremont, and the Supply Co. to Foussemagny. The Supply Co. stayed a few hours, marched to Romagne, stayed a few hours, and marched back to Foussemagne. In this latter brief line is more history than appears.

Shortly afterward the Supply Co. was divided into four sections, one for each battalion, and one staying with headquarters and the supply base. These sections stayed with their battalions from that time on.

On Oct. 10 the 1st Bn. marched by night from Vezelois to Anjoutey and on the 13th made the whole distance from there to Romagny, 14 kilometers from the front.

The 3d Bn. left Vezelois just before the 1st and marched the 16 kilometers to Rougemont, arriving at night, and encountering there Regimental Headquarters which had come from Chevremont, along with G annd H of the 2d Bn. Cos. E and F had marched to billets at Laval, two kilometers east.

The Machine Gun Co. also left Chevremont the 10th, marching to Romagny. Three days later it made its first night hike, going to Bretagne.

It was midnight of the 12th, just after this "leap-frogging" to the front had commenced, that the men of the regiment heard the first barrage of their lives. This was the German and French battery work that played such an important part in the history of the 350th regiment, at that time, at the front.

The Rougemont-Anjoutey history of the regiment was not so brief but what ranges were constructed and maneuvers carried out.

While the 1st Bn. went to Romagny and the Machine Gun Co. to Bretagne, the 2d jumped, by virtue of a back-bending, hike in the darkness of 18 kilometers, to Lutran. Headquarters went to Montreaux Chateaux, the 3d Bn. to barracks in the woods just north of Chevannes-sur-L'Etang.

These villages were all on the German side of the Alsace border. The children were educated in German-taught schools and they talked German in their play on the streets. In Lutran, especially, and in all the villages to some extent, there seemed to be a less hospitable attitude that was attributed to German sympathy. However, with the exception of Lutran, the villages were cleaner and had better shops that those encountered since Cote D'Or.

In this area all the elements of the regiment were within 14 kilometers of the front. Actually, we were, according to the scheme of defense for the entire area, in reserve. According to this plan, all laid out by the French months previously, each battalion was responsible for a certain line in case of a German general attack at the front. There were trenches and strong points to which the officers and non-commissioned officers were taken to become familiar with them so that in the emergency each unit would know where to go and what to do. The field officers had to give special attention to this phase of the situation.

Not Like Support Situation

Other than this, and the fact that there was no marching of units in column of squads and a general effort to keep from all observation by the German planes which came over regularly in all clear weather, there was no resemblance to a "support" situation—at least to a support situation such as officers and men had in mind.

The regiment was to stay here for 11 days. Training went forward. There were for the first time brigade maneuvers. These had most to do with the problem of liaison. The French officers and non-commissioned officers (the latter came from Zouave regiments), continued their instructions. All these, with the exception of Lieutenant Guittard, were destined to leave the regiment just before it went up front.

At this point rifle grenades were issued and practiced with. For the first time, men in general came to understand the tactics of this arm. At Chevannes M Co. was complimented in regimental orders by Lieutenant Guittard for the dexterity and enthusiasm with which it overpowered a machine gun nest in a simulated situation. In the training here zip was given to this form of maneuver by the throwing of live grenades at the simulated machine gun. Automatic pistols to the officers and revolvers to many of the sergeants were issued.

Daily battles by the French anti-aircraft guns with the Boche planes which insisted on coming over every clear day for observation and photographing the lines of actual trenches and barbed wire entanglements created interest and amusement.

It was here that the organization of the regiment had reached a very acceptable smoothness. Mess sergeants found the daily rations arriving with exact regularity. The mail came through from the United States in 16 days.

The rolling kitchens had been supplied to the companies, with horses and teamsters to pull them. The epidemic of influenza had stopped. Many men returned from the regimental field hospitals at this time. Officers learned their map reading.

It was here that the old second lieutenants of the regiment pretty well came into their own, and added a certain not-to-be-disregarded amount to their monthly pay voucher credit column. The new first lieutenants of Oct. 11 were: August C. Schmidt, Carrol A. Iverson, William R. Hazelrigg, Philip B. Lockwood, Joseph P. Lorentzen, Forrest D. Macomber, Arnold A. Beguhn, Marion D. Page, and Clifford C. Rice. Two weeks later there were commissioned first lieutenants also, Maurice E. Horn, Elmer J. Waller and Joseph L. Hyde.

Lt. Harvey A. Garver got his promotion to captaincy and continued in command of Company D.

In reviewing the experience of the regiment Colonel Hawkins has said he thought at this juncture that if ever the regiment was to go into the trenches this was the time. Training has reached a point where it seemed it would go backward if there did not come a chance to try it out.

"The men had been in France now for two months," he said. "There was yet much to be learned, but the sort of thing that is so much better learned by actual combat ex-

perience. We had progressed that far that we could now go in to learn by actual experience with the minimum of costliness."

Battalions Go to Relief

And on the very black night of Oct 24 the 2d Bn moved forward to relieve the 1st Bn. of the 351st Inf. in the Badricourt sector of the Alsace front, and the 3d Bn., by a totally different route, moved forward to relieve the 3d Bn. of the same regiment in the Hagenbach sector.

The marchs were in an inky black darkness which made necessary the placing of connecting files at intervals of 10 feet between the platoons. The discipline was satisfactory. There was no smoking and very little noise. No one fell out, although the distance was not a short one. Guides from the platoons to be relieved met the battalions at Badricourt and Hagenbach and conducted them to their posts without trouble. One platoon, only, conducted by a guide from M Co. of the 351st who did not know his routes well enough, became lost. This platoon had three hours of marching and tumbling about in the woods that black night as an extra portion. The Germans, apparently, had not been informed of the relief. There was no trouble from them.

Three nights later the 1st Bn. relieved the 2d of the 351st. Regimental Headquarters with its company had moved up to Manspach to the rear of the center of the regiment's front on the 24th.

The Machine Gun Co., armed with its full quota of Brownings, with its men armed with one pistol, or revolver, to every three men, relieved B Co. of the 339th Machine Gun Bn, of the Division, the night of Aug. 30. This unit was in support of the Anjou dugout. The Machine Gun Co. did not have its required instruments for the working out of firing date. Thus, the regiment went into line—the 1st Bn. on the right, the 2d in the center, the 3d on the left. The 2d Bn. and 3d were supported by companies of the 339th Machine Gun Bn.

French artillery, a battery of 75's to each battalion, was placed in the woods to the front and rear of Manspach, Fulleren, Badricourt and Hagenbach. The 350th was on the regiment's left at first, later on, the 349th. On the regiment's right were the 4th Zouaves (French).

The Front at Last, but Quiet

At last, the front! A "quiet" one, but nevertheless the front, the goal of six months' training, and for the majority of the officers, graduates of the first officers' training school, goal of 18 months' training.

It wasn't like any that had been dreamed of. It extended from flank to flank, curving around a salient 10½ kilometers. There didn't seem to be the remotest sign of that organization in depth of which we had heard so much. It was a thin, if not a red, line of heroes. With the exception of the three left flank platoons of Co. M, the line was in the woods. For the most part, if the trenches gave any view of the front at all, they looked across a valley at numerous shelled French villages, and at high hills, presumably lined with German trenches and well fortified.

Up the valley of the hill toward which in a general way the sector looked, 15 kilometres away, was Mulhouse. One will remember that there were rumors of a drive on Mulhouse. To the rear of our sector was the rather large, quiet, still-prospering city of Dannemarie. The interested civilian can look on any ordinary French map of Alsace, put his thumb down between Belfort and Mulhouse, and say, "There was the 352d," and be approximately right.

The 1st Bn. had all companies in line, the 2d Bn. two in line, and two in support at Badricourt, the 3d three in line and one in support at Hagenbach. E and F were first to go in for the 2d. On the night of Nov. 1 they were quickly and smoothly relieved by G and H.

The 1st had a 2½-kilometer front, the 2d a 4½-kilometer and the 3d a 3½-kilometer front. All battalions had outposts well to the front which made a general line of observation, and a line of trenches organized into combat grounds as a line of resistance. The 2d Bn. outposts were in general 1,600 meters to the front of the line of resistance, and connected by battered trenches. They were typical of those of the other two battalions and illustrate how loosely this quiet sector was held.

Captains Remain Unchanged

Major Kipp was in command of the 1st, Major Russ of the 2d, and Capt. C. D. Schenk of the 3d Bn. The captains were unchanged except that Capt. J. W. Sorrles, on the second day of his company's trench occupancy, was transferred to the 350th, command of Co. M falling to Lt. David S. Owen. At the time the regiment was without a lieutenant-colonel. Colonel Stone had gone to staff school Oct. 25.

The period in the trenches was a most valuable one. Almost daily, the anti-aircraft guns boomed at the Boche avions which flew over our trenches. Several times German batteries bombarded French battery positions to the rear, and often the French 75's returned compliments. Pieces of shell from anti-aircraft guns fell on our positions. Third Bn. companies were bombarded twice, the second time I Co. being punished severely. M Co. outpost came under German machine gun fire. Some soldiers were sniped at.

Altogether, the regiment's men experienced shell-fire. They came to know what high explosive and shrapnel sounded like, what gas shells did not sound like. Some of these were even heard bound for positions to the north. One mustard gas shell fell on the M Co. area. The men learned what arduous duty in the trenches is, learned to know that every rat, every noise in the wire, every moving weed, was not a German. The majority of the companies, officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, conquered after the first two nights the nervousness that results in haphazard, senseless firing. After the second night the occupancy of the sector was indeed a quiet one, insofar as the regiment on post was concerned. Most of the men heard enough to come to recognize the German machine gun. They learned to recognize by sight and sound the German avion.

The men earned the complete confidence of their officers by the uncomplaining way in which they stood the long hours of sentry duty. There were 14 hours of darkness, and the average tour on post of each man was 9 hours of this. Furthermore, there was day sentry duty.

Particularly the men learned, or unlearned, gas-knowledge. The effect of the keyed-up gas training was to make everyone sound gas at the slightest suspicion, and to carry on an alarm started no matter how far distant.

The second night in the trenches will be remembered for that wild charivari that was started away to the north of the regiment and was carried down through the battalions to an effect that would have given warning of the most extensive cloud gas attack ever launched.

That was not repeated. Toward the last, nothing short of an actual gas attack on it would have driven a single platoon to sound the alarm and put on the mask. This, it dawned upon the personnel, was when the mask was wanted on the face—when the man was in gas. At any other time, it was a handicap and a danger.

Company Dons Gas Masks

In one company of the 3d Bn. during the first bombardment three platoons wore the mask from 10 to 30 minutes. One platoon wore it for an hour. Only one platoon was bombarded, and that with shrapnel. There was no need of the mask at any time. At the second bombardment, this time of the same platoon, no one in the company wore the mask longer than 15 minutes.

On the second night of the trench occupation all the trench scouting sections had patrols out in No Man's Land. Their work was subsequently hampered by a divisional school for scouts and snipers which specified small areas in which the battalion scouts could work. However, they maintained their curiosity about No Man's Land and made almost nightly excursions into it. Their purpose was mostly ambuscade and wire examination and the establishment of listening posts.

Lt. Joseph L. Hyde with a patrol discovered an unknown German dugout and listening post that was directly under the nose, the brow of the hill on which an I Co. outpost was stationed. Second and 1st Bn. patrols penetrated the first line of German trenches. In point of captured or killed Germans, the patrols accomplished nothing. They were never

sent out with this purpose in mind. But they did get patrol experience, and familiarity with No Man's Land. Furthermore, their observation posts and intelligence service did report information of value, particularly on the location of German emplacements.

The officers received invaluable experience. Platoon leaders learned where to place reliance. Company commanders also learned this. They, too, had the practice of combat group organization and the general trench life organization, which included the problem of hot food at all times to the men at all posts.

The 1st Bn. was not actually shelled or attacked. The 2d Bn. was shelled once, in addition to the occasional shells which fell on their positions, although probably intended for the French artillery to the rear. The support trenches at Badricourt had 68 shells of large caliber concentrated upon them at noon of Nov. 2. Trenches were levelled and dugouts crushed in. A day previous, Major Russ, who was suspicious of the Boche planes that hovered over Badricourt and fearful of the exposed position of these support trenches, had had the support companies moved into billets in the shell-torn houses of the village. Were it not for that move, two platoons of F Co. would have suffered heavy casualties.

Wagoner's Refuse to Quit

It was during this shelling that three supply company wagoners bringing rations to the front refused to be retarded by this fire and kept right on going, although spokes in their wagon wheels had been splintered with shrapnel and shells were bursting near them on the road. These men, Wagoners Frank Welninski, of Little Falls, Minn., Lars E. Dahlin of Findley, N. D., and Edwin E. Nesberg of Strandburg, S. D., were cited in subsequent regimental orders.

The 1st and 2d Battalions had no casualties. The 3d Bn. was shelled twice and once raided.

The first bombardment was early in the morning, breakfast time, on Oct. 29, 1918. It fell on I and M. Some 50 shells, in addition to many which exploded in the air, were concentrated on certain portions of these companies. A stray mustard shell struck near the post of command of the M Co., First Platoon. The entire shelling did not damage used trenches and no one was hurt. It was an immensely educational experience.

The second bombardment fell on M, L and I, the shells on I being a box barrage. It began at 8:50 A. M. Oct. 31 and ended at 9:20 A. M. Private Tasso M. Schoop, Co. M, was killed at his post of observation. So was Private Harry D. Welsh at his post of observation.

Private Sam Roach, 119 Washington St., Pittsburg, Kans., of L Co., was mortally wounded. Privates Harold H. Crosby, Rolla, N. D.; Clarence J. Lavin, 318 Hancock St., Topeka, Kans.; William H. Long, Webster Groves, Mo.; C. E. Boyd, Rock Lake, N. D.; Ernest Nordstrom, 3725 Longfellow Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., and Corporals William Van Vliet, Kimball, Minn.; Hans Johnson, Menno, S. D.; and Arthur R. Quick, Girard, Minn., all of Company I, were wounded.

Corporal Theodore E. Grendt, McGregor, Ia. of L Co. on his way to see if his sentries were at their posts, was separated from his canteen, the back of his blouse, and his rifle was cleaved through at the stock by a "dud" Minnewerfer shell. The corporal went to his company P. C. and got a new gun, and then went back and saw that his sentries were still at their posts. Lt. Donald K. Elder, De Witt, Ia., of L Company was struck in the back of the neck by a piece of shell which spun him around and for a moment knocked him senseless. He recovered, had Sergeant Swanson dress his wound from his first aid packet, and went out to his advance post to see if everything was all right there.

Hundred Shells Fall

Some 100 shells lit in both the L and M Companies' areas. Considerably more struck the I Co. area. These were concentrated pretty well on the main trench line. It was obliterated, shelters knocked in and equipment buried yards deep. One private was buried by the collapsing of a shelter and had to be dug out. Many of these shells were of large caliber.

In the main, the raid on the I Co. outpost has been described in the introduction to this story. The German prisoner taken has stated that the object of the raid was prisoners, and if possible an automatic rifle.

Captain Snead has said that the Supply Co's. period of work in the trenches was the most uneventful of its history. Increased rations were regularly forwarded. The trench enlarged ration of 50 per cent on sugar, coffee and milk, and 100 per cent on candles and matches will be well remembered.

Because of the small use for ammunition and pyrotechnics, the job of the regimental munitions officer, according to Lieutenant Graham, did not amount to much. About the time the records came in from the companies on the amount of munitions in the company dumps, the order to leave the sector had arrived.

On the night of Nov. 2, the regiment was relieved by the 414th Reg. of French infantry, survivors of 28 days of straight fighting on the Champagne front. The trench tour was nine days long for the 2d and 3d Battalions. The 1st Bn. concentrated at Altenbach, the 2d at St. Leger, the 3d at Dannemarie on the nights of the 2d and 3d. The Machine Gun Co. did not move out until the night of the 3d, when it went the long distance to Traubach and from there on the following night the 27 kilometers to Eloie. The regiment started for the Belfort area the night of Nov. 3.

The problem of keeping the roads from being jammed by the three battalions marching in the same direction in the darkness, and using roads to points that tended to concentrate them on the same roads was solved by intelligent routing. These marches of this second stage from the trenches will always be remembered by the battalions as the hardest of their history. The men were tired from the long sentry duty in the trenches. Some of the companies had been relieved late and had got little sleep the night before or the day following. The packs weighed some 80 pounds on an average. M and L and the 3d Bn. intelligence section had 28 miles to hike, going to Le Salbert, on the outskirts of Belfort. Starting from Dannemarie at 6 P. M. they arrived at 6:30 the following morning. Headquarters, the 1st Bn., and I and K Companies went the 15 miles to Roppe, and the 2d Bn. the 17 miles to Perouse.

At Roppe, Captain Ruth exchanged places with Captain Briggs, Captain Ruth going to Headquarters Co., Captain Briggs to the adjutancy. Lt. Ralph McDanel became a first lieutenant.

At these towns near Belfort the men rested. There were baths taken by some of the companis in Belfort and short leaves to officers and men to that city. Some visits by officers not on official business or under leaves received attention from headquarters.

Rumors Get Busy Again

It was here that the rumor came that it was the plan of the higher-ups that the regiment would soon be entrained for the north to take part, as a regimental support, in a new push on Metz.

Also, here came the rumor that the armistice would be signed, that the war would be over "toute de suite." Both rumors were true.

Nov. 11, 1918, found the 1st and 2d Battalions and Headquarters entraining for the north, and the Machine Gun Co. en route and the 3d Bn. preparing to follow the next day. The entraining was amidst celebrating by the citizens of Belfort and the 1st Bn. men witnessed the celebrations in the cities of Epinal, Toul, and Nancy.

The 352d took the end of the war calmly. Perhaps this was because the men were too tired, or a bit stolid and unappreciative of what the end of the war meant to France. Perhaps, too, it was because with the relief was a tinge of regret that the regiment was not to get into the hot Argonne fighting, into a new history-making push on Metz.

The 3d Bn. singing as if it were going home, entered Belfort the night of the 12th and followed north the next morning. L Co. completed its assigned job of loading the brigade at the station.

Instead of going east from the railhead to Menil la Tour as had originally been intended, the regiment was turned west and billeted at Lucey, six kilometers from Toul. For the

first time since Les Laumes, the regiment was all in one place, the companies all directly under the hand of Regimental Headquarters.

Now began what is probably the last phase of the regiment's existence. The prime object for which it had had is 12-hour-a-day schedules, for which it had worked diligently, had been attained.

The colonel urged that the officers unite to combat the tendency toward too great relaxation. The picture of the model garrison soldier was thrown on the screen. To the end of dressing and maintaining the 352d soldier in spick and span garrison shape, a field inspection was made in which every deficiency of equipment was noted, the officers of one company judging the other's company. Ensuing upon that, one of the largest regimental requisitions for clothing ever made was turned in

The stay at Lucey was for two weeks. Fatigue and police work came to new prominence in the day's program. Some salvaging up Verdun way was done. Thanksgiving Day was wet, and in some companies had its menu varied with fish and fowl brought in from Toul and Nancy.

Regiment Goes to Gondrecourt

The regiment proceeded from Lucey in a column of two's in excellent marching order to new billets at Bonnet and Ribeaucourt, near Gondrecourt, Meuse, some 50 kilometers west, on Nov. 29. A corps inspector accompanied the march and complimented the regiment on its march discipline, its billets, vacated clean, its handling of transportation. The trip was made in two days.

K and M Companies remained behind to police the area around Lucey and came on the following day, making the entire 32 miles to Bonnet in one day.

At Bonnet and Ribeaucourt, the 1st and 2d Battalions at the latter village, the remainder of the regiment at the former, began an existence which has lasted until the date of the present writing, Feb. 15, 1919. It gives promise of lasting longer. Never will the men forget those two French villages. They have policed and swept every square inch of them. They know every street turn, every house. They have walked post past its barns and houses, built one to the other, until they know every window, every iron bar, every door.

During December there was rain every day and almost equally frequent participation in the "problems" that were carried through by battalion, regiment, brigade, division and army corps. These problems gave excellent practice to the field officers and various other practice to the under-officers and men. It will be remembered as the time when the regiment could not get shoes, and the old hobnails of a Vezelois issue were running at the heel.

Also, it will be recalled by the Ribeaucourt maneuverists as being the time when the reveilles were in the middle of nights so that battalions could get to certain concentration points at the allotted time. Also, as containing the times when the Ribeaucourt companies returned from maneuvers in the blackness of the following nights. In fact, some of the most uncomfortable days in the army were spent in the rain and snow of the December, 1918, problems.

During the days of Christmas there was a respite. On Noel day the men of the regiment had Christmas trees for the children of Ribeaucourt and Bonnet and had money left over from the collection to later send to the Stars and Stripes fund for French orphans.

In January close order drill was resumed. A new schedule was got out by the Division that confined drill and maneuvers to the mornings and assigned one hour to athletics with retreat and inspection for the afternoon programs.

For a short time, Major Grove had succeeded Captain Schenk as the actual commander of the 3d Bn. He was an officer of much National Guard experience and in his brief stay earned the complete confidence of the officers and men. In January, Major Wilson came back to the battalion from the Langres staff school. Shortly afterward, Major Kipp was sent there from the 2d Bn.

Homesickness is Combated

During all the time in France, the regiment had had its noncommissioned officer ranks depleted by quotas to officer candidates' schools, and had also rotated officers and N. C. O's. to corps schools.

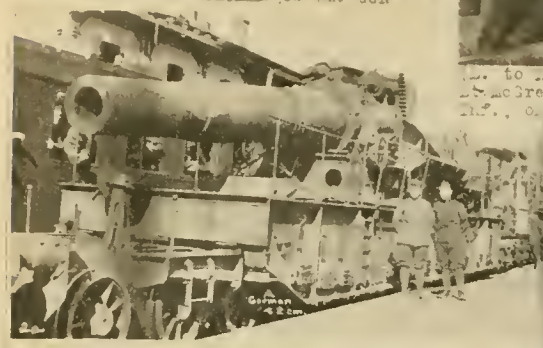
The talk of going home, the baseless rumors and general homesickness bestirred the regiment to active means of combating the situation. A regimental entertainment committee was formed. To date the committee has been responsible for the securing of three theatre buildings, two in Ribeaucourt and one in Bonnet. It started the ambitious show-a-night program which brought the Regiment and Division attention throughout the A. E. F.

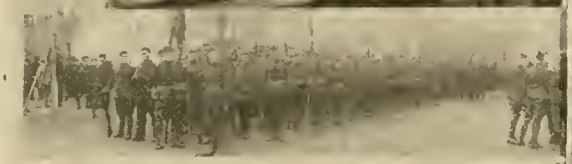
Also, there was started a weekly paper, "The Tars and Tripes," gotten out on a mimeograph, and filled with personal news of men throughout the regiment. Athletic and drill competitions were arranged.

Furthermore, an Adrian barracks was procured for each company. Electric lights were installed in Bonnet. Billets were provided with stoves and wood bought from the local communal forests by the company funds.

At present the regiment is bending efforts to the winning of the Division Horse Show competition.

(SUMMARY—This narrative of the 352d has been a long one. It is aimed to give all the surface facts that have happened to the regiment. Its members may read the narrative and by these mentionings be reminded of the more personal experiences that relate to them. We know we are a good regiment. We understand that we have not the glowing record of the Blue Devils, of the Princess Pats, of the 13th What-Nots. But we do understand, too, that these things are in the main matters of circumstance and opportunity. So, *voila* and *comme-ca*. We, to the number of 621, come from Iowa, U. S. A., 604 of us from Missouri, 494 from Minnesota, 432 from North Dakota, 308 from Kansas, 200 from South Dakota, 78 from Nebraska and 39 from Illinois. This is our present strength, which is 2,849. Those are good states to come from and they are good states to go to. We shall do that one of these days, and then, afterward, we shall treasure in our memory the experiences of the 352d, not always pleasant, sometimes good red-blooded action, never ladylike, always of the stuff of a man's job.—D. C. O.)





Above.-337th F.A.

L. to R.-Lt.Loeb, St.Paul; Lt.Fairfield, Capt.Laul, Lt.Balch, Minneapolis, 339th F.A.

Above Lincoln Av., Camp Dodge.

(L. to R.)-Lt.R.H.Whipple, Bty.Adjt.J.C.Stephenson Asst.Reg.Adjt.;Capt W.F.Hegeman, Pers.Officer; Capt.W.Clarkson, Jr., Bn.Adj.-(Sitting)Capt.R.T. Benson, Bn.Adjt.; Maj.W.L.Hoffman; Capt.E.S.Bibb, Reg.Adjt. Cebazat, France, Sept 18, 1918.

PART 4

History of the 163d F. A. Brigade

(The following was prepared from a sickbed by Major John H. MacMillan, Jr., of Minneapolis, former adjutant of the 163d F. A. Brig., hence under difficult circumstances, and without extensive data at hand. Major MacMillan was convalescing at the time at a Los Angeles Sanitarium, and was well on the road to recovery after a severe illness).

The Field Artillery Brigade of the 88th Div. came into existence during the latter part of August, 1917, when Camp Dodge was as yet only half constructed. Its first members, four officers of the regular army, reported for duty at Division Headquarters in the old brick house on the hill. But one of these, the brigade commander, Brig. Gen. Stephen M. Foote, remained with the brigade until its dissolution. Two others retained command of their regiments until they were ordered home from France in December, 1918. These were Colonels George R. Greene and Samuel C. Vestal, commanding the 337th and 339th Regiments respectively. Lieut. Col. Francis W. Honeycutt, the fourth, commanded the 338th until he was ordered to the general staff a month or two before the regiment sailed for France.

The junior officers of the brigade, graduates of the first O. T. C. at Ft. Snelling, joined the last day of August, and were assigned to regiments immediately on reporting. Of enlisted personnel there was none until late in September, when the drafts began arriving from points throughout the Northwest. From this first draft were drawn most of the N. C. O.'s who remained with their organizations to the bitter end.

The history of the Field Artillery Brigade at Camp Dodge differed but little from that of the rest of the Division. There were the usual drills, the disheartening transfers of men to other camps, and interminable schools. Most of the officers were sent to the School of Fire for Field Artillery at Ft. Sill, Okla., for a ten weeks' course of instruction. Of material there was little. Field pieces and horses seemed few and far between except for a period during the winter when the officers of the 338th had to groom horses from early morning until late at night.

Major Harrison Fuller, Brigade adjutant, who is assistant managing editor of the St. Paul Dispatch in private life, was sent to the Ft. Sill school as instructor, in February, 1918, remaining there throughout the war.

The brigade was ordered to France as a part of the 88th Div., but was the last of the Division to set sail. We left Camp Dodge during the hottest part of a very hot August, and few regretted leaving its dust and muck, and cheerfully forgot the long months of weary waiting.

Detachment Goes First

The first unit to sail was an advance detachment of selected officers and men, destined to take a gruelling course of instruction at Coetquidan, near Brest. The remaining units sailed in separate convoys between the 15th and 23rd of August, 1918, all from Hoboken. The trips across were without incident, except for the good Portuguese ship Traz os Montes, which carried Brigade Headquarters and the 338th, as well as some overflow officers from the 313th and 337th F. A. Ammunition Train. The troops were on this transport for 23 days, and had the pleasure of drinking brackish water or "dago red," besides experiencing the thrill of a submarine attack. That the Traz os Montes escaped was due solely to the incapacity, or forethought of the Portuguese officers in forcing the Persic, carrying troops from Camp Pike, to trade places in the convoy. Needless to state it was the Persic that was torpedoed, and not the Traz os Montes. What the captain of the Persic thought of it is not on record but all on the Traz os Montes felt duly grateful to our gallant Portuguese captain.

Excepting for the 313th Ammunition Train, and some few officers later sent forward for instruction, this was the only action seen by the brigade.

The troops landed in England, some at London, some at Liverpool, and some at Southampton. A few days in a rest camp near Southampton and all were hurried across to Le Havre. A few more days in another rest (?) camp and the brigade was scattered all over France. So thoroughly scattered in fact that the brigade commander and the chief of artillery required several weeks to find out just where their units were located, and just which ones really did belong to whom. Units were finally located as follows:

337th F. A.—In billets near Clermont-Ferrand (Puy de Dome.

338th F. A.—Camp de Souge near Bordeaux.

339th F. A.—In billets near Clermont-Ferrand.

313th T. M. Batt.—At the Trench Artillery School at Vitry, near Langres.

313th Amm. Tr.—With the 88th Division.

Brigade Headquarters—In luxury at Clermont-Ferrand.

Regiments are Equipped

It took some two or three weeks finally to determine what constituted the brigade, and it was then decreed by the powers that be, that it should consist of Brigade Headquarters, and the 337th and 339th F. A. Regiments, both to be equipped with the 155 mm, Grand Puissance Filloux, motorized. The 338th was to become army artillery and to be equipped with 75mm guns, mounted on trucks one day, and horsed the next—i. e. it never was settled. The Trench Mortar Battery was transferred to the Trench Artillery School at Vitry. The brigade was then assigned tentatively to be the corps artillery of the VII Corps, one of the units of the 2nd Army. Unfortunately just when the brigade was to move forward the Germans saw fit to call it quits.

The 338th was in cantonments at Camp de Souge, amid the sand dunes of Gironde. The 337th was in billets in the little villages of Blanzat, Gerzat, and Cebezat, 8 km. north of Clermont-Ferrand. The 339th, was in St. Amande Tallende and St. Saturnin, some 15 km. south of Clermont-Ferrand. Parts of the Ammunition Train were for a while at Vertazon, 20 km. east of Clermont. Clermont itself was the headquarters of the Organization and Training Center Tractor Artillery, No. 3. Each regiment sent selected officers and men to the "Center" for brief courses in the care and use of their guns and tractors. These men then returned to their organizations which had by that time received some material, and in turn instructed the rest of the men.

The French assured us that all this training which we received during September, October and November, really was not necessary in view of the thorough training received in the U. S. A. but that it was impossible to supply us with materials until late in November, consequently we were placed back out of the way to kill time as best we could. Be that as it may, we made rapid progress in the use of our equipment and completed our course, by having each battalion spend a week on the magnificent firing range in the mountains some 20 km. west of Clermont-Ferrand. Clermont-Ferrand is in the heart of Auvergne, in the oldest (and, I might add the dirtiest) part of France. A favorite French insult is to say "As dirty as an Auvergnain."

Late in November, the 29th to be exact, we received our orders to turn in our equipment preparatory to returning to the U. S. This was done in record time, and the first of December saw us headed toward Bordeaux. The guns and tractors were hauled overland in record time, covering the 300-odd kilometers in a little over five days. "The race to Bordeaux" it was called, and the 337th convoy under com-

mand of Lt. Col. H. Ray Freeman, defeated the 339th convoy commanded by Major William B. Rosevear, Jr., by two minutes and 30 seconds. The rest of the brigade went by train, and had visions of stepping from train to boat, but were instead forced to go into billets just north of Bordeaux, on the banks of the Dordogne. Brigade Headquarters was in the chateau of Mongeont-le-Gravier, which was literally translated by their envious friends as "Riding the Gravy," in the village of St. Eulalie, called "Ukelele."

It was the day before Christmas when the 339th finished up its football tournament, whereupon we were at liberty to move into Camp Genicart, where the 338th had already preceded us from Camp de Souge. This last named regiment sailed Dec. 23. Brigade Headquarters followed on Christmas day, while the 337th and 339th left in small detachments during January. Excepting for one detachment which had to put in at the Azores for repairs to their ship, the trip home was uneventful. More rest camps, more delousers, more examinations, stacks of paperwork, and we were through. Brigade Headquarters was mustered out at Camp Dodge, Jan. 20, 1919, a day or two after the 338th had been released. Within a month all of the units had been disbanded.

The organization was commanded as follows:—

Brigade Commander—Brig. Gen. Stephen M. Foote.

337th F. A.—From organization until December 1918, Col. George R. Greene.
From December, 1918, until discharge Lt. Col. H. R. Freeman.

338th F. A.—From organization until May, 1918, Lt. Col. Francis W. Honeycutt.
From May, 1918, until discharge Col. Ned B. Rehkopf.

339th F. A.—From organization until December, 1918, Col. Samuel C. Vestal.
From December, 1918, until discharge, Lt. Col. Harold Burdick.

313th Trench Mortar Battery—Capt. Donald Stewart.

313th Ammunition Train—From organization to February, 1918, Lt. Col. Ernest Olmstead.
From February, 1918, until sailing Col. Milton A. Elliott, Jr.
From sailing until discharge, Lt. Col. Olmstead

Chronology

1917

First Reserve Officers Training Camp—May 15-Aug. 15.
Regular Army Officers Report—Aug. 15-29.
Reserve Officers Report—Aug. 29.
Drafted Men Report—Sept. 5.
First Detachment sent to Camp Pike—Nov-16-19.

1918

Training and Transferring of Draft Men until June.
Brigade leaves Camp Dodge—Aug. 10-13.
Leaves Hoboken—Aug. 16-23.
Arrives England—Aug. 26-Sept. 3.
Arrives Le Havre—Sept. 4-12.
Units arrive at Training Centers—Sept. 10-16.
313th Amm. Tr. joins 88th Division—Oct.
Brig. Hq., 337th and 339th leave Clermont Ferrand—Dec. 1.
Arrive billets Bordeaux—Dec. 2.

1919

Brigade leaves France—Dec. 23-Jan. 25.

Brigade discharged—Jan. 19-Feb. 20.

General Foote, Brigade commander, died Oct. 30, 1919, at the post hospital at Fort Banks. His temporary commission of brigadier general was canceled after the demobilization of the command and at the time of his death he held the rank of colonel Coast Artillery Corps, to which he was promoted in 1911. He was in command of the coast defenses of Boston.

Stephen Miller Foote was born at La Salle, Mich., in 1859, and was appointed to the U. S. Military Academy from Vermont. He had the distinction of being the original advocate of summer training camps for college men. In 1897 he won a gold medal of the Military Service Institution for the best essay on raising, organizing and training volunteers.

Views around Chateau Billets inside of inclosure at Blanzat (lower left) Lt. H. C. Metcalf, Lt. (Capt.) M. S. Robb, Lt. E. F. Ver Wiebe of D Bty., 337th F. A.; (upper right)Hq. Bty. and Officers' Sleeping Quarters, Old Chateau; (upper left) View from New Chateau.

History of the 337th F. A. Regt.

Following is a brief summary of the principal events in the history of the 337th F. A., prepared by Eugene S. Bibb, Captain F. A., regimental adjutant:

The 337th F. A. under command of Col. George R. Greene consisted of National Army men inducted into the service September, 1917, at which time the entire Regiment was composed of Minneapolis men. We were unfortunate, however, during the next 11 months in losing our entire enlisted personnel, with the exception of noncommissioned officers, through transfer. Our career in Camp Dodge covered a period of a trifle over 11 months, in which time we gained a reputation of being one of the most efficient organizations in the 88th Div.

The Advance Party left Camp Dodge July 25, 1918, and arrived at Camp Upton, N. Y., July 28; embarked on the S. S. Leviathan Aug. 3, at noon and sailed from Hoboken Aug. 4; landed at Brest, France, Aug. 11, and marched to Pontanzen Barracks, where the party was quartered in an area formerly occupied by Napoleon. The members were sent to schools at Gequetdan, France, attending four weeks' courses in all classes of artillery preparation. They rejoined the Regiment at Cebazat, France, Sept. 12, 1918. The party consisted of 54 enlisted men and the following officers:

Lieut. Col. Henry R. Freeman, Jr., Major Benjamin F. Brundred, Major Richard W. Redfield, Capt. Raymond T. Benson, Capt. James A. Cathcart, Capt. C. A. Lyman, 1st Lt. Carl H. Gewalt, 2nd Lt. Robert A. Schmitt, Capt. Walter J. Kennedy, 1st Lt. Glen Ireland, 1st Lt. Harold T. Landeryou, 1st Lt. Dabney G. Miller, Capt. Jesse E. Maxey, 1st Lt. John D. Matz, 1st Lt. Howard G. Mealey, and 1st Lt. Miles H. McNally.

We (the Regiment) left Camp Dodge Aug. 11, 1918, stopping at Camp Mills, Long Island, prior to embarking for overseas. We boarded the H. M. T. Bohemian, an English vessel, at Hoboken, N. J., Aug. 17, 1918. We lay in the harbor 24 hours while our convoy was being made up and on the 18th we started for foreign shores accompanied by a dirigible, an aeroplane and a number of cruisers and torpedo boats.

We landed at Liverpool, England, Aug. 31, after an uneventful voyage and marched from the docks to an American rest camp at "Knotty Ash," England. From Knotty Ash we boarded a train and arrived at Southampton, Sept. 2 and camped at Camp "Burning Ash." The 3rd of September we boarded the S. S. Narragansett, manned by American sailors and crossed the English Channel arriving at Le Havre, France. Leaving an American Rest Camp at Le Havre we boarded a train and rode to Clermont-Ferrand, passing within 12 kilometers of Paris. We arrived at Clermont-Ferrand Sept. 8, marching from there and billeting at Cebazat, Gerzat and Blanzat.

We entered the O. & T. C., T. A. No. 3, at Clermont-Ferrand and completed a five weeks' course covering all classes of artillery preparation. On completing school we received a number of 155 mm G. P. F. guns and tractors and commenced firing on the range which completed our training prior to being sent to the front. The armistice was signed only a few days before we were scheduled to depart for the front.

On Nov. 30 we received orders to move to Bordeaux which was our first step to the U. S. A., arriving at St. Loubes Dec. 1.

After completing our records at St. Loubes we were ordered to the Permanent Embarkation Camp at Bordeaux. Before leaving St. Loubes our commanding officer, Colonel Greene, was transferred (Dec. 15, 1918) to the 5th F. A. Brig. stationed in Bigburg, Germany.

At the permanent embarkation camp at Bordeaux we were put through a delousing mill and new clothing issued to all the men. The 8th of January, 1919, we sailed for the U. S., arriving at Hoboken, Jan. 19, 1919. We entrained at Hoboken on the 20th and arrived at Camp Merritt, N. J., the same day. We rested at Camp Merritt until Jan. 23, entraining on that date for Camp Dodge, Iowa, and arriving Jan. 26, 1919.

Paper Factory at Blanzat, part of which was occupied by portion of D Bty.

The story of the 337th Regiment of Field Artillery is a story of tragedy—as befits a war narrative. But there are varieties of tragedy, and this is of a different character from the kind that goes with carnage and sudden death. It is more of the kind that had to do with the sensibilities of the soldiers who were marched bravely "up the hill and then marched down again."

The first of the series of heart-breaking events was in November, 1917, when the rookies of the first draft, having been drilled and taught, and drilled and taught, and having developed some of the spirit and mutual regard that follow close association under hard conditions, the batteries and companies were ripped asunder and all but a comparative handful sent away to other camps.

A long, short-handed winter followed, when there were scarcely enough men for guard, K. P. and other similar duties. It came to be known as the "Siege of Camp Dodge," and ended only when on Feb. 22, 1918, another quota of the first draft began to arrive. Once more the units went up to near full strength and drill and teaching went ahead again with renewed vigor. They were training for the big war and hoped they soon would go over there together.

But alas! Late in March and into April orders came once more stripping the organizations to two or three dozen.

Then on April 28 another increment took the places of those lost and once more the barracks at the north end of Camp Dodge filled up and the grounds of the area became beehives of industry. It required a special brand of zeal and patriotism for the officers and noncoms to maintain their interest in drilling set after set of temporary units, but there was always the hope that possibly the last to come would be permanent.

But the latest arrivals remained only about a month, when they, too, were ordered away. About 15 camps all over the country by this time had considerable quotas of men who acquired their initial military training at the hands of the "drill masters" of Camp Dodge.

May 28 was the date of the next experiment at raising a permanent regiment—and this time, as it turned out, the recruits came "for keeps." In June more arrived, at the same time as drill became feverish in intensity at the prospect of departure overseas at last. Still the units were not full strength, but when the regiment finally got under way for France in August, 1918, and stopped at Camp Mills, L. I., before embarking, the ranks were filled or nearly so with men from various localities.

France at last! This was the goal and aim of the year of preparation which had been the lot of the original faithfuls. But of the real, pure-stock 337th-ers of September, 1917, there were very few in the organization which made its way to Clermont-Ferrand (Puy de Dome), France, in September, 1918, and went into training anew and with tremendous application. Some units had only three or four men, besides the officers, who had been in Camp Dodge a year before.

But the frequent disappointments, the feelings of outrage and discouragement were forgotten. Here they were where the war was at last, and there were big guns, regular war stuff, to play with. The past was allowed to remain past. Now was real work to do and no time for memories or regrets. There were new drills, range work and maneuvers—plenty of hard drill. True, the war was still far away from this spot south of the center of France, but if they did not go to Death up there along the "Front," at least Death came to them, and the "flu" swept the ranks and laid many low.

Braced for Bloody Work

That was hard to put up with, but it was a small matter after all. They were bracing themselves for the bloody work that was due to be coming to them soon. Word of it came through early in November and there was joy at the prospect of putting into practical use the lessons so thoroughly mastered. Everything and everybody was ready and it is probable that interspersed with the sensations of small-boy expectancy and delight were frequent twinges of trepidation and speculation. But all were keyed up to go through with whatever was in store and to do it gloriously, gladly, freely, when—The war was over.

There was no war for them to go to, no place to make use of all the learning and test out their gathered valor. The great efforts, the constant strain, the conscious weight, all ended in an anti-climax for the 337th Regiment of Field Artillery, and there was nothing further to do for the men in the military world, so they turned around and marched "down the hill" again—that is home. Thus began, ensued and ended the history of as snappy an organization as the United States ever formed out of its citizens to go over to Europe and put an end to the activities of one W. Hohenzollern and his followers.

Thus it would seem that all the time the members of the regiment devoted to the art of war was dissipated and gone for naught. But such is by no means the case. Whether or not the men proceeded as far as the front line was a small matter. They had gone through the stages that make a soldier a good fighting man. The small step farther, from Puy de Dome to Metz, where the regiment was scheduled to "go in," while it would have proved a refining process of value to the experienced gunner, would have added little to his fund of lore. Yet it would have been the "finishing touch"—it would have provided the satisfaction that every strong man craved as a reward for long and patient effort. That the regiment was robbed of this opportunity was the final and crowning tragedy.

The early history of the 337th F. A., is so much of a piece with the stories of all the other organizations of the 88th Div. while at Camp Dodge that going into further detail of that portion of the story than has already been done would be needless repetition of matter that can be obtained by glancing over preceding narratives. The Regiment received its first men from the early contingent of 5 per cent of the first draft, who arrived Sept. 5, 1917. These men were drilled hurriedly and intensively in order that they might be prepared, in their turn, to drill the next increment due in a few days.

This first "bunch" was of a high order, men not only of superior intelligence and ability, but men filled with a superior ardor and desire to make use of themselves for the glory of their country. It was a marvelous spectacle to see how, almost in a few hours, they grasped the right idea and took form as trained soldiery. The nation owes much to these early men who first reported at Camp Dodge, for the speed and excellency with which the National Army was made fit for the front.

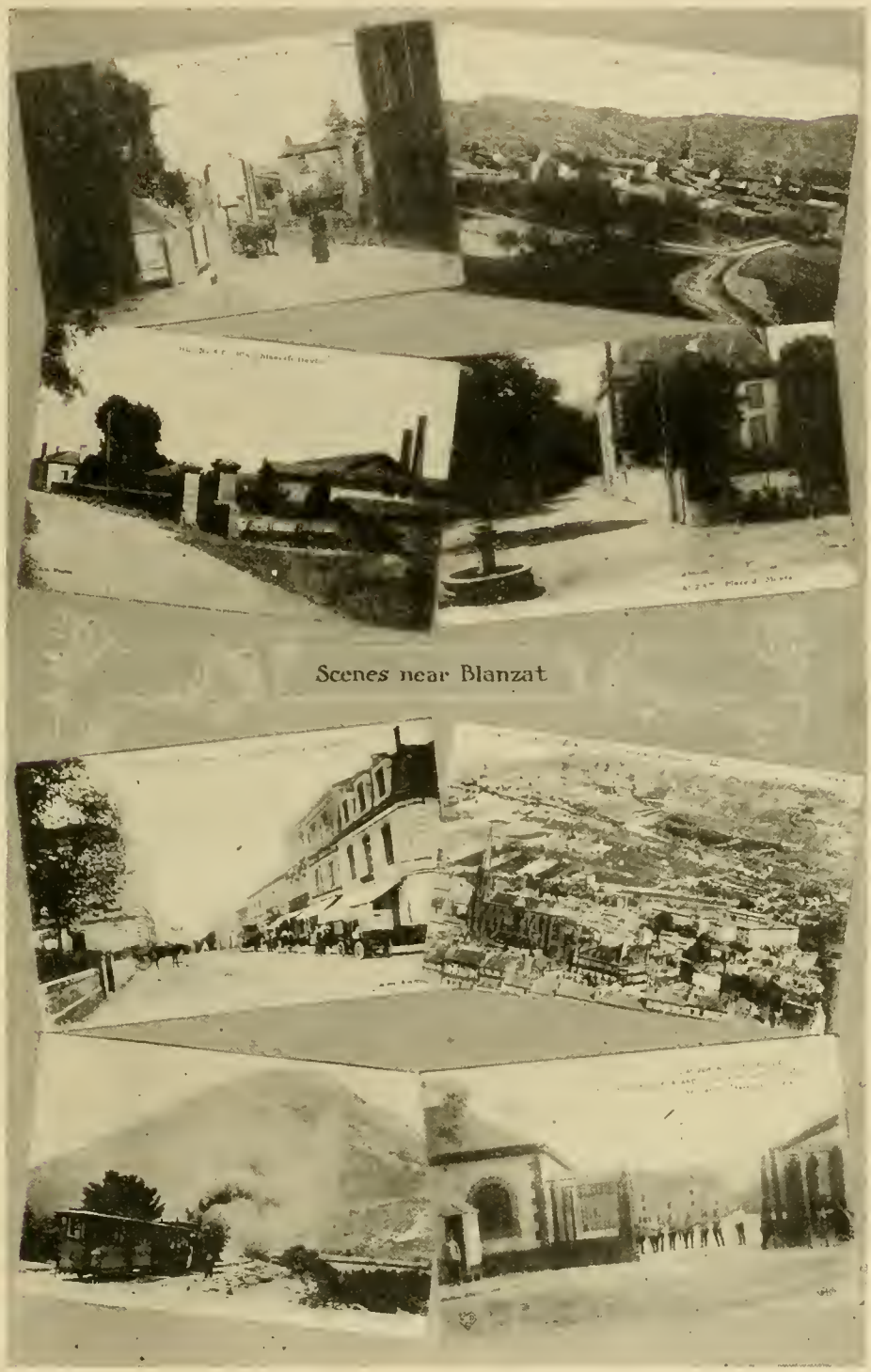
Col. George R. Greene was designated to command the 337th and he remained with the organization overseas. In the first days at Camp Dodge the artillery area was near the southern end of the cantonment, but as building construction extended farther and farther, the three regiments were allotted barracks side by side at the north end of camp, near the Base Hospital, and the artillery range was established adjoining this area toward the north and slightly west.

A special feature of the early life at Camp Dodge and the training there was the various schools to which officers and men were sent for specific instruction in various states. The School of Fire at Ft. Sill drew hundreds from the 163d Brig.

Little if any more than 90 per cent of the 337th is interested in what happened during the first eight or nine months at Camp Dodge, for that portion was not there then. In June and July, 1918, however, the contingent then present knew or felt that something was in the air and the vigor with which work was prosecuted foretold that the "something" was the order overseas. Those were memorable days as the companies and batteries were being whipped into shape for the big adventure across the water. Detachments of men were received at various times, mostly from Camp Funston and the Dunwoody Institute at Minneapolis, being assimilated with great benefit to the organizations.

Long Ways to Town

Life at Camp Dodge that summer was too strenuous to permit much time or opportunity for more than the scheduled portion of recreation. It was a long ways to town in either direction along the Interurban Railroad (or "Interruption" Line as it was quickly dubbed) and training began early in the morning and continued until late evening. There was



Views Around 2d Bn. Billets

no time to go anywhere. Camp Dodge was "strictly business" and so long as there was prospect of early transfer overseas the men offered no objection but put their shoulders to the wheel with one accord and admirable cooperation.

Departure of the 337th Regiment's detail to help make up the Advance Party to France July 25, 1918, was a distinct event, and made all feel that at last the Regiment and Division were an accepted part of the machine fighting the Huns. With the leaving of the advance and school detachments the movement abroad was under way in earnest.

One of the memorable incidents of the cross-country journey from Camp Dodge to the sea was the plunge in Lake Erie near Cleveland, and another was the ministrations of the women of the Red Cross at certain points along the route. At Camp Mills the men received their overseas "gear," batteries which were below strength received new members, and officers acquired their Sam Browne belts and gained more of the more or less erroneous information regarding what could be taken overseas in the way of personal property and what was prohibited. Officers' baggage was limited to a trunk locker of 150 pounds, a bedroll and such baggage as could be carried on the person.

There were eight troop ships in the convoy of which the Bohemian, carrying the 337th Regt., was a part. The Bohemian, however, was unable to accommodate all the 337th officers, and Lieutenant A. G. Bainbridge, Jr., of Minneapolis and Edward C. Monahan of Denver, were sent aboard the Traz os Montes, as was also Lt. Charles P. Kelly of the 313th Ammunition Train. The brigade commander and staff, and the 338th F. A., with certain other miscellaneous officers, were aboard the Traz os Montes, a Portuguese ship with a Portuguese captain and crew. The eight ships had little more than got under way when the Traz os Montes "burst a boiler," as some of the Americans expressed it. She had engine trouble, at any rate, and was obliged to fall behind, turn around and steam back to New York for repairs.

Irksome Days of Waiting

Those were irksome days of waiting for those on board, not only because of the delay and getting behind the rest of the convoy, but because of the foul smell of the vessel, and denial of shore leave to New York. The Montes had been loaded Aug. 17, and steamed out of New York at 7:35 A. M. next day, Sunday. It was 2:30 P. M. when the accident occurred which sent the boat back. It was an old tub, and had been used to convey negro troops for the French.

Day after day went by and still they remained at anchor. Then Lieut. Bainbridge took up a collection with which to buy a phonograph and records for an army hospital, which gave him an excuse to go to New York and get the accumulated letters in the mail. One method of killing time and keeping the men clean was to permit them to row about in the lifeboats and go to the beach at Tompkinsville to swim. This gave some of the officers an idea. Just whose idea it was may be a question, but Bainbridge asserted it was broached by Lieut. Monahan. Anyway, on the sixth day after this tiresome lying in wait, and after an afternoon swim at the beach, it was proposed to take one of the lifeboats and extend a trip farther than the beach.

It was not difficult to induce a party to go. Accordingly, a boat was manned by the adventurers and it swung out. Those aboard were, besides the three officers named, Lieutenants Harrie E. Perkins, Charles W. Gillen, John B. Stoddard, T. W. Manning, John H. McGorrick, all of the 338th F. A., Doud J. Bleifuss and George F. Fisher. The little craft was tied under the pier at Tompkinsville, and evening found the ten officers in New York. After the Winter Garden, it was the Midnight Follies, and signs of dawn were in the sky before the lifeboat was untied from its moorings and, with tired but happy officers at the oars, started back for the Montes with the swift tide. The ship was now surrounded with many other vessels making up a convoy which was to start that day and the only fears the officers had was lest it should be gone before they got back.

As they neared the convoy in the grey morning, the difficulty of locating their particular ship became acute. All were camouflaged, but at last someone sighted the cloth sign which marked the Montes, and they made for it. The channel water was as calm as glass and not a sound broke the stillness of dawn, except the noise of the oars of the approaching boat.

A guard saw it. Probably he was some farmer lad from Iowa who had never seen a boat bigger than a chip in a puddle before. What suspicious craft was this, coming at this unseemly hour? Was it a load of Hun agents disguised as Americans and bent on blowing up the troopship? He didn't wait to inquire.

"Corporal of the guard!" he bellowed.

Dismay overtook the truants. They had counted on being able to get back aboard with no one being the wiser for their escapade, and had they not been so early, they probably could have gotten away with it.

"Shut up, you fool," one of them called, in consternation. But that only made matters worse. Now the guard was sure the attackers were of the enemy.

"Corporal of the guard!" he yelled some more, and yet more, until from ship to ship went the alarm, soldiers lined the railings everywhere to learn the cause of the fuss, and when the officers climbed the ladder it was to find the guard's reception committee waiting to take their names.

Can't Wear Their S. Brownes

But the commanding general was not severe. They received the censure they had coming to them, of course, and General Foote further deprived them of the distinction of wearing their new Sam Browne belts during the voyage (!). One of the officers had been recommended for a captaincy, but he never heard anything more of that. Otherwise none seemed any the worse for their escapade.

The voyage at once became a monotonous repetition after the convoy at last weighed anchor, Aug. 25, 1918. But it was not to continue so. The old Montes, which formerly was the Von Bulow until taken over by the Portuguese, was to be mixed up in further history.

The first thing that happened after the convoy got to sea was the persistant falling behind of the old "Traz." The American commander of the fleet repeatedly spurred up the lagging Portuguese and one day an exchange of rather wrathy language resulted. The fleet commander could stand it no longer when he saw the Montes only a speck on the horizon one morning and wirelessed the captain that he was "inviting submarine attack by falling behind the convoy" and that he (the commander) refused to take further responsibility for his safety if he did not keep up.

General Foote, on board the Montes had meanwhile become greatly concerned, also, and had frequent conferences with the captain, through the interpreter. Then the truth came out—the Portuguese stokers in the hold had gotten into the wine cellar and were almost out of commission.

The general appealed to his own men and obtained sufficient volunteers to go into the hold to shovel coal at the same rate of pay as the regular stokers received. Very soon great clouds of black smoke came from the ship's stacks, there was a perceptible increase of speed on the part of the Montes, and cheer on cheer went up from the throats of the worried passengers as they saw the spurt. Gradually the boat gained on the fleet, and by evening of the next day everyone went to bed happy in the thought that at last they were nearly up to where they belonged. As a matter of fact, the Montes was a swift vessel.

But on looking out the next morning the men's glee was dashed to pieces to discover that again they were behind, and the fleet was almost disappearing over the horizon. What could be the matter now? An investigation quickly followed —and found the American stokers also had discovered the wine casks, and were likewise incapacitated! The trouble was quickly remedied, however. A sergeant was put in charge of each group of men and there was no further difficulty about firing the boilers. The Traz os Montes soon caught up with the rest of the convoy and remained there.

All went smoothly then, with everybody either wearing or carrying his lifebelt constantly, night and day, ready for the possible emergency, when, at 3:15 P. M., Sept. 7, off the Scilly Islands, a German submarine rose to the surface on the starboard side of the Traz os Montes. It might have been

155mm. (long) "G. P. F." Hun Killers and their Crews

(Top) Lt. Monahan, Supply Co. (left), and Capt. Bibb, Adjutant 337th F. A. (right); (No. 2 from top) Lt. Newcomb and 1st Sect. and its gun of D Bty.; (center) Section and gun of B Bty.; (lower inset)—2d Sect. and gun of D Bty.; (bottom)—Lt. Ely Salyard with section and gun of A Bty., 337th F. A.

all up with the ancient ship had it not been for the fact that, just a few moments before, the ship Persic, loaded with horses, dropped back from its place on the port side of the Montes to exchange places with the latter. The Persic was just coming up on the starboard side when the submarine appeared, and to save itself from being run down or attacked, the U-boat submerged and passed under the Montes.

By this time, of course, the alarm had long since sounded and on all the ships the men were doing their "boat drill," taking their positions beside their allotted lifeboats and rafts. On the Montes these lanky chaps from the prairies were standing in their places craning their necks to see what was going on. If they were going to be sent down, they wanted to see how it was done, anyway, and who did it.

U-Boat Fires a Torpedo

Suddenly the diver came up on the port side of the Montes and let fly a torpedo. But it was a poor aim and missed the stern by about ten feet, witnesses said. Then it fired again at the Persic. The torpedo went true. A noise like a giant cannon ensued, and the Persic was hidden from view in a burst of water and spray. The U-boat disappeared at once to escape the attack that was already under way by the escort. The waves around the Persic went down, and the ship came to view again with an enormous hole torn in its side.

Almost more quickly than it can be told, a collision blanket was let over the side to cover the rent and later it was learned that the Persic had made Cardiff safely for repairs. It was reported also that the destroyers which began dropping depth bombs thickly where the undersea boat had gone down had succeeded in sinking it for good.

One of the amusing incidents of the U-boat attack aboard the Traz os Montes was the search for the gunners. There were men on duty as required to man the guns on an instant's alarm, but it was discovered that one of the others had the firing pin for the main piece in his pocket, and he was not to be found.

Another incident that demands mention had to do with the exhibition of control and discipline by the newly-made soldiers from the American West. It was a test that few would care to be put up against, but they went through it like veterans of long military training. The men carried out the "boat drill" calmly, except for the note of expectancy and curiosity that ran through them. They took their places beside their allotted craft and stood. Not a person was to move away or get into the boats until the word of command came from one of the ship's crew. Disobedience might mean a bullet from one of these, for this was serious business.

But there was no need of threat or caution. These youths merely craned their necks to see what was going on, but kept one foot in place. It was a splendid example of calm and poise in the face of posible death by drowning. There was one person in the jam on the upper deck who in his eagerness forgot orders and jumped into one of the boats, but he was not one of the hastily drilled private soldiers. Nor was he one of the scores of citizen reserve officers. He was the commander, the highest regular army officer aboard.

The convoy completed its voyage without further incident and the 337th Regt. officers were detached and sent to rejoin their organization in France, via Cherbourg. On this trip Lieut. Bainbridge attended the funeral of one of the boys of the 351st Inf., Carl Lundberg, 23 years old, who died Sept. 13. Lundberg had been left behind ill and Bainbridge carried an American flag to the grave and placed it on the coffin at the village of Tourlaville, Sunday, Sept. 15.

The impressions, sensations and mental and physical experiences of the men on parting from the familiar scenes of Midwestern America, going through the older sections of the East, past the world's metropolis with its many wonders, aboardship for the first time in their lives, the airplanes and dirigibles overhead, war vessels close at hand, the submarine menace constantly before them, the sighting of a foreign land for the first time, the passage through England with its park-like country sides, the stay at "rest camps," the crossing of the dangerous English Channel, France at last (!), the journey in "40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux" boxcars, the stay in French billets and mingling with the peasant people, the interested observation of the strange customs—these things form an important part of the adventures of our soldiers in the war. They should not be permitted to die in oblivion. Already memory grows dim of thoughts that sped through the avidly active mind, the surprises and amusing incidents. A perusal of the narratives of individuals in an earlier chapter will serve to bring almost forgotten scenes and events to mind.

Training Is Resumed

It was a well-trained regiment of American soldiers, recently common, every-day citizens, that marched the few miles from the railroad to the villages of Blanzat, Gerzat and Cebezat, north of Clermont-Ferrand, province of Puy de Dome, and were assigned to billets. Without the slightest let-up, training went on as soon as the men got in. Equipment, of course, the men did not have, but it was not long before French 155mm. guns and Holte tractors were issued, and then training went on apace. These guns gave the men new zest. Great, enormous, towering engines of terror they were, weighing nearly 15 tons each. To handle them required much practice with rope, tackle and other devices.

The 337th will never forget the Sunday morning when the units were drawn up and the men with colds were asked to raise their hands. All but a few admitted that they were affected. This was the beginning of the epidemic of Spanish influenza, of "flu," that swept the Americans in September and October, 1918, and laid thousands in their graves even before they had come within sound of the guns at the front. But severe as the visitation was in France, it was far worse back home in the United States, where the toll of dead went into hundreds of thousands that following winter.

In the absence of sufficient hospital facilities for so large a number of patients, subterfuges of all sorts were arranged in which to take care of the men, who were ill, and in the absence of sufficient medical men and nurses, the men who did not come down were taught the necessary duties of an attendant of the sick, which they performed cheerfully and well in addition to their regular duties of artillery training. Many French women did what they could also for "les soldats Americains," and more than one fellow will bless the memory of some woman in black whom he did not know or understand, but whose ministrations he appreciated.

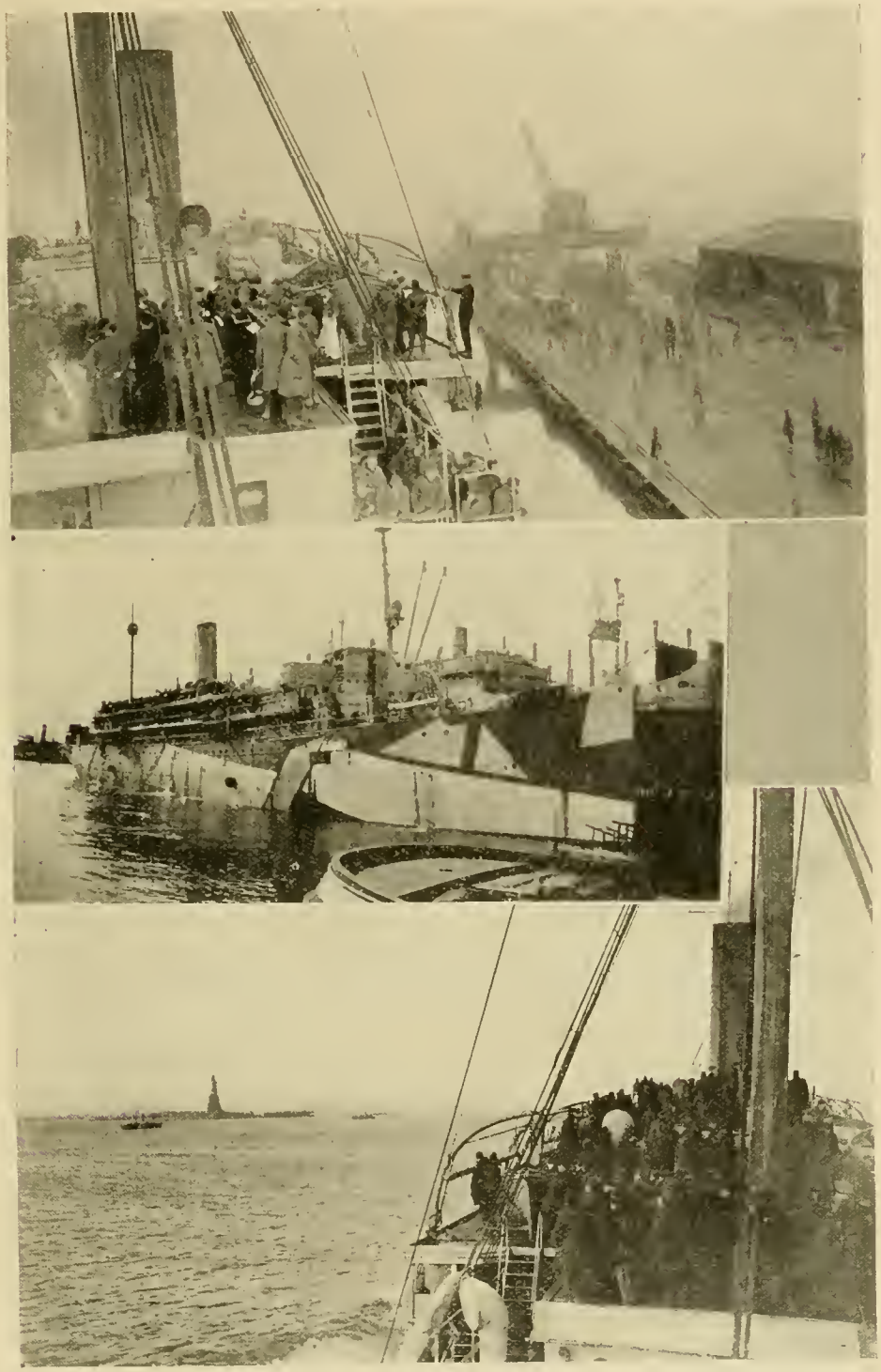
The stricken men showed a wonderful spirit. It was really touching at times. Usually a sergeant was placed in charge of each billet and given a certain number of men to care for the sick men. They could do little except cheer up the afflicted ones and keep the billets warm, dry and clean. That was, in fact, about all the treatment that could be prescribed—warmth, quiet and cheerfulness. In some cases the buildings occupied were cold and damp, as is the case with all the buildings over there erected centuries ago, with poor ventilation. Where possible the patients were moved to better quarters.

About the time the epidemic had subsided perceptibly the well men were loaded into trucks and transferred to Randan, carrying their personal equipment. Pup-tents were pitched here, dug-outs, gun emplacements and ammunition shelters, etc., constructed, and a real taste of life at the front afforded. Then began the target practice in the mountains with the big guns. A large number of big shells were fired by each unit. When every man had received a thorough insight into the work of a battery in actual position, the batteries shouldered their packs and hiked the 24 miles back to their villages. They were glad to get back, too, as extended life in pup-tents in chill weather is not the most desirable form of existence.

News of Defeats Heard

Meanwhile news came filtering down from the front about the discomfiture of the proud Huns, how they were falling back and falling back, unable to stand before the pressure of the victorious Allies and Americans. Rumors, also, came of peace talk. At last, in fact, Germany stood alone, left to fight out the bloody war she had herself started. It became evident to the 337th that if it was to see actual warfare in the front line, it was time to be moving up. Would the war last another winter? That was the question.

Among many of the officers, especially those who had entered the first officers' training camps at the first sign of a



Top—U. S. S. Sierra leaving Bassens Docks, (Bordeaux) Jan. 8, 1919, for New York. Center—U. S. S. Sierra in war camouflage. Below—The longed-for moment. Sighting "The Old Girl," from the Sierra. "She will have to 'about face' if she ever sees my face again."

demand for enlistments in May, 1917, the anxiety became acute lest they should after all be cheated out of a real part in the war and not even see what it was like. These men had offered themselves early in the game with the hope and expectation of seeing action early. Some of the 337th did reach the front, by being put in charge of convoys. Among the officers who thus got a taste of the "real thing" were Lieuts. D. G. Miller, Miles McNally and A. G. Bainbridge, Jr. Capt. Eugene S. Bibb, regimental adjutant, happened to be within reaching distance of the front at the last, also, and he ran the risk of stretching regulations by going forward to where he could see what was going on.

The news that the war was over was generally received in the Regiment with considerable satisfaction, despite the lost opportunity. It meant an end to billet life and it meant, best of all, going home. And now that there was no further need of soldiers, that is precisely what they all wanted to do, and as quickly as possible.

The 163d Brig. was not to remain long in France after the signing of the armistice. The 337th Regt. left its three villages near Clermont-Ferrand Dec. 1, 1918, three weeks after the armistice was signed, and the next day arrived in billets near Bordeaux, the embarkation port. But it was not a matter of stepping immediately aboard a vessel and setting sail for America. No, indeed. There was a tremendous amount of "paper work" to be prepared, equipment to be turned in, records to be completed, etc., and there were examinations and —the delouser! That was the finish, as it also has been the "finish" of some of the nicely pressed and well-fitting uniforms that the men turned in.

Many of the 337th will never forget Christmas eve of 1918, and they will be telling their grandchildren how Santa Claus would have found them all "stripped to the buff" in a room of the delouser waiting for a supply of clothes to come. The men had started at one end of the series of runways, compartments and doors that usually form a "delouser." They went in with full but old equipment, passed a line of clerks who completed their service records. They had already thrown down their packs, and now divested themselves of their wearing apparel on the run—shirts in one pile, blouses in another, etc., keeping only the shoes and "dog tag," for which new tape was given.

Then came the bath room, big enough to accommodate almost a battery at once under the showers. The men were to have continued at once and drawn new clothing, orders having been given each man. But there were no clothes, and from 2 to 11 P. M., nine hours, hundreds remained in that bathroom sans vistage of raiment before they finally trooped out to get the "glad rags" in which they were to appear before the proud and happy family and best girl at home.

No sooner had the news of the armistice spread through every billet than the rumor factory got busy on the next move for the artillery. One had it that the commands would remain in France all winter; another that they would go into the Army of Occupation, and then came an order that because of the large number of farmers in the regiments and the need for increased crops, with a shortage of hands, they were going to be sent home soon so the men could get back to work. This immediately brought hopes of spending Christmas at home, but this was not to be.

A number of officers were taken from the brigade before it started home and sent to divisions in Germany, and Colonel Greene of the 337th was one of these. In a little booklet printed for a farewell smoker held Jan. 29, 1919, by Battery E, the following paragraph appears:

"We camped for three weeks at a place about ten miles from Bordeaux, along the river where we waded in mud to our knees waiting for transportation to take us home. Here we lost our colonel, who by this time all considered our best friend. Uncle Sam decided that he would have to keep him in France in the Army of Occupation. One morning we lined up and he came and told us that he was going to leave. Believe me, the Old Man felt bad. He could hardly talk and the tears stood in his eyes."

The ship which took the 337th back across the sea was the U. S. S. Sierra, which sailed at 4 P. M., Jan. 8, 1919, with all but Battery F, Supply Co., and Ordnance and Medical Units. —E. J. D. L.

From Bordeaux to Camp Dodge

On Jan. 5, 1919, the Regiment left behind, stranded in the mud of Genicart, a lonesome rearguard of 29 officers and 300 men of Battery F, Supply Co., Ordnance Detachment and Medical Corps, and sets its face westward to Bassens and beyond that HOME, without so much as a backward glance at the unfortunates thus deserted. This was the first time that the Regiment had split, and those remaining behind (the writer being one of them and thus qualified to speak) regretted the necessity thereof—and at that regretted it more than those who went on ahead.

However, the file closers in Battery E had scarcely disappeared in the "clouds of dust" when Hix came in with the "hot stuff."

"The rearguard will embark on the following morning on the Rochambeau. This is a nice boat—will beat the Sierra home. Lots of pretty Red Cross girls, real American Bar, etc., ad infinitum." It was another case of turning the dark clouds inside out.

But it was not the next day or the next that the adieus were said. After numerous delays, entailing countless trips to the docks to get the "dope" Jan. 9 dawned fair and bright, and with the dawn came the long-looked-for billet doux from "Spike" Hennesey (you know why they call him "Spike") which sent the detachment to the docks. As it embarked it was as follows: Major R. Redfield, in command; Capt. M. S. Robb, detachment adjutant; Capt. William Stimple, Supply Co.; Supply Company, 83 men; Capt. Walter J. Kennedy, Battery F; 1st Lt. William L. Hixon; Battery F, 182 men; 1st Lt. John Himes, Ordnance; Ordnance Detachment, 18 men; 1st Lt. Frederick M. Phillips, Medical Corps, and Medical Detachment, 21 men.

The Rochambeau of the Compagnie Transatlantique (French Line), of submarine fame, testimonials of which she carried proudly in her Salon de Conversation—sailed on that memorable 9th of January, 1919, with her passenger list composed of one-third French "civies," one-third Salvation Army, K. C., Red Cross, and Y. M. C. A., and the balance troops. It is scarcely necessary to state that the troops were the bottom layer of a cake of which the non-combatants were the upper layer and the French civies the frosting.

Coal Bunkers Run Low

For the first few days out, all went well and then "she blew"—and fewer answered mess call. Some who did remembered the warning and advice of friend Hoover and refrained from wasteful tactics in the food line. Then the boilers struck and walked out one by one and the "Log" slumbered. Vague whispers of doubt circulated through the cabins and it was even reported that the captain of the ship spent one whole night on the bridge without his "dago red." Then came a cut in rations and the horrible truth became known—the old tub's engines were on the blink and the bunkers were running low. A hasty consultation by all the ship's amateur navigators, in which reference was made to the posted runs, determined that she was in "the middle."

All this time the wind was rising as were, incidentally, the waves. The skipper decided in French that "any old port in a storm" contained a good deal of truth, and he laid the Good Ship Rochambeau on a course for the Azores.

All the while, in rising winds and rolling breakers, "Maj" made a turn of the ship every morning, from stem to stern. Military duties must be attended to regardless of the most charming workers in Red Cross uniform.

In nine hours from the change of course, a miracle was performed way down deep where they shovel in the coal. The passengers said the "Chinese admiral" did it. The chief engineer denied his handiwork and took the credit himself through a bulletin which he kindly translated for the benefit of the Yanks. But be that as it may, she began hitting on all six, and started west, while up in the cabin the clans gathered at the bar.

Coal had run low and it was impossible to make New York and the skipper laid for Halifax for more, but even Halifax is west of the "middle."

On Jan. 20 the sun came up over the white hills of Nova Scotia. Real houses again, and officials coming in over the side spoke American, and knew how to say yes. Only dear

old Daddy Stimp stuck to his "Wee." All that day and the next coal came in over one side and grub in the other, and a few favored ones got ashore to see Chas. Chaplin.

From Halifax the trip down the coast was accomplished without incident except for the stop at Martha's Vineyard for grapes and at Cape Cod for Friday's Mess.

Just at sunset, Jan. 24th, the Rochambeau sighted New York—just three lights, a big one in the middle, the light we'd been dreaming of awake and asleep, that of the old girl that stands in the harbor to welcome travelers home. Every one on board ship had the same thought as was so aptly expressed by a doughboy: "If she wants to see me again, she'll have to do an about face." Thus ended the voyage of the Rochambeau.

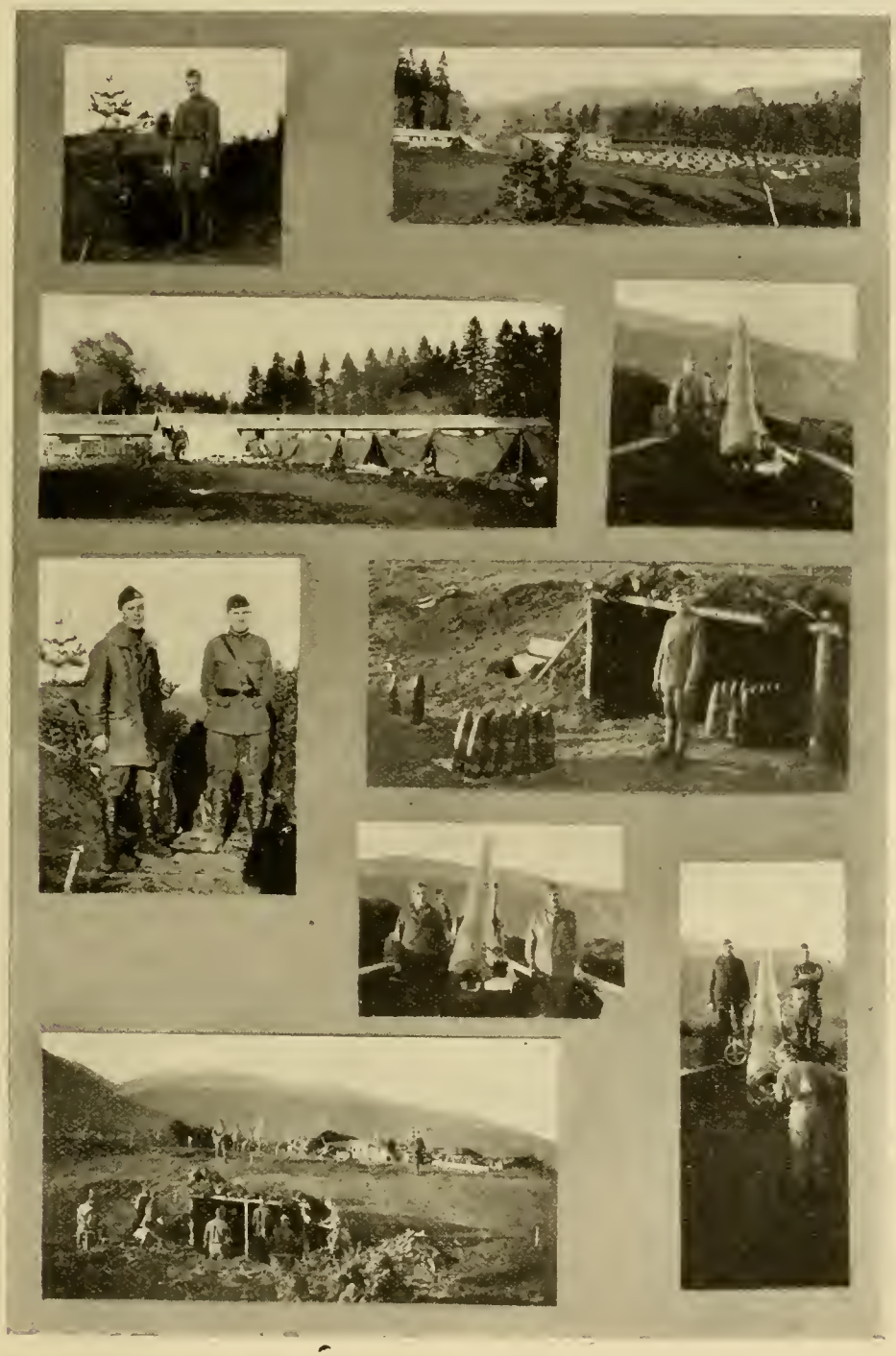
From Hoboken the detachment proceeded officially to Camp Merrit, N. J., (unofficially to Broadway) to wait for Brother McAdoo to round up the necessary "8 Chevaux, 40 Hommes" to make the rest of the trip.

A week later, Des Moines and Camp Dodge. Freeman and Brundred were still in town but with red chevrons, and they acted as interpreters. The regiment, for whom we were a tardy rear guard, were CIVIES again.

Casual Detach. No. 55, as the detachment was christened on its arrival at Dodge, was mustered out of the service Feb. 5, 1919, all members receiving honorable discharges with the exception of Captain Stimple, who remained in the regular service.—Contributed.

(See Appendix for Roster 337th F. A.)

On the Artillery Range at Randanne



(Upper left)—Capt. C. A. Lyman, D Bty.; (upper right)—Camp of 2d Bn., 337th F. A.; (under camp)—Capt. Lyman and one of his guns; (next below) Amm. Sgt. Lindbom at ammunition dugout; (left center)—Capt. A. C. Potter, Bty. C., and Lt. Metcalf; (lower left)—ammunition shelter back of guns in position; (lower right)—Sergts. Lawrence and Blomberg; (center miniature)—Sergts. MacMurdo and McCarty.

History of the 339th F. A. Regt.

To give a faithful account of all the details in the history of the 339th Regiment of Field Artillery (Heavy) would be to rehearse needlessly much of what appears on the preceding pages. In common with the rest of the Division, the 339th had the same tedious, disappointing experience at Camp Dodge. Along with the other oufits, it was one of the "goat" organizations of the National Army, doomed to act for nearly a year as a school for rookies to be sent to France and the front.

Not long before this was written, the subject of these transfers of men was up for discussion and criticism before members of Congress. The criticism was made that when orders were received to deplete organizations and send members away, it was the practice of commanding officers to retain their most proficient personnel and get rid of those who were net yet well trained.

If this practice was a matter for criticism, the officers of the 88th Div. must plead guilty to having offended, for that certainly was the deliberate plan. If the astute members of Congress could have been present in those days, and witnessed the chagrin of battery, battalion, regimental, brigade and division officers when their reward for hard work whipping the raw men into shape, was an order, not to lead those men abroad, as they hoped, but to send them away for some other officers to take abroad, they would not have blamed them for hanging on to the best fruits of their labor and allowing other officers to train up their own personnel. That plan may not have worked out to the efficiency of the army as a whole, but it might have been divined that such would be the inevitable course that would be followed.

In all the divisions that made such glorious history for America on the battlefields of France were men who received their first training at the hands of Camp Dodge officers. So a history of the 88th Div. should not stop with the activities of a year at Camp Dodge and a few months in France, but of a right should include almost the whole history of the A. E. F.

The 339th as it returned from France knew but little of the early hardships of the charter members at Camp Dodge, when the "regimental" area was in the neighborhood of Seventh to Eleventh Streets, and the artillery played with toy contrivances made out of boards for guns and caissons. For the cantonment was only in the beginning of its growth then, and it was some weeks before the Regiment moved out on Lincoln avenue in the 30's at the north end of the camp.

Those early days were "tough" compared with the later ones that most of the organization knew. No sidewalks, no water, open trenches everywhere, dust or mud, transportation to Des Moines abominable, and the roads torn up from heavy traffic. Winter was over, in fact, before the Iowans completed paved roads to the nearest town, and busses and other vehicles could start the journey with some assurance of being able to finish it.

Just before the advance and school parties started for France July 25, 1918, the Regiment went on a hike and remained several days at Camp Vestal near Madrid, Ia., on the Des Moines River. The site was named for Col. Samuel C. Vestal, commander of the Regiment.

The great day came at last when the Regiment proper started to move eastward on the first leg of the journey to France. Headquarters Co. and Battery C were the vanguard and left Camp Dodge Monday, Aug. 12, 1918, for Camp Mills, L. I. The rest of the Regiment turned out en masse and gave them a rousing send-off. One of the Iowa wind and dust storms, which made life at Camp Dodge such a trial at times, was in progress at the time, but no one minded in the excitement of departure.

Barracks were scrubbed, bed-sacks emptied and everything that could not be taken to France was sent home or burned before the organizations left. The next day, after a night in pup tents, another detachment filled 13 Pullmans and was off, also. This method of travel was quite different from the kind the men were to experience in a short time abroad.

Men Get Overseas Outfits

At Camp Mills the men received their overseas outfits—all new clothing, trading their campaign hats for trench caps and canvas leggins for spirals. The Pacific Mail Steamship Empress of Britain received the 339th men on August 23. The men had a good opportunity at this time to gaze on the wonders of Gotham and at the shipping in the river and harbor. Among the great vessels that could be seen were the Leviathan (once the Vaterland), which had carried the School Detachment across, and the Mauretania, both fantastically camouflaged.

A fleet of ships lay waiting for the Empress of Britain as tugs pulled her out of her slip and sent her out into the harbor, and these fell in behind. With the U. S. S. South Dakota leading the way and a dirigible balloon, airplanes, tiny submarine chasers and destroyers hovering about, the convoy started out to run the gauntlet of the submarine infested deeps.

Although that day of stepping aboard the gangplank is not yet far in the past it is already difficult to recall the agitations and emotions of the moment. For many thousands it was quitting the home land forever, and for all it was embarking upon a great advanture. Did thoughts of these things surge through the mind? Not if the faces were any indication of what was passing through the brain. It was a notable fact that there was less visible emotion about going aboardship than in boarding a train for a trip to town on pass. There was much more excitement about going on a visit to New York than on setting out on this voyage across the ocean. The latter was still nothing but duty and routine.

The only time the departing soldiers felt anything like a real thrill was when the shores of "God's Country" began to show signs of receding and when the Statue of Liberty was passed by, holding a hand aloft in benediction.

As a matter of fact, the transition from Camp Dodge to the ocean had been so gradual, and so much merely a continuation of duty that the strangeness and comport of it was practically lost. The men were in another life, moving with an inexorable flood that they knew it was futile to stem or combat even had they wished.

Destroyers Fire at Ships

It was a calm and uneventful voyage, compared with what it might have been had the convoy had less protection. There were the usual severe regulations, the drills, life belts, etc. When passing vessels were met (which was only on two or three occasions) destroyers would get busy immediately and after a shot, the traveler on the high seas would have to prove its identity.

A fleet of British destroyers met the convoy about three days from the Irish coast, to guide and protect the troop ships in. One night considerable firing was heard to the stern, but the men never found out what it was for. Something had attracted the British destroyers and they went racing to the spot and began a bombardment.

The men were intensely interested in their view of Ireland and Scotland from a distance, as the course of the convoy lay to the north of Ireland. It went over the spot where the ill-fated Tuscania was struck. Presently the transports made a final spurt for the mouth of the Mersey River and the docks at Liverpool, late on the night of Sept. 4, 1918. The next morning the men debarked and marched through lanes of welcoming crowds to Knotty Ash "rest camp." This place was surrounded by a 4-foot wall, designed as much to keep certain characters out as to keep the soldiers in. Many men succeeded by various methods to scale the fence and get out

L'Auvergne Country Scenes, France.

by running the guard, but one night about 250 were caught getting back in again.

Sunday morning, Sept. 8, brought the men a little diversion in the shape of a considerable wind storm, which leveled many tents, a mess tent included, and wet things down considerably. The men did not relish the food here greatly, so were keen for the departure which took place in a few days. The Knotty Ash station bordered the camp so it was only a short march to the train. The Americans were greatly interested in the rolling stock of the English railroads with the pilotless locomotives and covered drive wheels. It was also the men's introduction to the European passenger coaches made up of sections without aisles, eight men riding in each section four facing each other.

As the soldiers stepped aboard they were handed a message of greeting from the King of England. The sun had come out brightly that morning for the first time for several days and the trip across England to Southampton proved most delightful. England's park-like countryside was a constant pleasure and the people along the way displayed not only a lively interest but gave every sign of welcome and good will. After a stop at Derby to give the men an opportunity to stretch themselves and to receive hot coffee, buns and fruit-cake from the Red Cross, the journey ended that evening and the men marched to another rest camp where they remained about two days. The U. S. S. St. Charles, formerly in the coastwise New York-Boston service under the name of Harvard (so the men were told) was the boat to convey the bulk of the Regiment across the English Channel to Le Havre on the night of Sept. 13.

New Set of Emotions

Here was another opportunity for experiencing a new set of emotions in a land of strange tongue where the world's greatest tragedy was in progress, and while the men found constant delight in everything they saw and heard, the demands of military duties precluded emotions that otherwise might have pulsed through their active and curious minds. Here also the juvenile question "gimme a penny?" gave way to "avez-vous un pennie-e?" and "Souvenir? Souvenir?" By this time all the odd pennies were well-nigh exhausted. The tiny supplicants were too much for the Yankee boys, especially as some blackeyed, pretty-lipped vixen would nestle her little hand into his and march beside him.

Rest Camp No. 1 (at the top of a hill, of course) was the home of the organization for a night at Le Havre and most of the men here received hot baths and clean clothes. That night came the introduction to "40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux" in which the men slept or rested by turns for three days and two nights, passing near Versailles, adjoining Paris. Paris had been under occasional air bombardment since early in the war and this was the nearest the organization as a whole was to come to being within range of enemy fire.

Detraining at Le Martres de Veyre the Regiment marched a few miles to three villages in Puy de Dome department and were distributed among billets, another new experience for American troops. As explained in a former chapter the French public is obliged to harbor or provide shelter for soldiers for which the Government pays 5 centimes (one cent American) per soldier per day where roof is provided, 20 centimes per night per noncom provided with a room and certain other accommodations, and one fanc (about 20 cents) per officer provided with a room, bed and covering. These are the approximate rates which the United States Army paid the French civilians for quartering our troops abroad.

Barns and old, stone, fort-like buildings with stone, earth or concrete floors, always cold and more or less damp, provided the billets until the men had an opportunity of improving their condition. Intensive training was taken up at once and the men plunged into the work of fitting themselves for duty at the front. Meanwhile, however, they found time to observe the strange customs and to become acquainted with the kindly peasant people. While the men were surprised at the primitive farming methods, compared with American ways, they admired the splendid roads that ran everywhere and were pleased at the attitude of the population.

Training included frequent night maneuvers which consisted of being routed out at unusual and unexpected hours of the night, rolling a pack, marching away to pitch pup tents somewhere and spending the rest of the night. This continued until the 339th along with the 337th received its equipment of 155-mm G. P. F. motorized guns and a number of tractors, when training took on a different nature. The course was seriously interfered with by a sudden sweep of the epidemic of Spanish influenza which struck the Regiment in October. Nearly everyone was taken down and the medical staff was put to its utmost to care for the patients.

Hospital facilities were limited to a degree. At Saint Amant-Tallende high on the bank of swift mountain rushet of ice-cold water, stood an old chateau used by the 2d Battalion for billets. It was built almost entirely of stone and tile, cold and damp, and had been closed for several years. While the battalion had made the place more habitable by letting in more sun and air, it was still far from being a desirable human abode, but it was the best that could be done. It was turned into the regimental hospital and sick soldiers from Veyre Monton, where the 1st Bn. and Regt. Hq. were, and St. Saturnin, 3d Battalion, were brought there for treatment. Each day the covered ambulance from Clermont-Ferrand drew up at the back entrance of the chateau and took away the bodies of those who had died during the night. This continued for weeks, but finally the worst was over. The Regiment was able to take up actual firing of guns on the range and part of it was so engaged when the armistice was signed.

Saint Amant Cleaned Up

The 2d Battalion left Saint Amant a much cleaner town than it probably ever had been before, as was the case with all towns occupied by American troops. The men plied shovel and broom persistently day after day, hauling it away in an ox-cart sans oxen, and this gave rise to the famous appellation, "Honey Wagon Detail."

There was not a small amount of genuine regret on the part of soldiers and local population when finally the American soldiers shouldered their packs again and left the Clermont-Ferrand area Dec. 1, 1918, for Bordeaux. Twenty miles of riding "a la side-door Pullman" through the mountains brought the trains into lower country. Billets were occupied in the villages surrounding Genicart, a few miles out of Bordeaux, with Regimental Hq. at Montussan, the 1st Bn. scattered in buildings of the village, the 2d Bn. at Yvrac, and the 3d Bn. in a chateau in the Yvrac area.

At Christmas time parties were given for the French children by the American troops.

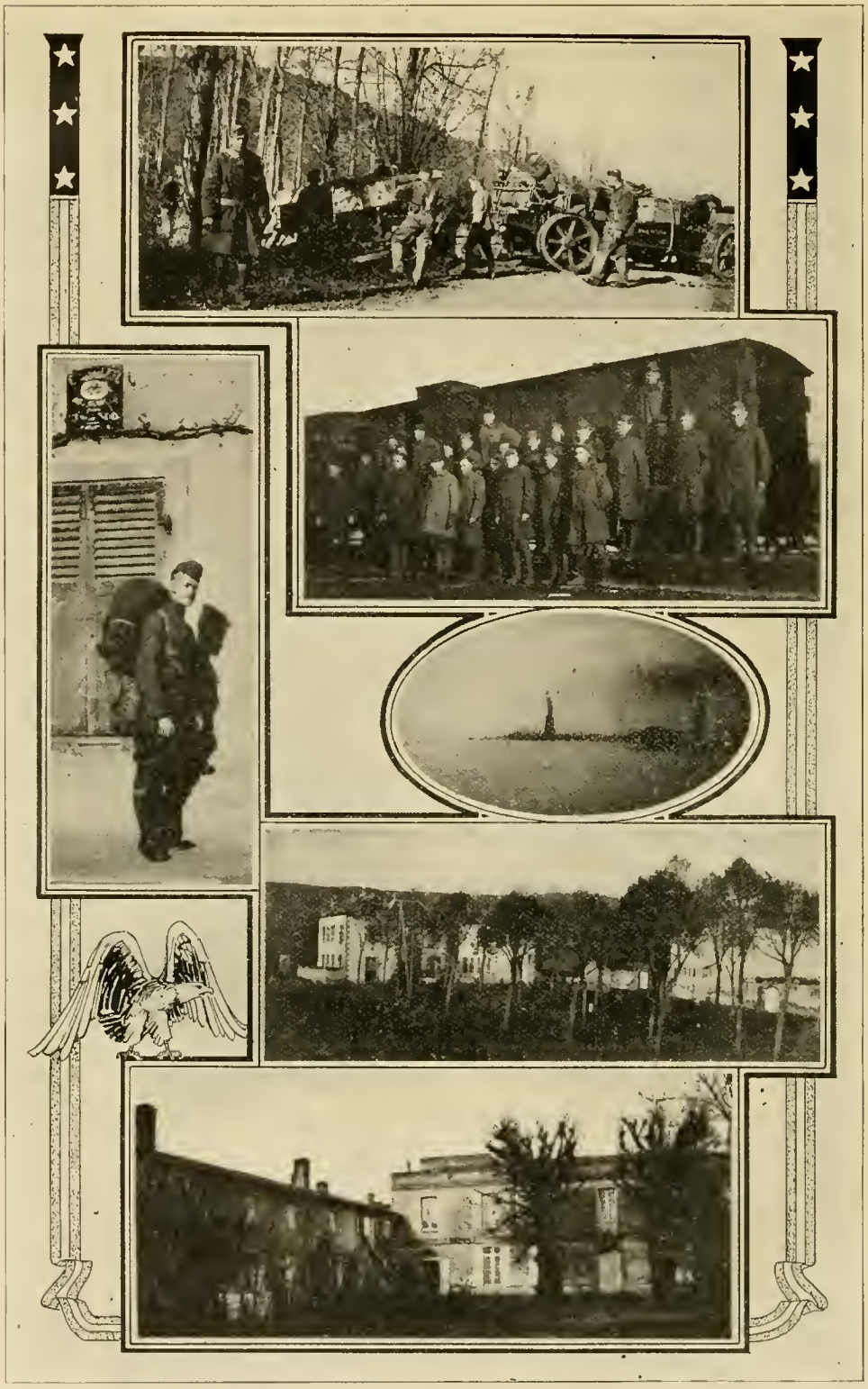
During this period the Regiment also went through the "mill" from which the men emerged thoroughly cleansed, completely re-equipped except for shoes and "dog tags," and they were supposed to have parted company with the most affectionate cootie. Attempts at foot ball games were held but in the lakes of mud they were more like water polo.

The 1st Battalion was the first to start for the United States, followed a week later by the 3d Battalion, leaving the 2d Battalion behind. But none of the battalions crossed the water intact; in fact, the regiment was now broken up and detachments put on board half a dozen different ships, among them the Rochambeau, on which Colonel Burdick sailed and experienced the rough voyage described elsewhere; the Lorraine, also of the French line; the Zacapa, on which Lieut. Edward S. Decker of Minneapolis, "brought" over 18 officers in 18 days while E battery and parts of Headquarters and other units were rushed across France to Marseilles and put aboard the Duke de Costa. Captin Maul was battalion commander of the group that sailed Jan. 23 on the Siboney. The men of the 2d Battalion feared for a time that they had been forgotten, when suddenly fatigue details were called in and they had five hours in which to pack. At 5 P. M. Jan. 22, the Battalion marched out of Genicart to Bassen's Dock and aboard the U. S. S. Siboney. At 10 o'clock the next morning the ship began to move and late that afternoon passed out of the river into the Bay of Biscay.

An enjoyable voyage ensued during which a ship's paper, the "Siboney Signal" served to enliven the days' routine. Two days out of New York the Adriatic was passed a vessel which was in the convoy in which the men had crossed the ocean nearly five months earlier. Life belts had to be worn on this voyage the same as during hostilities.

The Statue of Liberty was a joyful sight for the hungry

(Top, left to right)—Sergts. Sheil, White, Monroe, Robinson, Rector, Elkins, Anderson, Pryor, Igou, Webber, (?), Glissman, Grossman of Bty. F, 339th F. A.; (center circle)—Mech. E. Burkey, Corp. D. Burkey; (left center)—McClelland, Corps. Hoffman and Forgey, Sgt. White; (right center)—Anderson, Segal; (below)—Barracks of Batteries E and F at Genicart, Bordeaux, Dec., 1918—Jan., 1919.



Top—The last Move, St. Saturnin, Nov. 20, 1918, Sgt. Grossman at left, Corp. Round on truck; left center—Sgt. Anderson in full gear; right center—enroute in France (40 Hommes, 8 chevaux car), Statue of Liberty from La Lorraine on return, and 3d Bn. Gun Park at St. Saturnin; below—Home of M. Maynard, American troops' billet.

eyes of the returning soldiers when at last they beheld its noble contour signaling in the distance. As the soldiers filed from the ship the women of the Red Cross were again on hand with sure-enough coffee with sugar and cream in it, also with cookies and raisin buns and candy, cake, gum, ice-cream and cigarettes.

"I could eat a bucket of Long Island dirt, it looks so good to me," said one fellow.

Camp Mills was an entirely different place to these men from what it was the previous August. It had changed from a tent city to a camp of clean, well heated barracks. Here the 339th F. A. Detachment was split up the following day, Feb. 5, and the men sent with other casual detachments to the camps nearest their homes for discharge. A large contingent went to the gaunt, soulless, vacantly staring buildings of deserted Camp Dodge. Other large contingents went to Camp Dix, Merritt, Upton and Funston. By Feb. 12 preparation for discharge was complete and the 339th F. A. had passed out of existence.

Battery Histories Written

At least two 339th Regt. batteries have published brief histories in pamphlet form which are valuable souvenirs for their members. They are Batteries D and F. The main story of the latter was written by Sgt. Daniel H. Monical, a newspaper man of Poplar Bluff, Mo. His story is so applicable to all units that "went across" in its descriptions, that extracts would be of general interest here. He tells how his organization was made up of "men with college educations and degrees, men of almost every profession and trade," and continues:

"There was no glamor, pomp or saber rattling military spirit among the men who gathered to form the great 88th Div. of the A. E. F. It was a grim acceptance of the bloody challenge by Prussianism to the spirit of Western Democracy.

"As we took those 12 to 14-mile hikes in heavy marching order over sun-baked roads and fields of Iowa we had reason to think of better and easier days. From morning till noon and then till chow again we were hammered into right good fighting men, but with a bad case of homesickness and a blister on your heel about the size of a hen's egg We sometimes wondered whether we would ever live long enough to get a whack at the kaiser. Then at last came the news one evening that we would go on a long hike the next day. Just to be good and ready a lot of Batt. F. boys rolled their packs that night and it is a safe guess that there were only a few heavy sleepers that night. On the morning of Aug. 13 (note that date) we set out for the train that was to bear us eastward. There were 13 coaches in that train and the writer had Berth No. 13. Overland we started and here let us pause to pay our tribute to the Red Cross. Three days of travel brought us to Camp Mills, N. Y., where we were issued overseas equipment.

"It was the morning of Aug. 23 that we were called from sleep about 2 A. M. We fell into line and were issued rations and then marched to the train. That was a never-to-be-forgotten morning. It was just at the break of day that a little old ferry boat steamed across Hudson River, splitting a low heavy fog that hung like a pall over the City of New York. Were we happy? Yes, but there was something that came up now and then in our throats. We went aboard the good ship Empress of Britain, a big English vessel, and waited until about 10 o'clock the next forenoon. But those few hours seemed like weeks to us. At last the ropes were loosed and with a long blast of the whistle the mighty screws of the floating palace began churning the water and we headed for the open sea. The band played 'Goodby Broadway, Hello France.' On the shore hundreds waved farewell and tears were no uncommon sight. About 6,000 men were aboard that ship and we took our place in the convoy of 13 ships (note that number). On this trip was where we got our first taste of hell. We were served with the worst food, it seemed to us, that was ever given to human beings. Then besides there were other had conditions that made the trip awful. Packed like sardines we could hardly find room to get a full breath. You would scarcely get settled down on deck before someone told you you couldn't stay there. You moved only to be told the same thing. After dark no smoking. Oh, Boy! Nothin' to do but sit and think. Some of the boys found a bathtub and it was a quarrel every night as to who was going to sleep in the tub. We frequently went to sleep standing up somewhere on the decks. We saw no submarines from our ship but one of the ships fired five times at one.

See Land on 13th Day

"On the 13th day after sailing, we again sighted land. I suppose it was just common old hills and hollows but it certainly did look good to us. On Sept. 5 we marched down the gang plank at Liverpool. We paraded through the streets and then marched five miles to a rest camp. There we were to rest and we did, but it was only our stomachs that came in for this part of the program.

"We arrived at Southampton. The people of that city showed great appreciation of our presence. On the 13th we boarded the Harvard, an American ship that formerly ran out of San Francisco, and on the morning of the 14th steamed into the port of LeHavre, France. France at last, and we began to feel ourselves slipping. Everybody was in uniform, everything had the appearance of war and we realized we were getting closer to the circus.

"From LeHavre we marched to a British rest camp on the high hills back of town. We remained there three days and then went back to the city and boarded a train. And those cars—Hommes 40, Chevaux 8. We jolted and jogged along for three days going we knew not where, with rations and packs, and crowded until you were as likely to put a chew of tobacco in the other fellow's mouth as you were your own.

"On Sept. 18 we passed through the outskirts of Paris and saw from the train a building with its roof gone, blown away by the Big Berthas that bombarded Paris. On the 20th we were set down in a typical French village up in the mountains, where we took up artillery training with the French 6-inch guns, otherwise known as the 155mm. It was there the men learned to 'parlez-vous francais 'with the beautiful 'petite' mademoiselles as well as making a speaking acquaintance with the French generals Vin Blanc and Vin Rouge.

"One of the first shocks of the war, of an aesthetic nature, was received at this village. American boys could not understand the necessity of the barn, house, stable and all being in such close proximity. Work animals, milch cows and human beings lived very close together. Plows drawn by oxen or a horse and ox was another thing that we marveled at.

"A vigorous course of training was the program. The fine appearance, soldierly bearing and excellent work of our brigade soon won for it an enviable reputation. After the strenuous days of drilling and hiking over the hills and sides of mountains and with lots of fun with our little pet, the gas mask, which we all loved so dearly, and with a scramble to get enough rations to us up there in the mountains, we were ready for anything.

"It was about this time the Spanish influenza struck our battery and for days there were scarcely enough men on their feet to do guard duty. When it released its fangs of death, 13 of our noble boys had 'gone West.'

"After the epidemic had passed we gathered ourselves together and began to make ready for the trenches. We moved to another ground nine miles away and began range firing. This was the last lesson before going on a hunt for the Boche. But the fates intervened and it was here that we received word that the Armistice had been signed. After all this training and waiting we had to about face and begin another kind of waiting. This time it was waiting to return to the dear old U. S. A.

Joy Is Unconfined

"There was joy unconfined when on the 30th of November, 1918, we left the little old French village and began our journey homeward. We pulled up at Bordeaux where we unpacked Dec. 1. There we remained doing hikes and guard duty and other forms of pastime in the rain and mud and slush.

"The day before Christmas we were called up to take our cootie examination and get ready to sail on Christmas Day, but something happened, we never knew what, and the orders came, 'As you were.' Oh, the mud, and the slush, and the

rain, and the work and the gloom of those waiting days! But back of all this misery there was the American gibe and smile. Battery F boys worked and hiked and smiled right through this last disappointment. Certainly this last experience caused every man of the Battery to have a more wholesome respect for his brother in arms. We learned to know each other."

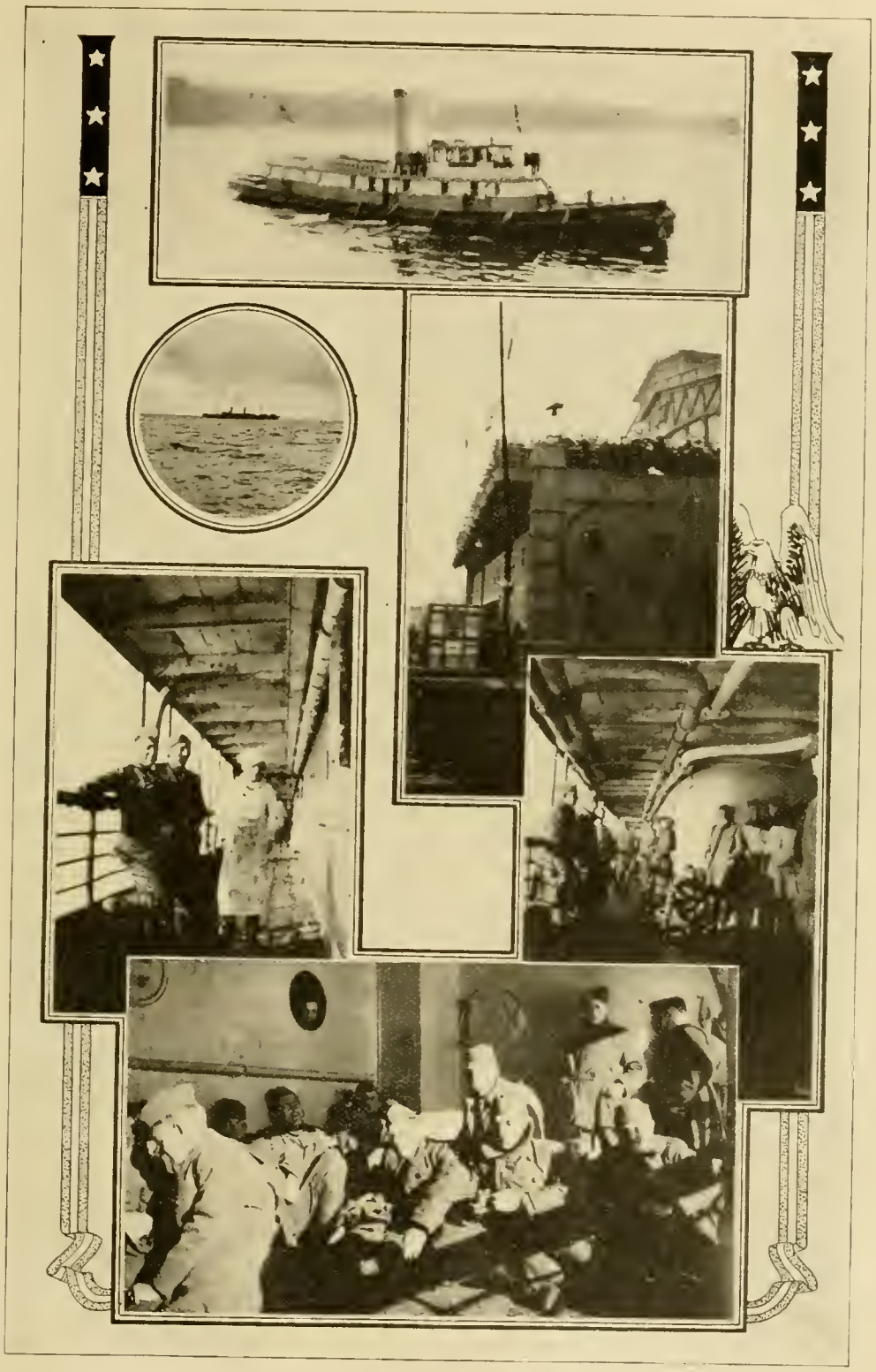
Capt. Donald K. Hudson of Battery F, has a foreword in his company pamphlet which could be repeated as a parting word to their men from every officer in the Regiment. "I think that the thought we will cherish in years to come," he says, "is the fact that we all took part in an event that is unquestionably the greatest event in hisory. Even while we were in France it was hard to realize what a large undertaking we were taking part in. We were only a cog in the wheel of a big machine. Of course, we did not see any real fighting, and sometimes we thought we were lost and forgotten in the little mountains of Southern France, but had the war lasted there is no telling how important that little cog might have been some day.

"We were all disappointed of course because we did not get a chance to use our guns against the 'Boche.' To some of us at least who had been preparing for years for that opportunity, it was a most bitter disappointment. However, we were doing only what we could; we were doing what our orders told us to do, and if we did it as well as we could, we were doing all that was expected of us."

With the departure of the 339th (and 337th) Regiments from Clermont-Ferrand "Am. P. O. No. 723" came to an end, in the "O. & T. C., T. A. No. 3." This was the artillery postal number and the name of the military region. Translated, it means "Organization and Training Center, Tractor Artillery No. 3."

This book is indebted to Captain Hudson and Sergeant Monical of Battery F, and to Captain Earl C. Maul of Battery D, for some of the pictures used, taken from their respective battery books.

(See Appendix for partial Roster of 339th F. A.)



Scenes on way home aboard La Lorraine; (left center)—Sgts. Igou and Grossman Bty. D, 339th F. A., and French cook; (right center)—crowds on pier, arrival at New York.

PART 5

"Finit La Guerre"

The armistice terms of the Allies were signed by the German envoys at Senlis at 5 A. M. (French time; midnight, Washington time), Nov. 11, 1918, to take effect at 11 A. M. that day. Senlis is the city north of Paris where the Germans during their triumphant advance in 1914 shot the mayor and buried him head down in his grave with the feet sticking above ground. The terms were first delivered to the Germans in a railway coach near the village of Rothendes Nov. 8 and a reply was demanded within 72 hours. The Germans started on the historic journey to receive these terms under flag of truce at 5 P. M., Nov. 7 and, following the Fourmio-la-Chapelle-Guise road reached the French advance posts at 9:30. They were stopped by a French poilu and eventually the several automobiles were admitted through the French lines. Those in the party were General von Gundell, General von Winterfeldt, Matthias Erzberger and Count Obendorff, and they spent the night at Francfort castle. Marshal Foch, Admiral Wemyss (British), General Weygand (French) and an American officer received them in the headquarters private car. The Germans received the terms, then departed to obtain instructions.

In the United States a premature peace celebration was held Nov. 7. An American news agency cabled an erroneous dispatch announcing an armistice and it was published all over the country.

Fighting went on uninterruptedly, however, and on Nov. 11 the A. E. F. had 2,912 casualties, of whom 268 were killed. The 92d (colored) Div., which lay between the 88th Div. and the front line that day, had 109 men gassed, more than the combined cases of gassing among all other American divisions that morning. The white flag that preceded the German envoys when they approached the French lines at La Chapelle Nov. 7 cut up into small squares in November, 1919, according to news dispatches, one to be presented to each of the Allies by order of the French government. The first piece was presented to Belgium.

The Allies' armistice commission which met for several months at Spa held its sessions in the villa which had been used by General Ludendorff as headquarters.

Without promp or gloating fanfare the peace terms were turned over to the German delegates at Versailles Wednesday, May 7, 1919, the fourth anniversary of the sinking of the Lusitania with the loss of 1,198 lives. The fateful volume contained 80,000 words and it spelled the downfall, complete and swift, for the "greatest gamble in history," the most towering ambition since Rome. The main points contained in the peace treaty, which also embodied within it the League of Nations, were as follows:

Disarm Germany.
Give France Alsace-Lorraine and the Saar coalfields.
Set up Poland and Tchecho-Slovakia as new States.
Take all Germany's over-seas possessions.
Compel her to pay £1,000,000,000 as a first instalment of the total bill which will be fixed by 1921, and will have to be paid in 30 years.

Appoint a trial of the ex-Kaiser and the war criminals.

Establish the Allies' right to ton for ton of the sunk ships.

As a guarantee the Allies will hold the left bank of the Rhine for 15 years, with arrangements for withdrawal earlier if Germany keeps her word.

Germany would be required to compensate for all levies and fines on the populations of occupied territory; annul the Brest-Litovsk and other treaties with Russia since the revolution; pay the cost of the Army of Occupation, and among other things hand over to Belgium manuscripts, early printed books and prints to the equivalent of those destroyed at Louvain. The French flags taken during the war of 1870-1871 are to be given back to France, the Koran of the Caliph Othman, formerly at Medina, to the King of the Hedjaz, and the skull of the Sultan Mkwawa, formerly in German East Africa, to Great Britain.

Losses of neutral nations were not given consideration. Norway was the heaviest of these, having lost 831 vessels sunk, mostly by German submarines, and thousands of persons aboard also lost.

President Wilson sailed from New York Dec. 4, 1918, to attend the Paris conference and reached Paris Dec. 14. He went to England Dec. 26, later also visiting Italy and Belgium. The ovations tendered him were remarkable. Mr. Wilson sailed for home from Brest Feb. 15, 1919, after the formation of the League plan. He returned to Paris for the long-drawn-out session at which the treaty with Germany was agreed on. It was an unpropitious time for presenting such a matter in a nation with party government as prevails in the United States, however. A presidential election was due the following year (1920) and the political leaders, dormant during the war, suddenly came into their own. Whatever may be said of the League of Nations pact as agreed on at Paris and brought home by Mr. Wilson for the Senate's approval, it is quite certain it would have gone through without murmur, or at least with innocuous changes had there been no campaign pending. Leaders who stirred up opposition to the Paris convention and obtained defeat of ratification in the Senate were Senators Hiram Johnson, Borah and Lodge. The United States is still out of the pact at this writing, thus standing alone, and in a great measure by its uncertain attitude thwarting the influences that might tend to bring quiet to a chaotic, unsettled world.

The treaty of Versailles, as the document was called ending the war with Germany and establishing the League of Nations, was signed in the Hall of Mirrors in historic Versailles palace June 28, 1919.

LA FIN

Part 6

Album Section

MEMBERS

OF THE

88TH DIVISION

IN MEMORIAM

The Dead Soldier

Though sweet were life's and friendship's smile,
I gave my life, my hopes and all—
The crisis made by gift seem small,
Great deeds of old, and now, make life worth while.

Remember me at home sometimes,
When strange sweet flowers bloom overhead—
My rest camp's with the silent dead,
'Neath toll of bells and cheery chimes.
—G. W. Whitehorn, Spencer, Neb.

EDWARD MONROE ELDER
Sgt., Co. B, 313th Supply Train. Fell in France. Mother, Mrs. J. M. Elder, 1511 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y.

DANIEL E. HENDRICKS
349th Amb. Co., 313th San. Train. Died at Hospital in France Oct. 9, 1918, with a good record as a soldier. Mother: Mrs. Ella Hendricks, 612 Connor ave., Joplin, Mo.

CHARLES HENRICHSEN
Pvt., Co. B, 349th Inf. Died in France, Nov. 21, 1918. Home, 280 Harrison St., Clinton, Ia.

FRANCIS DONNELLY
Corp., Co. E, 352nd Inf. Born Nov. 24, 1894, at Alvord, Ia. Entered army May 26, 1918, at Rock Rapids, Ia. Sailed overseas Aug. 26, 1918; died Oct. 13, 1918, while in active service with A. E. F. "He left his home in perfect health. He looked so young and brave, We little thought how soon he'd be Laid in a soldier's grave." Mother: Mrs. Alvina Donnelly, Alvord, Ia.

MARTIN STURIES
Co. G, 350th Inf. Born near Little Rock, Lyon Co., Ia., Sept. 18, 1895; died at American Hosp., Belfort, France; buried in French Military Cemetery Des Mobiles, Belfort. Went to Camp Dodge June 24, 1918; sailed from Camp Upton overseas Aug. 15, 1918. Mother: Mrs. Emma Sturies, R. 4, Spirit Lake, Ia.

PERLE L. WEBSTER
Pvt., Sniper Sec., Co. E, 351st Inf. Died at Gondrecourt, France, Dec. 5, 1918, of spinal meningitis. Father and mother: B. A. and Rosa Webster, R. 3, Lancaster, Mo.

NELS OSCAR STANGELAND
Co. H, 349th Inf. Died in France Oct. 6, 1918, from illness; buried near Fontaine, Haute-Alsace. His captain commended him as a good and loyal soldier. Memorial sent by Mrs. A. Stangeland, Madison, S. D.

CARL L. IMEL
Pvt., Co. L, 349th Inf. Died in France. Nearest kin: Joseph A. Imel, Faulkner, Kans.

Guard the Jewel

Oh, keep your armor bright,
Sons of those mighty dead,
And guard ye well the right,
For which such blood was shed!
Your starry flag should only wave
O'er freedom's home, or o'er your grave.

—Mrs. Botta.

LEO EDGAR CLARK
Co. D, 339th Machine Gun Bn. Enlisted June 24, 1918; died of pneumonia in France Oct. 7, 1918; buried at Hericourt. Memorial sent by Mrs. Lessie E. Clark, Lodgepole, (Stage Line), S. D.

GLENN E. WALKER
Co. C, 338th Machine Gun Bn. Died in France. Mother resides at 1220 4th Ave E., Hutchinson, Kans.

CHAUNCIE OTIS JENKS
Pvt., Co. L, 352nd Inf. Rock Lake, N. D. Born Sept. 3, 1892; entered army at Cando, N. D., June 23, 1918; died in France Dec. 1, 1918, of pneumonia, age 26 years; buried at Toul, France. Memorial sent by Mason Jenks, Williams, Minn.

For Those We Left Behind

Capt. E. J. D. Larson (x) addressing French military and civilian gathering at Hericourt (Haute Saone) cemetery of 88th Division dead Memorial Day 1919—(Upper insert) Partial view of Heircourt graves—(Lower insert) Memorial piece from officers of 47th (French) Artillery Regiment "to their American comrades."

Artillery

SAMUEL C. VESTAL
Colonel, Commanding 339th F. A.

DONALD K. HUDSON
Capt., Battery F, 339th F. A., 2120 Lake of the Isles Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn.

EUGENE S. BIBB
Capt., F. A., Adjt., 337th F. A., 2600 Colfax Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

C. ARTHUR LYMAN
Capt., Battery D, 337th F. A., 813 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.

ARTHUR C. POTTER
Capt., Battery C, 337th F. A., S. W. Cor. 17th and Douglas Sts., Omaha, Nebr.

WALTER E. ANTHONY
Capt., Med. Detch., 337 F. A., Ottumwa, Ia.

A. G. BAINBRIDGE, JR.
Lieut., Hq. Co., 337th F. A., Manager Shubert Theater, Minneapolis, Minn.

EARL A. BALLINGER
Lieutenant, 337th F. A., Spring Valley, Minn.

JOHN C. HIMES
1st Lieut. Ord., 337th F. A., 340 S. George St., York, Pa.

REV. EARL B. CLARK
Lieutenant, 337th F. A., Chaplain Base Hospital, Camp Dodge, Ia., Chaplain 337th F. A. in France, Bushnell, Nebr.

ROY OSBORN
Hq. Co., 339th F. A., R. 1, Bx. 37, Fenton, Ia.

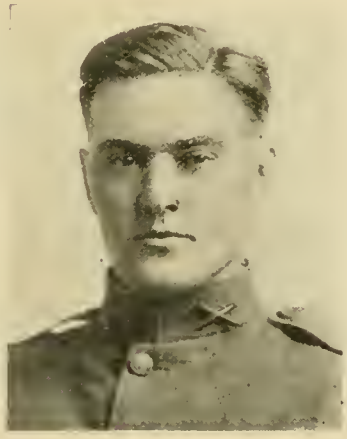
313th Ammunition Train

WM. H. DICKSON
Sgt., Med. Detch., Hunter, N. D.

E. W. NELSON
Corp., Co. B, 1st Sq., R. 1, Welch, Minn.

NICHOLAS W. FISCHER
Corp., Co. B, 12th Sq., Bx. 82, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

JOHN ENGEL
Wag., Co. B, 2d Sq., Bx. 401, Gettysburg, S. D. (Taken in France.)



JOSEPH RONNING
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. B, R. 4, Alcester, S. D.

ADOLPH JILKA
Pvt. 1st cl., Co. B, R. 2, Bx. 39, Tescott, Kans.

Charley N. Montgomery
Co. B, Cedarvale, Kans.

Frank Swedzinski
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. D, Taunton, Minn.

Henry O. McColley
12th Sq., Co. D, R. 1, Niobrara, Nebr.

Frank Becker
Co. D, Oldham, S. D.

Earl W. Cogburn
Sgt., Co. E, Elvaston, Ill.

Jesse L. Flesher
Pvt. 1st cl., Co. E, Bushyhead, Okla.

Adolph Magnus
1st Sq., Co. E, Avoca, Minn.

James Herman Ward
Corp., Co. F, Dallas Center, Ia.

Earl G. Anderson (Right)
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. F, Champion, Nebr.
(With his buddy, Wm. O'Neil.)

Arthur C. Christenson
Pvt., 1st cl., 1st Sq., Co. F, Milaca, Minn.

John Novak
Co. F, R. 1, c/o W. Barton, Syracuse, N. Y.

John L. Christofferson
5th Sq., Co. F, La Moure, N. D.

Nick Faber
Co. F, Zell, S. D.

John H. Larson
Sgt., Co. G, 3704-15th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Fred J. Diercks
Corp., Co. G, 10th Sq., 1129 Logan St., Muscatine, Ia.

Frank John Severson
Wag., Co. G, 623-3d St. N., Fargo, N. D. (Taken in France.)

Miscellaneous

E. C. MEARS
Major, Q. M. C., Hq. Staff, Disbursing Officer 88th Div., July, 1918 to June, 1919, 668 Everett St. Portland, Ore. (Taken in France.)

HARRY H. POLK
Major, 176th Inf. Brig. Hq., 1215 Hippee Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.

EDGAR J. D. LARSON
Capt. Inf. Hq., 88th Div., 2720 Fremont Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

ALVA M. DRAKE
Captain, Aide de Camp to Gen. R. N. Getty, 175th Inf. Brig.; Instructor 5th O. T. C.; 2420 Humboldt Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

WILLIAM E. R. EHLKE
Corp., 175th Inf. Brig. Theatrical Co., care Iowa Homestead, Des Moines, Ia.

GEORGE C. IEKEL
Sgt., 1st cl., Q. M. C., Div. Hq. Detch., Finance Branch, Independence, Ia.

EUGENE V. HOFF
Sgt., 1st cl., Div. Hq. Detch., Div. Surgeon's Office 709 Hillyer St., Pekin, Ill.

ANTHONY C. KASNER
Pvt., 1st cl., Div. Hq., Foley, Minn.

J. V. MOUSEL
Pvt., 1st cl., Hq. Troop, Motor Sec., R. 3, Dell Rapids, S. D.

Frank Y. Lung
Div. Hq., 525 Locust St., Des Moines, Ia.

Dawn D. Alter
Sales Commissary No. 301, 52d and S sts., South Side, Omaha, Nebr.

Harry Rickers
Cook, 88th Military Police Co., Everly, Ia. (Says he belonged to A. E. F. E. F. O. F.—A. E. F. Exploring France On Foot. Picture taken in France.)

Emil Carlson
Horseshoer, 88th Military Police Co., R. 4, St. James, Minn.

Joe J. Heinz
Ipswich, S. D.

349th Infantry

Everett G. Tripp
Capt., Inf., Co. I, 1003 Nebraska St., Sioux City, Ia. City Editor The Tribune.

Clarence J. Higgins
1st Lt., Chaplain, Odell, Ill. Now Chaplain 5th F. A., Camp Taylor, Ky.

Morton F. Dorothy
2d Lt., M. G. Co., Sauk Centre, Minn. (Taken in France.)

C. J. Searle
Corp., Hq. Co., 2501 16th Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Milo W. ("Billy") Billingsley
Mus. Hq. Co. Producer of 175th Brig. Theatrical Co., 310 West Walnut St., Des Moines, Ia.

Howard H. Platt
Hq. Co., Mus., 349th Inf. Band, Camanche, Ia.

Le Roy E. Malloy
Signal Platoon, Hq. Co., North Bend, Nebr.

Roman R. Kussmann
Hq. Co., Brunswick, Mo.

Louis K. Hoyt
Trench Mortar Squad, Hq. Co., Winigan, Mo.

Patrick Harvey Kearins, Jr.,
Trench Mortar Squad, Hq. Co., 607 West Park St., Mexico, Mo.

Edward Lovsin
Trench Mortar Squad, Hq. Co.. 1408 Clement St., Joliet, Ill. (Taken in France.)

Henry Seaman
Pioneer Platoon, Hq. Co., R. F. D. 5, Pipestone, Minn.

Clyde W. Meginnis
Pvt., 1st cl., M. G. Co., R. F. D. 2, Keokuk, Ia.

John Von Hagel
Co. A., Box 68, Akron, Ia.

Victor V. Clark
Pvt., 1st cl., Hq. Squad. Co. A, Appleton, Minn. (Taken in France.)

Frederick R. Velcheck
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. A, Box 494, Thorpe, Wis. (Taken in France.)

John F. Wendt
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. A, Kirkman, Ia.

A. J. Weyerts
Pvt. 1st cl., Co. A, Venango, Nebr. (Taken in France.)

CHARLES R. MAKEMSON
No. 2, Rear Rank, Sq. 3, 2d Pl., Co. A, Woonsocket, S. D. (Taken in France.)

GAILE H. WALLIS
Sgt., 4th Platoon, Co. A, Menard, Texas.

PAUL J. SCHULTZ
Mech., Hq. Platoon, Co. B, 425 Monroe St., Jefferson City, Mo. (Taken in France.)

EARL R. TATMAN
Corp., Co. B, Wildwood Park, Sac City, Ia. (Taken in Monte Carlo, Mar. 12, 1919.)

JOHN W. ROBERTS
Observer, Int. Platoon, Co. B, Member of winning 88th Div. Rifle Team in A. E. F. contest at Le Mans, 752 Washington Blvd., Kansas City, Kans.

ROY S. SOURS
Mech., Co. B, 323 Hagood St., Moberly, Mo. (Taken in France.)

BERKLEY M. MARTIN
Mech., Co. B, Fulton, Mo.

WALTER W. ANDERSON
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. B, R. F. D. 1, Spencer, Ia. (Taken in France.)

CARL A. BURGLAND
Co. B, Rosebud, S. D.

Olaf C. Haglund
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. B, Brandon, Minn.

Jens N. Schultz
Corp., Co. C, R. F. D. 1, Rutland, Ia.

John Webber
Corp., Co. C, Missouri Valley, Ia.

Charles S. Kersting
Co. C, Gilmore, St. Charles Co., Mo
(Taken in France.)

Albert Scholtes
Co. C, La Motte, Ia.

Russel Strand
Co. D, Leeds, N. D.

Martin E. Landberg
Co. D, R. F. D. 1, Pilot Mound, Ia.

Walter O. Proeschold
Corp., Co. E, Fort Dodge, Ia.

Joseph Gunther
Sgt., 4th Platoon, Co. F, 334 So. Broad St., Fremont, Nebr.

CHARLES E. VERVILLE
Co. F, 123 E. Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

FRANCIS E. NEWQUIST
Liaison Sec., 2d Bn., Co. G, Dudley, Ia. (Taken in France.)

JOSEPH HATWAN
Co. G, Sq. 13, 2d Pl., Tabor, S. D. Picture taken beside grave of brother, Charles Hatwan, Co. I, 350th Inf., who died at Hericourt, Oct. 15, 1918, of influenza, after reaching France Aug. 28. Both brothers trained first at Camp Funston. Joseph returned home June 11, 1919, and (he writes) "was d— glad of it."

JOHN J. TRAY
Corp., Sq. 6, 3d Pl., Co. H, 1605 E. Main St., Ottumwa, Ia.

MARTIN W. SANDERS
Pvt., 1st cl., Sq. 5, 1st Pl., Co. H, R. F. D. 6, Box 69, Vincennes, Ind. (Taken in France.)

HENRY P. MOISANT
Hq. Interpreter, Pvt., 1st cl., Co. I, Vermilion, S. D.

GUY B. HAINKE
Pvt., 1st cl., Hq. Sq., Co. I, R. F. D. 1, Otis, Kans.

JOHN B. LEE
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. I, 600 N. Main St., Hutchinson, Kans. (Taken at Reffroy.)

JOSEPH HOFF
1st Sq., 2d Pl., Co. I, R. F. D. 8, Box 35, Beresford, S. D.

Oscar N. Hagen
Sq. 7, 2d Pl., Co. I, R. F. D. 4, Box 9, Sisseton, S. D.

Edward I. Johnson
Co. I, Box 222, Leonardville, Kans. (Taken in the Alps.)

Glenn V. Veatch
Co. I, Palco, Kans. (Taken in France.)

M. H. Simmons
Sgt., Co. K, 105 Mott St., Hampton, Ia.

Peter O. Leseth
Pvt., 1st cl., No. 1, 1st Sq., Co. K, Decorah, Ia.

Arthur W. Peterson
Co. K, 3d Bn. Runner, R. F. D. 3, Box 58, Marathon, Ia.

Dave Perry
9th Sq., 2d Pl., Co. K, 1412 8th Ave., Scotts Bluff, Nebr.

John F. Johnson
Co. K, Witten, S. D.

Hartwick Johnson
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. L, Goodwin, S. D.

SAM A. RAZOOK
Pvt., 1st cl., 3d Sq., 2d Pl., Co. L. (The "When do we eats"), Moundridge, Kans. (Taken in the Alps.)

ALBERT WOHLWEND
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. L, 1247 Seminary St., St. Paul, Minn.

EARL T. CHAMBERS
Co. L, 1328 Laura St., Wichita, Kans. (Taken in Reffroy.)

THOS. T. SHERMAN
Mech., Hq. Sq., Co. L, Peruque, Mo.

WILLIAM WALTER MCGHEE
Co. L., Colome, S. D.

PAUL WILKENING
Co. L., Bennett, Ia.

JOSEPH TWO BEAR
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. M., Cannon Ball, N. D.

WILLIAM S. GRABILL
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. M., Canton, Kans. (Taken in France.)

GEORGE P. EITZEN
Med. Detch., 349th Inf., c/o Farmer's State Bank, Mountain Lake, Minn. (Taken in France.)

350th Infantry

Bertram G. Dickinson
Major, 350th Inf., Commissioned captain 1st O. T. C., Ft. Snelling; Regtl. Adjt., 350th Inf., Camp Dodge; prom. major June 4, 1918; overseas Aug. 11, 1918; commanded 1st Bn. in front line Oct. 5-22, 1918, and 2nd Army Area; arrived U. S. Feb. 15, 1919; entered hospital, Denver; still in service. Home, 2215 Oliver Ave So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Orren E. Safford
Capt., Co. G. (Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1918.) Attorney, 819 First Natl. Bk. Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

George T. Gurley
Capt., Supply Co., Attorney, Pipestone, Minn.

Minor F. Wasson
Capt., Co. C., 501 E. Colfax St., Denver, Colo.

James P. Dudley
1st Lt., Co. G, 650 Portland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Verne Schaefer
Sgt., 350th Regt. Band, 501 N. Wright St., Eagle Grove, Ia. (Taken in France Oct. 26, 1918.)

Edward Knoche
Mus., 2nd cl., 350th Regt. Band, Wheatland, Ia. (Taken in France.)

Arthur H. Kuhlman
Mus., 3rd cl., 350th Regt. Band, Box 81, Wimbledon, N. D. (Taken at Nice.)

Bryan Bunner
Observer Sq., 1st. Bn. Intell. Sect.; Seneca, Nebr.

Ernest E. Bumann
Mus., 350th Regt. Band, Box 56, Alta, Ia.

Carl E. Gustaveson
Mus., 1st cl., 350th Regt. Band, 823 N. Court St., Ottumwa, Ia. (Taken at Is-Sur-Tille, Jan. 7, 1919.)

Alfred N. Sansom
Pvt., 1st cl., Signal Platoon, Hq. Co., 612 E 2nd St., Carthage, Mo.

Harvey L. Pries (left), Mess Sgt., Hq. Co., Tripoli, Ia. Chas. Abbinot, French soldier, (center); Elmer Miechel (right).

Clyde H. Coulthard
Sgt., Trench Mortar Platoon, Hq. Co., Gravity, Ia. (Taken in France.)

John Whitworth
Wag., Supply Co., Lone Dell, Mo.

Charles J. Huck
Wag., Supply Co., Ste. Genevieve, Mo. (Taken in Giromagny, Nov. 1, 1918.)

William C. Caneer
Supply Co., Senath, Mo.

J. H. Westbay
Sgt., M. G. Co., 614 N. 7th St., Monett, Mo.

William F. Lynch
Sgt., M. G. Co., R. F. D. 4, Bernard, Ia.

A. E. Mantey
Corp., M. G. Co., 2nd Sq., Lu Verne, Ia.

George M. Darlington
Corp., M. G. Co., 1st Sq., 129 N. 12th St., Lincoln, Nebr.

Carl E. Johnson
Cook, M. G. Co., R. F. D. 1, Center City, Minn.

Ralph D. Stanton
Cook, M. G. Co., 311 So. Madison St., Iowa City, Ia.

Forest R. Riley
Pvt., 1st cl., M. G. Co., Dighton, Kans.

James C. Clinch
4th Sq., M. G. Co., Verdel, Nebr.

Dan G. Steckdaub
Corp., Co. A., Woodlandville, Mo.

Milton E. Clyde
Pvt., 1st cl., 1st Sq., 1st Pl., Co. A, Royal, Nebr.

John Schaurer
Pvt., 1st cl., 3rd Sq., 2nd Pl., Mina, S. D. (Drafted June, 24, 1918, to Camp Funston; trans. to Camp Dodge.)

John D. Reil
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. A, Wilmot, S. D. (Taken in France.)

Ernest R. Watkins
Co. A, Claremont, S. D.

R. P. Burfening
Corp., Co. B, 530 De Lendrecie Blk., Fargo, N. D. (Taken at Nice.)

Fred R. Pace
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. B, Santa Fe, Kans.

Joseph Emanuel Pearson
Co. B, Bethel, Minn. (Gassed in action; photo taken in the Alps.)

E. F. Tuttle
Co. B., Harrisonville, Mo.

Alvie Ferguson
Co. B., Redfield, S. D.

J. P. Wagner
Corp., Co. C, 4815 Ingersoll Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

August Von Deule
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. C, R. F. D. 6, Denison, Ia.

G. W. Ekholm
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. C, R. F. D. 1, Windom, Kans.

Eric Erickson
Co. C, 3rd Sq., 2nd Pl., R. F. D. 4, Box 35, Hawarden, Ia. (Taken in France.)

Sophus Kanstrup
Mess Sgt., Co. D, Terril, Ia. (Taken in France.)

Alfred Madsen
Cook, Co. D, R. F. D. 1, Elk Horn, Ia.

Alfred Lewis Leeman
Co. D, 730 Kentucky St., Lawrence, Kans.

Oliver E. Reno
Co. F, Terril, Ia. (Reno or "Red" hails from an Iowa farm and is back again at the old stand, he writes. The height of his ambition was to attain the rank of buck private, and thus he served in the A. E. F. He has a peculiar dread for this "fall in" stuff since crossing a creek near Hericourt, was also a Flu victim. "And from the time we first begin to know, we live and learn and often wiser grow.")

Martin A. Jacobson
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. E, R. F. D. 3, Boone, Ia.

Herman Priegnitz
Corp., Co. G, 5th Sq., Sutherland, Ia. (Taken in France.)

Dan W. Webb
Corp., 1st Sq., 4th Pl., Co. G, R. F. D. 4, Imlay City, Mich.

John Treimer
3rd Sq., Co. G. Hartley, Ia.

Henry C. Rutherford
Corp., 3d Sq., 2nd Pl., Co. H, Arlington, S. D. (Taken in France.)

Max H. Lange
Corp., 5th Sq., 3rd Pl., Co. H, Ivanhoe, Minn.

William C. Bush
Corp., Co. H, Utica, Mo.

Harry A. Tumbleson
Cook, Co. H, Austin, Mo.

Garth M. Lowry
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. H, Buckhart, Mo.

Philip J. Boland
Corp., Int. Sec., Snipers, 3rd Bn., Co. I, R. F. D. 3, Box 23, Elkader, Ia.

Herbert O. Light
Co. K, 2nd Sq., 2nd Pl., Munger, Mo.

Paul W. Ross
Mech., Co. L, Moscow Mills, Mo.

John F. Asche
Pvt., 1st cl., 3rd Sq., 1st Pl., Co. L, Little Rock, Ia.

Fred B. Hinrichs
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. L, Little Rock, Ia.

Rudolph F. Scheller
Co. L, Hankinson, N. D.

Zehnder Hicks
4th Sq., 2nd Pl., Co. L, Mulberry, Kans.

Nathan Firdman
Mech., Co. L, 8746 Bay 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. (Taken in France.)

Henry Eeten
Co. M, Rock Rapids, Ia.

Victor T. Marek
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. M, Aron, S. D.

William F. Grace
Pvt., 1st cl., Int. Pl. (Scouts and Snipers), Co. M, Kings, Ogle Co., Ill.

W. N. Merriman
Sgt., Co. M, Volga City, Ia.

351st Infantry

Frank R. Borden
Major, M. C., Medical Detch., Plainfield, Wis.

Harry W. Dahleen
1st Lieut., Co. A, Maynard, Minn.

Murray W. Snell
Pvt., 1st cl., Med. Detch, Cor 6th St. and 6th Ave., Faribault, Minn.

Porter B. Remington
Med. Detch., 2nd Bn., Spring Valley, Minn.

Ted Wurst
Med. Detch., 2nd Bn., Greenwald, Minn.

Ermand E. Macedo
Mus., Hq. Co., 128 Bridge St., E. Cambridge, Mass.

Chester Brodt
37mm. Pl., 1st Gun Crew, Hq. Co., Welcome, Minn.

Cyrus R. Truitt
Corp., Hq. Co., Radio Sq., P. O. Bx. 426, Novinger, Mo. (Weighs 240 lbs.—army style—and was the "little" corporal in charge of the champion radio squad at the Enlisted Men's Show, Apr. 26, 1919; made complete radio set out of "junk" and caught the daily wireless news from home.)

Elliott Whitlow
Hq. Co., Sq. 2, Signal Pl., 734 5th St., Boonville, Mo.

Ludwig B. Anderson
Corp., Sq. 2, Hq. Co., Orchard, Ia.

Lloyd L. Howard
Wag., Supply Co., R. F. D. 1, Farragut, Ia.

Erwin B. Thomas
Corp., M. G. Co., Cowgill, Mo.

J. W. Foubert
Pvt., 1st cl., Sq. 2, Hq. Pl., M. G. Co., 408 Cherry St., Grand Forks, N. D.

Howard F. Rohrer
M. G. Co., 620 4th Ave. S., Fort Dodge, Ia. (Taken in France.)

Roy N. Jones
M. G. Co., Bx. 145, Cheney, Kans.

Cleo A. Bond
M. G. Co., Benson, Minn.

Virgil G. Harris
Sgt., 1st Pl., Co. A, Tarkio, Mo.

Marion F. Sloan
Corp., Sq. 1, Co. A. 908 Kansas Ave., Great Bend, Kans.

Charles O. Irelan
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. A Runner, Drakesvill, Ia.

Joseph L. Struble
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. A, Castana, Ia.
(Taken in France.)

Roy L. Fox
Co. A, 1st Bn. Intell. Pl., Ashland, Kansas.

Carl V. Ball
Co. A, Tingley, Ia.

Krekor Kachadurian
Co. A, 28-30 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Orrin E. Zea
Corp., Co. B, Sq. 4, R. F. D. 3, Denison, Ia.

James H. Stoddard
Corp., Co. B, Sq. 1, 4th Pl., Chelsea, Ia.

Fred C. Layman
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. B, Walnut Ia. (Taken in France.)

Richard Rasmussen
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. B, Garner, Ia.

Ervin B. Burchett
Co. B., R. F. D. 4, Bx. 83, Annandale, Minn. (Taken in Paris.)

Cecil Guy Edwards
Co. B, 7th Sq., 1st Pl., Beeler, Kans.

Alex A. Benson
Co. B, Elk River, Minn., R. 3.

George C. Parks
Co. B, Applegarth, Md.

J. E. Cutsinger
Co. B, R. F. D. 2, New London, Mo.

Johannes J. Kopervik
Co. B, Sq. 5, 2d Pl., Pitt, Minn.

Anthony J. Birchmier
Sq. 7, 3d Pl., Co. B, R. F. D. 3, Milton, Ia.

Wilbur D. Martin
Sq. 2, 4th Pl., Co. B, R. F. D., Britt, Ia.

Charley A. Firch
Corp., Co. C, Deep River, Ia.

Oscar F. Gerding
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. C, New Haven, Mo.

W. L. Truex
Pvt., 1st cl., Sq. 11, 2d Pl., Co. C, Canistota, S. D.

Eric A. Thielman
Co. C, Pvt., 1st cl., Wayne, Nebr.

Clell Ritter
Co. C, Rowena, S. D.

Walter Elvin Ekstrom
Mech., Hq. Pl., Co. D, Bx. 185, Carver, Minn.

Isaac G. Smith
Co. D, Sq. 2, 4th Pl., Excello, Mo. Wishes "Good Luck" to all the boys. (Taken in France.)

Walter Scott Hodgson, Jr.
5th Sq., 2d Pl., Co. D, Tulare, S. D.

Chester G. Eads
4th Sq., 4th Pl., Co. E, Pvt., 1st cl., 315 Brady St., Davenport, Ia.

Tommie T. Morris
Sq. 2, 4th Pl., Co. E, Aulander, N. C., Main st.

W. J. Wimer
Pvt., 1st cl., (Automatic Sq.) Co. F, Lamoni, Ia.

Edward H. Mills
Co. F, No. 1 Fire Dept., Coffeyville, Kans. (Taken in Metz, Dec. 8, 1918.)

John A. Isaac
Sq. 10, Co. F, Stacyville, Ia.

Charles L. Starkweather
Sgt., Co. G, Greene, Ia.

Roy P. Carr
Corp., Co. G, Bevier, Mo. (Taken in France.)

M. R. Levorson
Pvt., 1st cl., Sq. 1, 3rd Pl., Co. G, Grygla, P. O. Bx. 152, Minn.

Everett Bowen
Co. G (On duty at Personnel Office), 117 E. 13th St., Abilene, Kans. (Taken in France.)

Floyd P. Bowen
Co. G, Anthony, Kans.

Arthur G. Johnston
Co. G, R. 5, Bx. 11, Denison, Ia.

Charles R. McCaughey
Co. G, R. F. D. 6, Milan, Mo. (Taken in France.)

Earl J. Cober
Corp., Co. H, R. F. D. 2, Gladbrook, Ia.

H. J. Schupanitz
Hq. Sq., Co. H, Cook, Festina, Ia.

George Gilbertson
Cook, Co. H, Enderlin, N. D.

Elmer Nelson
Pvt., 1st cl., Sq. 3, 2d Pl., Co. H, Emerson, Ia.

Fred C. Simonson
Co. H, Irene, S. D. (Taken in France.)

George T. Miller
Co. H, Bx. 131, Little Falls, Kans. (Taken in France.)

Elmer G. Johnson
Sgt. 4th Pl., Co. I, P. O. Mailing Clerk, Hibbing, Minn.

Homer B. George
Cook, Co. I (also 275th M. P. Co.) 530 S. Caldwell st., Brookfield, Mo.

John Dzuris
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. I, R. 1, Jefferson, Ia.

W. Orrin Sloan
Mus. 3d cl., Hq. Co., Band (left)

Wm. R. Sloan, Sq. 1, 1st Pl., Co. I (right) Atascadero, Calif.

Henry S. Opstvedt
Co. I, Sq. 6, 1st Pl., Roland, Ia.

Tosso H. Friedbauer
Sq. 6, 1st Pl., Co. I, R 3, De Smet, S. D.

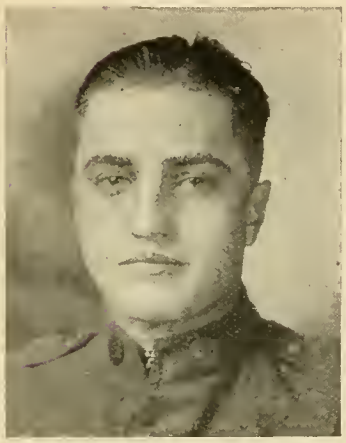
Henry H. Quinn
Sgt., Co. I, 445 3d St., San Diego, Calif.

Leo Clarence Johnson
Co. I, Hillsboro, Ia. (Taken in Paris.)

Thomas E. Foster
Co. I, Madison, Kans.

Russell H. Hauck
Corp., Co. K (trans. to Candidate School at La Valbone and sent home as casual, Feb. 1919.)

George E. Cobb
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. K, R. F. D. 3, Eldora, Ia.



Clarence J. Hoskins
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. K, Tonganoxie, Kans.

Milton H. Mahler
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. K, Sq. 6, 2d Pl., R. 3, Waseca Minn.

H. H. Placens
Co. K, Sq. 5, Pl. 2 (No. 1, F. R.) Tripoli, Ia.

Carl C. Cramolini
Sgt., Co. L, 474 Snelling Ave. S., St. Paul, Minn. (Cramolini was sergeant of winning platoon of Infantry Platoon Drill at Enlisted Men's Show at Gondrecourt, Apr. 26, 1919. Photo taken at Houdelaincourt, Dec. 16, 1918.)

Corp. Workman's Automatic Rifle Sq. (3d Sq., 3d Pl.) Co. L. Front rank (from left)—Frank Roundnelli, Glenn A. Cox, Earl J. Case, Corp. Glenn M. Workman, Farragut, Ia. Rear—Alva Yardley, Sam Blaine, Herbert Biechler. Workman declares it was the best squad in the company.

Chas. T. Fleak
Pvt., 1st cl., Sq. 1, 2d Pl., Co. L, Star Route, Edina, Mo.

Arthur E. Yttrevold
Co. L, Huxley, Ia.

Henry A. Rasmusson
Co. L, R. 1, Marshalltown, Ia.

Charles W. Engler
Co. L, 1801 S. Harrison St., Sedalia, Mo.

Lonnie Lee German
Co. L, Thurman, Fremont Co., Ia.

Frank Kilgore
Co. L, Reger, Mo.

Stuart Wilnerd
Corp., Co. M, Narcatur, Kans.

Otto D. Goslar
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. M, Charter Oak, Ia.
(Taken in France.)

Wilbert G. Hamilton
3d Sq., 3d Pl., Co. M, Pvt., 1st cl., Elmo, Mo.

Bert M. Oftedahl
4th Sq., 3d Pl., Co. M, Thompson, Ia.

Cloice C. Harrison
Pvt., 1st cl., Sq. 6, 2d Pl., 1520 S. Barrett St., Sedalia, Mo.

Wayne S. Goff
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. M, Guthrie Center, Ia.

352d Infantry

Clyde F. Dreisbach
Lieut.-Col., 352d Inf., also Div. Welfare Officer at Gondrecourt; Cor. Lake and California Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

G. H. Russ, Jr.
Major, 352d Inf., 305 3d St., Bismarck, N. D. (Received Division Citation).

Albert D. Vaughan
Capt., Co. L, 606 N. 3d St. W., Cedar Rapids, Ia. (Taken in France.)

Charles W. Briggs
Capt. and Regtl. Adjt., 352d Inf., St. Paul Athletic Club, St. Paul, Minn.

Floyd M. Andrews
Capt., Regtl. Intelligence Officer, 4209 2d Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

J. B. Richards
1st Lieut., Co. I; also Liaison Officer to 176th Inf. Brig. Hq., Red Lake Falls, Minn. (at present Minneapolis, Minn.)

Wilfield O. Shrum
1st Lieut., M. G. Co., 3819 Parker St., Omaha, Nebr. Trans. to 23d Inf., 2d Div., overseas; now serving at Camp Travis, Tex.

Clarence V. Carlson
1st Lieut., Co. B, 223 5th Ave. S., Valley City, N. D.

William L. Hassett
1st Lieut., Co. G, 998 Lexington Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

J. M. Craig
1st Lieut., Co. H, 733 Perrin Ave., Council Bluffs, Ia.

August C. Schmidt
1st Lieut., Co. L, 1421 Washington St., Lincoln, Nebr. Now in retail mercantile business.

David S. Owen
1st Lieut., Co. M, 4410 Lake Harriet Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. F. J. Spain
1st Lieut., D. R. C., 3rd Bn. Dental Corps, Kingsley, Ia.

Byron J. Campbell
Pvt., 1st cl., Med. Detch., Cor. Maple and Mozon Sts., Coal City, Ill.

Archie Ross
Intell. Sect. Sniper, (1st Bn. Scout) 2949 Highland Ave., Kansas City, Mo. (Taken in the Alps.)

Ralph V. Wallace
Corp., Hq. Co., Page, N. D.

Leo Goodwin
Stable Sgt., Hq. Co., R. F. D. 1, Shade, O.

Edwin Hollan
Mus., 2nd cl., Hq. Co., Band, Kulm, N. D.

Ludwig I. Roe
Hq. Co., Montevideo, Minn., Editor Montevideo News.

Walter A. Hammarback
Sgt. Trench Mortar Platoon, Hq. Co., 2906 Exeter St., Duluth, Minn. (Taken in France.)

Ragnvald Ardal
Sq. 1, Pioneer Pl., Hq. Co., Sebeka, Minn.

G. A. Roland
Sgt., Stokes Mortar—37mm. Platoons, Hq. Co., 5801 Grand Ave., Duluth, Minn. (Taken in the Alps.)

"Pete" F. Grauer
Corp., Sq. 377mm., Pl., Hq. Co., Marcus, Ia.

Devillo O. Prouty
Hq. Co., Elkader, Ia.

Joseph John Peters
Wag., Supply Co., 1319 S. Compton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. (Taken in France.)

David Lindholm
Wag., Supply Co., R. 1, Bx. 18, Deerwood, Minn.

Sigurd L. Johnson
Cook, M. G. Co., 1010 Kenwood Parkway, Minneapolis, Minn.

Arthur S. Olson
Pvt., 1st cl., M. G. Co., Olson St., Charlson, N. D. (Taken at Belfort.)

Roy A. Hurtt
M. G. Co., Hoople, N. D.

Cecil Percy Russell
M. G. Co., Bottineau, N. D.

John Olson
M. G. Co., Buxton, N. D.

Stanislav Wallach
Corp., Co. A, Fenton, St. Louis Co., Mo.

Roman J. Palen
Corp., Co. A, (right guide) Caledonia, Minn.

William Ray Frederick
Corp., Co. A, Lisbon, Linn Co., Ia.

John J. Goettelmann
Corp., Sq. 1, 3rd Pl., 110 8th St., Luxemburg, St. Louis Co., Mo.

Charles A. Kade
Corp., Sq. 3, Co. A, 3833 Texas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Clyde H. Miller
Corp., Sq. 24, Co. A, Savonburg, Kans.

Michael Smith
Co. A, R. 5, Parker, S. D.

Chelsea Shafer
Co. A, Marcus, Ia.

Iver Nelson
Co. A, Langford, S. D.

H. G. Roysland
Platoon Sgt., Co. B, 34 Mill Ad., International Falls, Minn.

Louis Mintrup
Corp., Co. B, Assistant Cashier Citizens Bank, Union, Mo. (Taken in France.)

O. A. Greene
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. B, Sq. 5, 2nd Pl. Panora, Ia.

Alfred G. Klimaschesky
Co. B, Kramer, N. D. (Taken in France.)

John B. McKettrick
Co. B, Sq. 28, R. 3, Le Mars, Ia.

Arthur J. Rudolph
Sgt., Co. C, 3520 Paris Ave., St. Louis, Mo. (Taken in France.)

Johannes P. Haug
Bugler, Co. C, Sheyenne, N. D.

Carl David Lundberg
2nd Sq. 1st Pl., Co. C, Douglas, Wyo.

Frank F. Neumann
2nd Sq., 2nd Pl., Hankinson, N. D.

Cyrille Croisettier
Co. C, Bottineau, N. D.

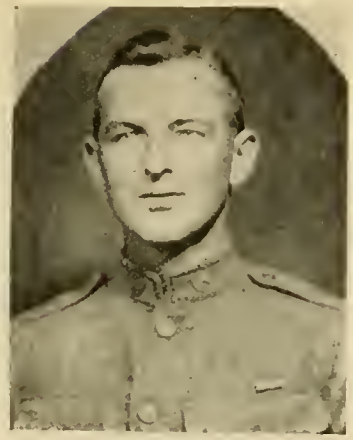
George R. Moehlmann
Sq. 4, Pl. 3, Co. C, R. 6 Akron, Ia.

Joseph Alick
Sq. 1, Pl. 3, Co. C, Belcourt, N. D. (Taken in France.)

Walter W. Kaiser
Mech., Co. D, Monona, Ia. (Taken in France.)

Elmer R. Kuhn
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. D, Hermann, Mo.

Harvey Hopkins
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. D, Elbowoods, N. D. (Taken in Coblenz.)



Milo C. Irwin
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. D, Cambridge, Kans.

Roy Stoneking
Sq. 1, 2nd Pl., Co. D, R. 3, Mt. Vernon, Ia. (Taken in France.)

Edward Williamson
Pvt., 1st cl., 5th Sq., 4th Pl., Co. D, R. 5, Independence, Ia.

Wm. P. Steinbach
Sgt., Intell. Sec., 2nd Bn., Bx. 383, St. James, Minn.

Wm. H. Heyer
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. E, Strawberry Point, Ia. (Taken in France.)

Victor Brundeen
Co. E, Akron, Ia.

A. F. Stellhorn
Cook, Co. F, 3150 S. Grand St., St. Louis, Mo.

Edwin Nordgaard
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. F, Spring Grove, Minn. (Taken in France.)

Nicholas Rouster, Jr.
Co. F, New Albin, Ia.

Anthony T. Burg
Co. F, Keldron, S. D.

Martin S. Soderquist
Co. F, Westby, Mont.

William Bauer
Sgt., Co. G, R. 2, Long Prairie, Minn. (Taken at Nice.)

Gust Daschofsky
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. G, Best, Nebr.

William W. Feldkamp
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. G, R. 1, Bx. 68, Lincoln, Kans.

Philip Fey
Co. G, Oelrichs, S. D. (Taken at Ribeaucourt.)

Hans Nelson
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. G, R. 4, Bx. 58, Northfield, Minn.

Clarence N. Vick
Co. G, (No. 3 in F. R.) Decorah, Ia.

Victor W. Danforth
Sgt., 4th Platoon, Co. H, 402 7th Ave. So., St. Cloud, Minn. (Taken in France.)

Lloyd S. Beltz
Corp., 4th Sq., 2nd Pl., Co. H, Arnold, Nebr. (Taken in France.)

Andreas Jacobsen
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. H, R. 3, Cedar Fall, Ia.

Nils J. Johnson
Co. H, R. 2, Lansing, Ia.

Ben J. Trenkamp
Co. H, Worthington, Ia. (Taken in France.)

Chas. F. Taube
Sgt., Co. I, 3712 S. Jefferson St., St. Louis, Mo.

Thomas Thorson
Sgt., Co. I, Hoffman, Minn.

William Brandt
Corp., Co. I, Postville, Ia.

W. B. Craig
Corp., Co. I, 8th Sq., Bottineau, N. D.

Reynold Lee Rearick
Corp. at 3rd Bn. Hq. during period in trenches. Leavenworth, Wash.

John A. Zluticky
Mech., Co. I, enlisted Camp Dodge, Sept. 21, 1917; dis., Camp Grant June 10, 1919. Brushvale, Minn.

Howard Rall
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. I, 4149 Peck St., St. Louis, Mo. (Taken in France.)

Dell R. Moffit
Co. I, 706 S. 4th St., Perry, Ia.

Louis Crowskin
Co. I, Kenel, S. D. (Taken in France.)

Francis H. Jones
Co. I, Lime Springs, Ia. (Taken in France.)

Hans Johnson
Sgt., Co. I, Lk. Bx. 232, Menno, S. D. (Received Division Citation. Picture taken in France.)

Oda Branson
Co. I, Byron, Mo. (Taken in France.)

John J. Walstad
Co. I, Claire City, S. D.

G. B. Elleson
Corp., Co. K, Ossian, Ia. (Taken Apr. 24, 1919, at Hotel St. Barthelemy, Nice.)

Herman A. F. Bellach
Mech., Co. K, Waubay, S. D.

Frank E. Smidt
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. K, Gaza, Ia.

Aloys H. Freking
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. K, R. 6, Le Mars, Ia.

Robert S. Markham
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. K, R. 3, Soldier, Kans.

Clement V. Singer
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. K, Bx. 122, Merrill, Ia.

John Federspiel
Co. K, R. 1, Raymond, Ia.

William Edward Colter
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. K, Rose Bud, Mo.

John Costantino
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. K, Bx. 511, Mulberry, Kans.

WM. A. SALTNES
Co. K, Bisbee, N. D.

ERNEST A. IVERSON
Supply Sgt., Co. L, Hillsboro, N. D.
(Taken in France.)

MELVIN BRANDT
Corp., Co. L, 4th Sq. Postville, Ia.

THEODORE KOSTEDT
Corp., Co. L, 1st Sq., R. 12, Bx. 34,
Kirkwood, Mo.

JOHN IVERSON
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. L, Archer, Ia.
(Taken in France.)

KNUT G. HARSTAD
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. L, Reynolds, N. D.

JOHN SWANBERG
Co. L, Rutland, Ill.

TONEY B. KOHMETSCHER
Co. L, Lawrence, Nebr.

JOHN J. RAPPS
Co. L, 2nd Sq., Union, Mo.

Melvin Loven
Pvt., 1st Cl., 5th Sq., 2nd Pl., Co. L. R. 5, Waukon, Ia.

Oliver Lokstad
Co. L, 1st Sq., 3rd Pl., Newfolden, Minn.

John C. Lotsberg
4th Sq., 4th Pl., Co. L, R. 5, Bx. 16. Sisseton, S. D.

Joseph N. Schlagel
Supply Sgt., Co. M, Fingal, N. D.

Henry C. E. Dahte
Sgt., Co. M, 2643 Sutton Ave., Maplewood, Mo.

Wm. P. McGrath
Sgt., Co. M, R. 4, Webster Groves, Mo.

Walter F. Kiess
Corp., Co. M. First was a runner in 34 Bn. Liason Co., then Acting 1st Sgt.; Took first prize as best runner in Division. (Picture taken at Bonnet). 2359 S. Compton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Wm L. Schneider (right)
Corp., 1st Sq., Co. M, 3015 Bunt St., Maplewood, Mo. (With Corp. Willfong:* longest and shortest N. C. O's in Co. M.)

June Crowder
Corp., Co. M, (file closer), Bottineau, N. D.

RICHARD C. ODLE
Corp., Co. M, Bx. 49, Montrose, Mo.
(Taken in France.)

Standing, left to right—Applegate, Marsh, Ogle, Carlson, Corp. Erickson; John F. Possu, Intell. Sec., 3rd Bn., Frederick, S. D., Cool; Kneeling—McIntosh, Robert O. Watzek, R. 1, Hitchcock, S. D.; Schmidt, John F. Healey, Pvt. 1st cl., Intell. Sec., 3rd Bn., 243 Cleveland Ave., Dubuque, Ia.; Corp. Anton Bartush, Intell. Sec., 3rd Bn., 1329 Yale Pl., Minneapolis, Minn.; Smith, Hopkins; Sitting—French boys of Bonnet, Alfred R. Johnson, Pvt., 1st cl., Intell. Sec., 3rd Bn., Edinburg, N. D., R. 2; Bulla (now in Russia), Tejral, Grams, Corp. Loebeck. (Taken in front of Billet No. 12, Bonnet, France.)

GEORGE H. HUDSPETH
Cook, Co. M, Petersburg, Ill.

JOHN FRED POUSSU
Intell. Pl., 3rd Bn., Co. M, Frederick, S. D.

EMIL NELSON
Automatic Rifleman, 1st Pl., Co. M, R. 4, Bx. 58, Frankfort, Kans.

HENRY E. PLOEGER
1st Sq. (Automatic), Co. M, Bellevue, Ia.

JOSEPH A. BRIGNOLE
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. M, R. 5, Webster Groves, St. Louis Co., Mo.

HUGO A. JESSE
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. M, R. 2, Jessup, Ia.

Emil A. Strandberg
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. M, Bx. 471, Minot, N. D. (Taken in France.)

John Olai Johnson
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. M, R. 1, Bx. 39, Sharon, N. D.

Alfred R. Johnson
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. M, R. 2, Bx. 40, Edinburg, N. D. (Taken in France.)

Lawrence Robinson
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. M, 802 Bartlett St., Waupaca, Wis.

Clarence J. Feemster
3rd Sq., 1st Pl., Co. M, R. 3, Fulton, Kans.

Olie J. Heimdahl
Co. M, R. 5, Bx. 61, Devils Lake, N. D.

Walter E. Christensen
Pvt., 1st cl., Sq. 5, 3rd Pl., Co. M, Orella, Nebr.

Frank L. Willfong
Corp., Sq. 1, 4th Pl., Co. M., Alta, Ia.

Paul J. Staael
Co. M., Genesco, N. D.

337th M. G. Battalion

FARRIS E. AMIS
Corp., Hq. Co. 3rd Sq., R. 4, Lineville, Ia.

[illegible] A. SKIDMORE
[illegible] Granda, Ill.

WM. C. FRENCH
Supply Sgt., Co. A, R. 6, Newton, Ia. One of the original crowd—entered by draft Sept. 5, 1917, mustered out June 11, 1919.

JAMES A. PYE
Corp., Co. A, Kincaid, Kans. (Taken at Gondrecourt.)

JAMES H. PARKER
2nd Sq., Co. A, 1512 Garfield Ave., Kansas City, Kans. (Taken in France.)

JOHN J. KUPKA
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. B, Ft. Atkinson, Ia.

GROVER J. FAUSER
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. B, Fayette, Ia.

338th M. G. Battalion

GEORGE W. PRICHARD
1st Lieut., Co. D, Attorney, Onawa, Ia. (Received Division Citation.)

ORVAL WM. EPPERSON
Corp., Hq. Co., 1st Sq., 408 S. Hamilton St., Neosho, Mo.

J. DONALD WYMAN
Pvt., 1st cl., Hq. Sq., Co. A, Harlan, Kans.

JAMES O. BUTCHER
Pvt., 1st cl., 1st Sq., Co. B, 403 S Main St., Austin, Minn. (Taken in France.)

JOYCE W. PERRY
Corp., Co. D. Prin. of Schools, Ruthton, Minn. Had his squad in first line trench the night of Oct. 12, 1918, at Balschwiller. Pvts. V. O. Smith, Tucker, Scott, McNaughtin and Brennan. Sgt. Dick was with them. Rest of squad, Pvts. Willet, Tilletson, B. Jones and Carrier in hospital.

ROBERT L. RULE ("Bob")
5th Sq., Co. D, Dow City, Ia.

L. H. SCHUMANN
Pvt., 1st cl., West Side, Ia.

339th M. G. Battalion

Jorgen Lokkesven
Med. Detch., Bensen, Minn.

Lemuel LeRoy Huey
2nd Sq., 2nd Pl., Co. A, Delmont, S. D.

Amos Orian Yeates
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. A, Elvins, Mo.

Thomas F. Foley
Co. A, 431 W. 56th St., New York, N. Y. (Taken in France.)

Charles S. Pollock
Pvt., 1st cl., Hq. Sq., Co. B, 2143 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gerrit H. Klein
Co. A, Pella, Ia. (Taken at Cannes.)

Lyle P. Herbert
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. B, Perry, Mich.

Arthur Halvorson
Sgt., Co. C, ("Charter member"), Sandstone, Minn.

Frank B. Schwack
1st Sq., Co. C, Bx. 123, Royalton, Minn. Inducted Sept. 21, 1917, Minneapolis; trans. Oct. 15 from Batt. C, 337th F. A. to Camp Q. M., Camp Dodge. Prom. Sgt. Q. M. C., Jan., 1918. Trans. July 28 at own request to Co. C, 337th M. G. Bn. as Pvt. Prom. Corp. Sept. 12. Hon. Disch. June 11, 1919. Reports that former position as Soo Line Chief Clerk was denied.

Henry W. Nickell
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. C, Elkhart, Kans.

Ritchard Hanes
Co. C, 2nd Sq., Rader, Mo.

John H. Campbell
Co. C, R. 2, Bx. 62, Gilliam, Mo.

Herman Buchholz
Co. C, R. 3, Bx. 42, Alexandria, S. O.

Cecil T. Davis
Sgt., Co. D, 242 E. Condit St., Decatur, Ill.

Leonard M. Sund
Mech., Co. D, 3833 16th Ave So., Minneapolis, Minn. (Taken in France.)

Andrew Walter Humphrey
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. D, Minnewaukon, N. D.

Rubert C. Westling
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. D, Olsburg, Kans.

Ludwig M. Olson
Co. D, 222 14th St., Bismarck, N. D. (Taken in France.)

Ralph M. Eaton
Pvt., 1st cl., Grinnel, Kans. (Taken just before going to front.)

313th Engineer Regt. and Train

George A. Wightman
1st Lieut., Co. C, 635 Summer St., Kalamazoo, Mich. (Taken in Marson, Meuse.)

Lee O. Marsh
Color Sgt., Regtl. N. C. O. Staff, 403 N. Main St., Louisiana, Mo.

Clyde C. Wells
Corp., Hq. Co., with Regtl. Hq. N. C. O. Staff, Clearwater, Nebr. (Taken in Nantes.)

Henry Martin Fliehler
Mus., 3rd cl., Hq. Co., Strawberry Point, Ia.

Clarence O. Dahl
Pvt., 1st cl., Hq. Co., Hendricks, Minn.

Lee L. Patrick
Corp., Co. A, 1016 S 8th St. Oskaloosa, Ia.

Clarence and John E. Jones (left) Both brothers in 3rd Sq., 1st Pl., Co. A, until Oct. 1918, when sent to hospital at Hericourt together. Clarence recovered sufficiently to rejoin Co. A Oct. 20 at Elbach, Alsace front. He then learned that his brother had died Oct 13. Address, c/o Central Hotel, Rawlins, Wyo.

Harry L. Stull
5th Sq., 2nd Pl., Co. A, North McGregor, Ia.

William J. Casey
5th Sq., 4th Pl., Co. A, 276 Cleveland Ave., Dubuque, Ia.

Robert P. Flagel
Sgt., 1st cl., Co. B, 1050 S. 2nd St. W., Salt Lake City, Utah. (Taken in France.) Sgt. Flagel was trans. Nov. 19, 1918, to 3rd Corps School at Clamecy as instructor and sailed July 13, 1919, in LeMans Casual Co. 1803.

("Bug") William B. Fletcher
Bugler, Co. B. (right) Cawker City, Kans. Corp. Neissle (left). (Taken in France.)

Edwin A. Goltz
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. B (also Hq. Co.) Havana, N. D.

Kenneth R. MacKinnon
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. B, 1st Sq., 3rd Pl., Le Mars, Ia.

Knut N. Sorbo
Co. B, 13th Sq., 3rd Pl., Emmons, Minn.

George H. Green
Bugler, Co. C, R. 2, Palmyra, Wisc. (Taken in France.)

Ira Jay Doud
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. C, 5th Sq., 4th Pl., Coleridge, Nebr.

Albert A. Thoren
Co. C, 12th Sq., Nekoma, N. D.

Wilson L. Ritchie
Sgt., 2nd Pl., Co. D, 12 E. West St., Georgetown, Ill.

Wallis A. Hoskins
Sgt., Co. D, 428 Washington St., Hibbing, Minn.

Carl W. Gustafson
Pvt., 1st cl., 5th Sq., 1st Pl., Co. D, Cherokee, Ia.

Louis Brody
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. D, Donnellson, Ia.

James R. Holman
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. D, Fountain Green, Utah.

Harlen L. Miller
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. D, Lk. Bx. 161, Olin, Ia.

Frank G. Ludwig
Corp., Co. E, N. State St., Lockport, Ill.

Julius P. Johnson
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. E. Moorcton, N. D.

Orville D. Capps
Pvt., 1st cl., 4th Sq., 4th Pl., Co. E, P. O. Bx. 84, Menlo, Ia. (Taken in France.)

Harry W. Evertson
Co. E, Lee Summit, Mo.

B. F. Perrin
Sgt., Co. F, 735 E. Main St., Belleville, Ill.

Geo. H. Lewis
Corp., Co. F, R. 1, Burdett, Colo.

Joseph P. Strack
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. F, 1st Sq., 1st Pl., 58 McKinley Pl. N., St. Cloud, Minn. (Taken in the Alps.)

Alfred J. Lemue
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. F, 18 Bryant St., Littleton, N. H. (Taken in France.)

Noah W. Meyer, Jr.
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. F, R. 1, Bx. 23, Farmington, Mo. (Taken in France.)

Julian J. Gagnepain
Co. F, 601 W. St. Joseph St., Perryville, Mo.

Joseph M. Einrem
Co. F, Springfield, S. D.

Ralph E. Black
Pvt., 1st cl., 313th Eng. Train, Scranton, Ia. (Taken in France.)

Carl J. Holden
Wag., 313th Eng. Train, Bx. 57, Lowry, Minn.

H. O. Dirks
313th Eng. Train, R. 3, Grundy Center, Ia. (Taken in France.)

James M. Kroeger
Pvt., 1st cl., 313th Eng., 1302 E 5th St., Sioux Falls, S. D.

313th Train Headquarters

Oscar E. Hall
Captain, 313th Train Hq., Lincoln, Nebr. (Taken in Paris.)

Albert Fennema
Bn. Sgt.-Major, Hq. Detch, 313th Trains, 1412 Center St., Des Moines, Ia.

313th Sanitary Train

William D. Middleton
Capt., M. C., U. S. A., 351st Amb. Co., 1309 Rupley St., Davenport, Ia.

Lucian O. Holman
Sgt., Camp Infirmary Detch., Hq. Co., 629 Stockton St., Flint, Mich.

Alba E. Brown
Sgt., Camp Infirmary, 206 S. 11th St., Lincoln, Nebr. As undertaker, buried 350 of 88th Div. boys at Hericourt, then went to Belfort, rejoining his command at Hevilliers in Dec., 1918.

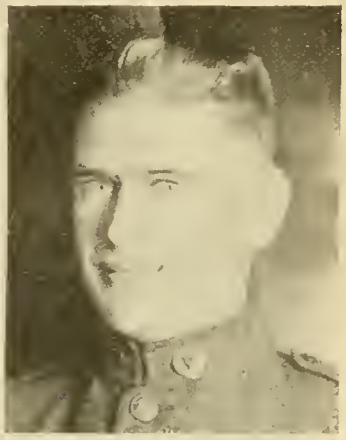
Joseph E. Krebs
Sgt., Hq. Detch., Liberal, Mo.

Emil F. Larson
349th Amb. Co., Manfred, N. D. (Taken in France.)

William C. Ronaldson
Sgt., 1st cl., 349th Amb. Co., 1100 Adams St., Denver, Colo. (Taken in Blois.)

Tim Casey Kniffen
349th Amb. Co., 101 W. Northern St., Pueblo, Colo.

William L. Dohemy
349th Amb. Co., Minnewaukon, N. D. (Taken in France.)



Robert J. Earwaker
349th Amb. Co., 63 Colorado Blvd., Denver, Colo.

Frank Perusek
349th Amb. Co., 5th Sq., 202 Sellers St., Hibbing, Minn.

Walter W. Pesch
Corp., 350th Amb. Co., 3rd Sq., 3rd Pl., Maine St., Mazeppa, Minn. (Taken in Grenoble.)

Erhard Westman
Pvt., 1st cl., 350th Amb. Co., St. James, Minn.

William Ernest Kelley
Pvt., 1st cl., 350th Amb. Co., 217 S. Harvey Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

Penhart M. Pengtila
Wag., 350th Amb. Co., 118 11th St. S., Cloquet, Minn.

Martinus P. Bollesen
Pvt., 1st cl., 350th Amb. Co., Dana College, Blair, Nebr.

Luther V. Tarner
350th Co., Kisatchie, la.

Felix T. Adams
350th Field Hosp. Co., 513 E. Main St., Danville, Ky.

Jack W. O'Reilly
351st Amb. Co., 733 Witherbee St., Flint, Mich. (Taken in Coblenz, Germany, May 4, 1919.)

John McCamey
Bugler, 351st Field Hosp. Co., Adel, Ia. This bugle boy ran away to enlist at Camp Dodge and is still in the service, now at Newport News, Va.

V. L. Bailey
351st Field Hosp. Co., Youngstown, Mo.

Emil L. Hirsch
Pvt., 1st cl., 351st Field Hosp. Co., McClusky, N. D.

Albert Lee LaFollette
Pvt., 1st cl., 352nd Amb. Co., 1317 S. Walts Ave., Sioux Falls, S. D.

John O. Hultgren
352nd Amb. Co., Brinsmade, N. D.

Jerry R. Friedrichsen
352nd Field Hosp. Co., 2720 Cornelio St., Sioux City, Ia.

William H. Ruggles
352nd Field Hosp. Co., Verona, Mo.

Ray P. Blackwood
Wag., 352nd Field Hosp. Co., Farnam, Nebr.

313th Supply Train

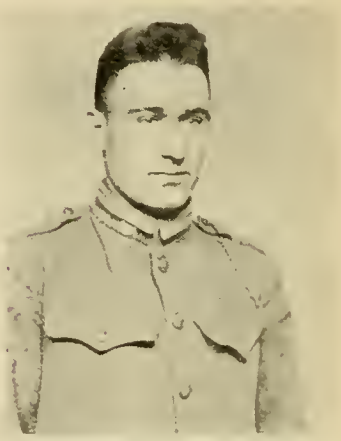
William W. Harrington
1st Lieut., Dental Corps, Viola, Wis.

Ernest L. Kinsman
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. A, Mobridge, S. D.

William W. Barclay
Corp., Co. C, 620 Hammond Ave., Waterloo, Ia.

Ralph A. Henderson
Corp., Co. D, 1st Sq., 4420 3d Ave., Sioux City, Ia.

Geo. M. Hart
Corp., Co. F, Moose Lake, Minn. (Taken in France.)



George W. Mark
Corp., 8th Sq., Co. F, Elbe, Wash.

313th Field Signal Battalion

E. H. Humble
1st Lieut., Co. C, 312 16th St., Pacific Grove, Calif. (Taken in France.)

Ray B. Owen
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. A, 509 Monterey Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Ben J. Gilborne
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. A, Bx. 354, Winnebago, Minn. (Taken in France, Sept. 30, 1918.)

Edwin F. Rathke
Corp., Co. C, 3d Sq., 206 N. Dewey St., Owasso, Mich.

Van K. Russell
Corp., Co. C, Eyota, Minn.

Harry A. Harvey
Pvt., 1st cl., Sec. 2, Co. C, Adel, Ia.

Fred Miller
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. C, 4th Sq., Fredonia, N. D.

Aylor N. C. Nelson
Pvt., 1st cl., 4th Sec., Co. C, Bx. 362, Adair, Ia.

Louis A. Berger
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. C, 6th Sq., Klossner, Minn. (Taken in France.)

Alfort I. Glassman
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. C, 7th Sq., P. O. Bx. 403, Greenville, Texas.

Garlan N. Black
Pvt., 1st cl., Co. C, Neponset, Ill.

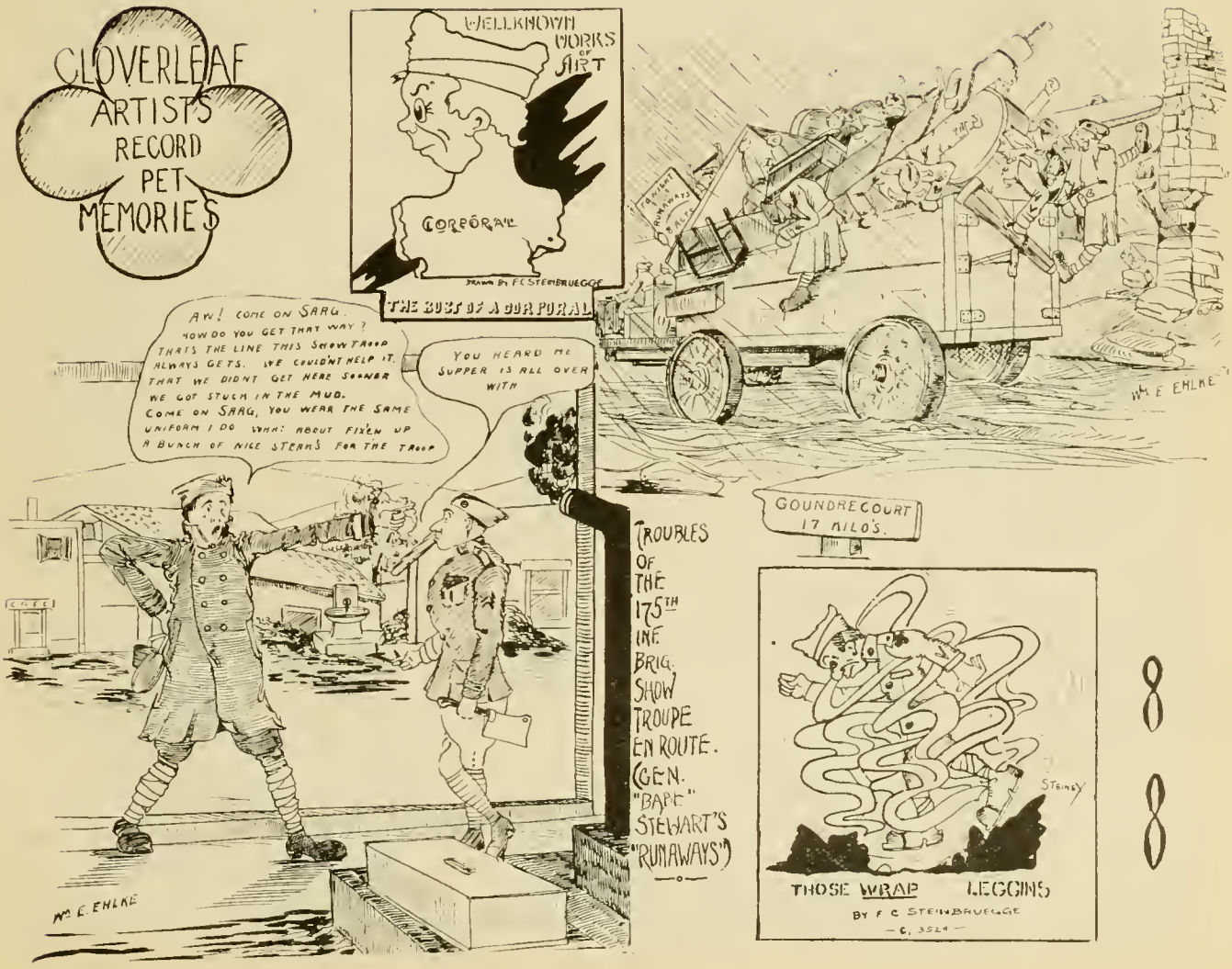
List of Photographs

Adams, Felix T.
Alick, Joseph.
Alter, Dawn D.
Amis, Corp. Farris E.
Anderson, Corp. Ludwig B.
Anderson, Earl G.
Anderson, Walter W.
Andrews, Capt. Floyd M.
Ardal, Ragnvald
Asche, John F.
Anthony, Capt. Walter E.
Ball, Carl V.
Ballinger, Lt. Earl A.
Bailey, V. L.
Barclay, Corp. William W.
Bartush, Corp. Anton
Becker, Frank
Beltz, Corp. Lloyd S.
Bellach, Herman A. F.
Benson, Alex A.
Bauer, Sgt. William
Berger, Louis A.
Bibb, Capt. Engene S.
Billingsley, Milo W.
Birchmier, Anthony J.
Black, Garlan N.
Blackwood, Ray P.
Black, Ralph E.
Boland, Philip J.
Bolleson, Martinus P.
Bond, Cleo A.
Bainbridge, Lt. A. G., Jr.
Borden, Maj. Frank R.
Bowen, Floyd P.
Bowen, Everett
Brandt, Corp. Melvin
Brandt, Corp. William
Branson, Oda
Briggs, Capt. Charles W.
Brignole, Joseph A.
Brodt, Chester
Brody, Louis
Brown, Sgt. Alba E.
Brundeen, Victor
Buchholz, Herman
Burg, Anthony T.
Burgland, Carl A.
Burfening, Corp. R. P.
Bumann, Ernest E.
Bunner, Bryan
Burchett, Ervin B.
Bush, Corp. William C.
Butcher, James O.
Campbell, John H.
Campbell, Byron J.
Caneer, William C.
Capps, Orville D.
Carlson, Lt. Clarence V.
Carlson, Emil
Carr, Corp. Roy P.
Casey, William J.
Chambers, Earl T.
Christensen, Walter E.
Christensen, Arthur C.
Christofferson, John L.
Clark, Rev. Earl B., Chaplain-Lt.
Clark, Victor V.
Clark, Leo Edgar
Clinch, James C.
Clyde, Milton E.
Cober, Corp. Earl J.
Cobb, George E.
Cogburn, Sgt. Earl W.
Colter, William Edward
Constantino, John
Coulthard, Sgt. Clyde H.
Craig, Corp. W. B.
Craig, Lt. J. M.
Cramolini, Sgt. Carl
Crawskin, Louis
Croisettier, Cyrille
Crowder, Corp. June
Cutsinger, J. E.
Dahl, Clarence O.
Dahleen, Lt. Harry W.
Dahte, Sgt. Henry C.
Danforth, Sgt. Victor W.
Darlington, Corp. George M.
Davis, Sgt. Cecil T.
Daschofsky, Gust
Dickinson, Maj. Bertram G.
Dickson, Sgt. William H.
Diercks, Corp. Fred J.
Dirks, H. O.
Doud, Ira J.
Donnelly, Corp. Francis
Dorothy, Lt. Morton F.
Doheny, William L.
Drake, Capt. Alva M.
Dreisbach, Lt. Col. Clyde F.
Dzuris, John, Jr.
Eads, Chester G.
Eaton, Ralph M.
Earwaker, Robert J.
Edwards, Cecil Guy
Eeten, Henry
Ehlke, Corp. Wm. E. R.
Einrem, Joseph M.
Eitzen, George P.
Ekstrom, Walter Elvin
Ekholm, G. W.
Elleson, Corp. G. B.
Elder, Sgt. Edward Monroe
Engler, Charles W.
Epperson, Orval William
Erickson, Eric
Evertson, Harry W.
Engel, John
Faber, Nick
Federspiel, John
Feemster, Clarence J.
Feldkamp, William W.
Fauser, Grover J.
Ferguson, Alvie
Fennema, Sgt. Maj. Albert
Fey, Philip
Firch, Corp. Charley A.
Firdman, Nathan
Fischer, Corp. Nicholas
Flagel, Sgt. Robert P.
Fleak, Charles, T.
Flesher, Jesse L.
Fletcher, William B.
Fliehler, Henry Martin
Foley, Thomas F.
Foster, Thomas E.
Foubert, J. W.
Fox, Roy L.
French, Sgt. William C.
Frederick, Corp. William Ray
Freking, Aloys H.
Friedbauer, Tosso H.
Friederichsen, Jerry R.
Gagnepain, Julian J.
George, Homer B.
German, Lonie Lee
Gerding, Oscar F.
Gilbertson, George H.
Gilborne, Ben J.
Glassman, Alfort
Goettelmann, Corp. John J.
Goff, Wayne S.
Goltz, Edwin A.
Goodwin, Sgt. Leo
Goslar, Otto D.
Grace, William F.
Grabill, William S.
Graves, Corp. "Pete" F.
Green, George H.
Greene, O. A.
Gunther, Sgt. Joseph
Gurley, Capt. George
Gustafson, Carl W.
Gustaveson, Carl E.
Hagen, Oscar N.
Haglund, Olaf C.
Hall, Capt. Oscar E.
Halvorson, Sgt. Arthur
Hamarback, Sgt. Walter A.
Hamilton, Wilbert G.
Hanes, Ritchard
Hainke, Guy B.
Harrington, Lt. Wm. W.
Harris, Sgt. Virgil G.

Harrison, Cloice O.
Harstad, Knut G.
Hart, Corp. George M.
Harvey, Harry A.
Hassett, William L.
Hatwan, Joseph
Haug, Johannes P.
Hauck, Corp. Russell H.
Healey, John F.
Heinz, Joe J.
Henrichsen, Charles
Henderson, Corp. Ralph A.
Heimdahl, Ole J.
Hendricks, Daniel E.
Herbert, Lyle P.
Heyer, William H.
Hicks, Zehnder
Higgins, Lt. Clarence J. (Chaplain)
Himes, Lt. John C.
Hinrichs, Fred B.
Hirsch, Emil L.
Holden, Carl J.
Hodgson, Walter Scott, Jr.
Holman, James R.
Holman, Sgt. Lucian O.
Hopkins, Harvey
Hoff, Joseph
Hoff, Sgt. Eugene V.
Hoskins, Sgt. Wallis A.
Hoskins, Clarence J.
Howard, Lloyd L.
Hoyt, Louis K.
Huck, Charles J.
Hudson, Capt. Donald K.
Hudspeth, George H.
Huey, Lemuel LeRoy
Hultgren, John O.
Humble, Lt. E. H.
Humphrey, Andrew Walter
Hurtt, Roy A.
Hollan, Edwin
Iekel, Sgt. George C.
Imel, Carl L.
Irelan, Charles O.
Irwin, Milo C.
Iverson, Sgt. Ernest A.
Iverson, John
Isaac, John A.
Jacobsen, Andreas
Jacobson, Martin A.
Jenks, Chauncie Otis
Jesse, Hugo A.
Jilka, Adolph
Johnson, John F.
Johnson, Hartwick
Johnson, Edward I.
Johnson, Sgt. Elmer G.
Johnson, Leo Clarence
Johnson, Alfred R.
Johnson, Sigurd L.
Johnson, Sgt. Hans
Johnson, Nils J.
Johnson, Julius P.
Johnson, Carl E.
Johnson, John Olai
Johnston, Arthur G.
Jones, John E.
Jones, Clarence
Jones, Francis H.
Jones, Roy N.
Kachadurian, Krekov
Kade, Corp. Charles A.
Kaiser, Walter W.
Kanstrup, Sgt. Sophus
Kasner, Anthony G.
Kearins, Patrick Harvey, Jr.
Kersting, Charles S.
Kelley, William Ernest
Kiess, Corp. Walter F.
Kilgore, Frank
Kinsman, Ernest L.
Klein, Gerrit H.
Klimaschesky, Alfred G.
Kniffen, Tim Casey
Knoche, Edward
Kopervik, Johannes J.
Kohmetscher, Toney B.
Kostedt, Corp. Theodore
Krebs, Sgt. Joseph E.
Kroeger, James M.
Kupka, John J.
Kuhlman, Arthur H.
Kuhn, Elmer R.
Kussman, Roman R.
LaFollette, Albert Lee
Landberg, Martin E.
Lange, Corp. Max H.
Larson, Capt. Edgar J. D.
Larson, Emil F.
Larson, Sgt. John H.
Layman, Fred C.
Lee, John B.
Leeman, Alfred Lewis
Leseth, Peter O.
Lemve, Alfred J.
Lewis, Corp. George H.
Levorson, M. R.
Light, Herbert O.
Lindholm, David
Lokkesven, Jorgen
Lokstad, Oliver
Lotsberg, John C.
Loven, Melvin
Lovsin, Edward
Lowry, Garth M.
Ludwig, Corp. Frank G.
Lung, Frank Y.
Lundberg, Carl David
Lynch, Sgt. William F.
Lyman, Capt. C. Arthur
Macedo, Ermand E.
Mackinnon, Kenneth R.
Madsen, Alfred
Magnus, Adolph
Mahler, Milton H.
Makemson, Charles R.
Malloy, LeRoy E.
Mantey, Corp. A. E.
Marek, Victor T.
Markham, Robert S.
Marsh, Color Sgt. Lee O.
Martin, Wilbur D.
Martin, Berkley M.
McCamey, John F.
McCaughey, Charles R.
McColley, Henry O.
McKettrick, John B.
McGrath, Sgt. William P.
McGhee, William Walter
Mears, Maj. E. C.
Meginnis, Clyde W.
Merriman, Sgt. W. N.
Meyer, Noah W.
Middleton, Capt. William D.
Miller, Clyde H.
Miller, Fred
Miller, George F.
Miller, Harlen L.
Mills, Edw. H.
Mintrup, Louis J.
Moehlmann, George R.
Moffit, Dell R.
Moisant, Henry P.
Morris, Tommie T.
Mousel, J. V.
Nelson, Aylor N. C.
Nelson, Corp. E. W.
Nelson, Emil
Nelson, Iver
Nelson, Hans
Nelson, Elmer
Neumann, Frank F.
Newquist, Francis E.
Nickell, Henry W.
Nordgaard, Edwin
Novak, John
Odle, Corp. Richard C.
Oftedahl, Bert M.
Opstevedt, Henry S.
Olson, Arthur S.
Olson, John
Olson, Ludwig M.
O'Reilly, Jack W.
Osborn, Roy
Owen, Lt. David S.
Owen, Ray B.
Pace, Fred R.
Palen, Corp. Roman J.
Parks, George C.
Parker, James H.
Patrick, Corp. Lee L.
Pearson, Joseph Emanuel
Perrin, Sgt. B. F.
Perry, Dave
Perry, Corp. Joyce W.
Pengtila, Penhart M.
Peterson, Arthur W.
Peters, Joseph John
Pesch, Walter W.
Perusek, Frank
Plaeger, Henry E.
Plagens, H. H.
Platt, Howard H.
Polk, Maj. Harry H.
Pollock, Charles S.

Potter, Capt. Arthur C.
Pousser, John Fred
Prichard, Lt. George W.
Priegnitz, Corp. Herman
Pries, Sgt. Harvey L.
Proeschold, Corp. Walter O.
Prouty, Devillo O.
Pye, Corp. James A.
Quinn, Sgt. Henry H.
Rall, Howard
Rapps, John J.
Rasmussen, Richard
Rasmussen, Henry A.
Razook, Sam A.
Rearick, Corp. Reynold Lee
Reil, John D.
Remington, Porter B.
Reno, Oliver E.
Richards, Lt. J. B.
Richie, Sgt. Wilson L.
Rickers, Harry
Riley, Forest R.
Ritter, Clell
Roberts, John W.
Robinson, Lawrence
Roe, Ludwig I.
Roland, Sgt. G. A.
Rohrer, Howard F.
Ronaldson, Sgt. Wm. C.
Ronning, Joseph
Ross, Archie
Ross, Paul W.
Rouster, Nicholas, Jr.
Roysland, Sgt. H. G.
Rudolph, Sgt. Arthur J.
Ruggles, William H.
Rule, Robert L. (Bob)
Rutherford, Corp. Henry C.
Russ, Maj. G. H. Jr.
Russell, Cecil Percy
Russell, Corp. Van K.
Safford, Capt. Orren E.
Saltnes, Wm. A.
Sanders, Martin W.
Sansom, Alfred N.
Schaeffer, Sgt. Verne
Scheller, Rudolph F.
Schlagel, Sgt. Joseph N.
Schmidt, Lt. August C.
Scholtes, Albert
Schneider, Corp. William L.
Schultz, Corp. Jens N.
Schultz, Paul J.
Schupanitz, H. J.
Shaurer, John
Schumann, L. H.
Schwack, Corp. Frank B.
Seaman, Henry
Searle, Corp. C. J.
Severson, Frank John
Shafer, Chelsea
Sherman, Thomas T.
Shrum, Lt. Winfield O.
Simmons, Sgt,. M. H.
Simonson, Fred C.
Singer, Clement V.
Skidmore, George A.
Sloan, Corp. Marion F.
Sloan, Corp. W. Orrin
Sloan, William R.
Smidt, Frank E.
Smith, Michael
Smith, Isaac G.
Snell, Murray W.
Soderqvist, Martin S.
Sorbo, Knut N.
Sours, Roy S.
Spain, Lt. F. J. (Doctor)
Staael, Paul J.
Stangeland, Nels Oscar
Stanton, Ralph D.
Starkweather, Charles L.
Stellhorn, A. F.
Steckdaub, Corp. Dan G.
Steinbach, Sgt. William P.
Stoddard, Corp. James F.
Stoneking, Roy
Strack, Joseph A.
Strand, Russell
Strandberg, Emil A.
Struble, Joseph L.
Stull, Harry L.
Sturies, Martin
Sund, Leonard M.
Swamberg, John
Swedzinski, Frank
Tatman, Corp. Earl R.
Tarver, Luther V.
Taube, Sgt. Charles F.
Thielman, Eric A.
Thomas, Corp. Erwin B.
Thoren, Albert A.
Thorson, Sgt. Thomas
Tray, Corp. John B.
Trenkamp, Ben J.
Treimer, John
Tripp, Capt. Everett G.
Truex, W. L.
Truitt, Corp. Cyrus R.
Tumbleson, Harry A.
Tuttle, E. F.
Two Bear, Joseph
Vaughan, Capt. Albert D.
Veatch, Glenn V.
Velcheck, Frederick R.
Verville, Charles E.
Vestal, Col. Samuel C.
Vick, Clarence N.
Von Deule, August
Von Hagel, John
Wagner, Corp. J. P.
Walker, Glenn E.
Wallace, Corp. Ralph V.
Wallach, Corp. Stanislav
Wallis, Sgt. Gaile F.
Walstad, John J.
Ward, Corp. James Herman
Wasson, Capt. Minor F.
Watkins, Ernest R.
Watzek, Robert O.
Webb, Corp. Dan W.
Webber, Corp. John
Webster, Perle L.
Wells, Corp. Clyde C.
Wendt, John F.
Westman, Erhard
Westbay, Sgt. J. H.
Westling, Rubert C.
Weyerts, A. J.
Willfong, Corp. Frank L.
Williamson, Edward
Wilkenning, Paul
Wilnerd, Corp. Stuart
Wimer, W. J.
Whitworth, John
Whitlow, Elliott
Workman, Corp. Glenn M.
Wohlwend, Albert
Wrightman, Lt. George A.
Wurst, Ted
Wyland, J. Donald
Yeates, Amos Orian
Yttrevold, Arthur E.
Zea, Corp. Orrin E.
Zluticky, John A.

Appendix


CLOVERLEAF ARTISTS RECORD PET MEMORIES
WELLKNOWN WORKS OF ART
CORPORAL
DRAWN BY F.C. STEINBRUEGGE
THE BUST OF A CORPORAL
AW! COME ON SARG. HOW DO YOU GET THAT WAY? THATS THE LINE THIS SHOW TROOP ALWAYS GETS. WE COULDN'T HELP IT THAT WE DIDN'T GET HERE SOONER WE GOT STUCK IN THE MUD. COME ON SARG, YOU WEAR THE SAME UNIFORM I DO. WHAT ABOUT FIX'EN UP A BUNCH OF NICE STEARS FOR THE TROOP
YOU HEARD ME SUPPER IS ALL OVER WITH
WM. E. EHLKE
TROUBLES OF THE 175TH INF. BRIG. SHOW TROUPE EN ROUTE. (GEN. "BABE" STEWART'S "RUNAWAYS")
GOUNDRECOURT 17 MILO'S.
WM. E. EHLKE
STEINBY
THOSE WRAP LEGGINS
BY F. C. STEINBRUEGGE
— C. 3524 —

Facsimile Copies of Armistice Editions of U. S. Newspapers and 88th Division Publications

Peace!

37,873 — Total Daily Circulation 144,435

St. Paul Pioneer Press

The Weather: Fair and warmer today and tomorrow

VOL. LXV.—NO. 315. ST. PAUL, MINN., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1918. PRICE THREE CENTS IN ST. PAUL.

GERMANY SURRENDERS, SIGNS PEACE TERMS; WORLD WAR FIGHTING ENDS AT 5 A. M. TODAY ALL CONDITIONS OF THE ALLIES ARE ACCEPTED

AMERICANS BEGIN LORRAINE DRIVE

Capture Six Villages and Push Forward on 72-mile Front—French General Enters Sedan.

HUN FORCES ABANDON SUPPLIES IN DISORDER

Pursued by Give-Ground Before All Allied Troops—Brussels Almost in Range of British Guns.

(By Associated Press.)

The Second American army launched its initial attack yesterday morning in Lorraine, captured the villages of St. Hilaire and Marbotte and a number of woods.

The objectives are limited. The First and Second American armies to drive extending along the Meuse and the Mihiel salient on a front of 72 miles. The Bois Domanchin was cleared and in all six villages were occupied. Stenay on the Meuse has been taken.

French General Enters Sedan

West of Mézière the French captured the village of Bornemont, after crossing the Bornemont river and reached the Mézière-Revers road. The French continued to cross the Meuse between Laiton and Donchery.

The French general, Conrat, made his official entry into Sedan at 1 P. M. yesterday.

On every front the Germans are suffering defeat at the hands of the British, French and American forces.

Haig's forces have driven the line beyond the Franco-Belgian frontier south of the Sambre canal and are almost in eye range of Brussels.

Huns Abandon Supplies

The Huns without resistance against the British, but disorder has marked the few forces facing the French, and they have left huge quantities of ammunition and valuable supplies even wholesale supplies abandoned to the French.

All but three of communication, except some leading northward from Maubeuge, have been captured.

General Pershing's forces in the Meuse sector have cleared the woods of the enemy, including the Bois De Warville, from the northern fringe of which the German fortress of Metz is only ten miles distant.

YANKEES TAKE STENAY DESPITE TERRIFIC FIRE

(By Associated Press.)

With the American forces on the Meuse Front, Nov. 10.—General Pershing's troops this afternoon captured Stenay, on the east bank of the Meuse notwithstanding terrific opposition.

Stenay, which was strongly fortified, was taken in an attack from the north and south of Stenay.

The entire district in the region of Stenay was flooded by the Germans who dammed the canals and river. Americans crossing the river Meuse from below came Stenay to a great martyrdom.

YANKS IN LORRAINE GET VILLAGES AND WOODS

(By Associated Press.)

With the American Forces on the Lorraine Front, Nov. 10.—The Second American army this morning launched its initial attack in Lorraine. Its objectives were limited. The villages of St. Hilaire and Marbotte were captured, as said were a number of woods.

The Germans offered stiff opposition with machine guns and artillery.

More than 100 prisoners were taken.

AMERICANS CONTINUE DRIVE ALONG MEUSE.

(By Associated Press.)

With the American Army on the Meuse Front, Nov. 10.—The situation remained unchanged. Our artillery and machine guns clinging to the hills overlooking the river kept some burning all during Saturday night.

Continued on Page 6, Column 1

HISTORY'S MOST POTENT DAY IS FATEFUL ONE FOR DESPOTS

Kaiser Flees to Holland

German revolution overthrows government; Socialists seize reins of power.

Bloody fighting marks end of last autocracy.

Many dreadnoughts of German fleet are seized and the revolution ary flag raised.

The royal palace and the crown prince's palace in Berlin occupied and the red flag hoisted there.

Field Marshal von Hindenburg, the German military despot, is reported to have accompanied the Kaiser in his flight.

Allies drive Huns from France.

Americans launch new drive on Lorraine front and formal entry into Sedan is made by Allies troops.

134 INJURED HERE

First Detachment of Men Suffering From Battle Injuries Reaches Shelling Hospital.

Soldiers from the Northwestern—one colonel twelve lieutenants and 121 non-commissioned officers and enlisted men—have returned from overseas service with the United States army.

They reached Fort Snelling early yesterday. They will remain there for indefinite periods of time before proceeding to their homes.

This marks the formal opening of Fort Snelling as a reconstruction hospital and rehabilitation post, where it is expected thousands of wounded men will be turned out by the army and navy.

Hospital in Readiness

For months the work of preparing the Fort Snelling reservation for the reception of the men has been going forward. And it was announced yesterday that the hospital is fully ready to care for the detachments that are expected to be arriving steadily.

Of the detachments arriving yesterday 114 walked or hobbled from their train. The other twenty were carried off. One of the men had lost both legs in France. Others had one leg or one arm. Some have been so severely gassed as to incapacitate them for further active service. Some are suffering from shell-shock and still others are victims of influenza.

Still Determined to Win.

But the indomitable spirit that enabled them men, while in the ranks, to drive everything before them as they swept through France with Berlin as their hoped-for destination was still there yesterday. Just as strongly as it was when they entered the army.

Pluck was and pals through long periods in been bestials in France, reflected still less determination which had characterized them during long when they were the bronzed vanguard of fighting men on battle line France.

There was not a word of complaint to be heard from them as they told of wars helped, out of their reaches. They were tired, but happy again to be in the Northwest. They were homesick or, if not they did not so mightily interested in the letters were from the Western front.

A frequently heard theory was that regarding the present world war the entire world.

And—in a few cases—raise over some possible discretion, will become that the march of the Allied troops

Continued on Page 2, Column 7.

INFLUENZA SPREADS

Exposure Due to Peace Fake Blamed by Medics—Increase in Mill City.

Fake peace news Thursday with the resultant exposure of thousands of persons on the streets resulted in more St. Paul and Minneapolis to be added to be responsible for alarming cases of influenza reported Saturday and yesterday to the Citizens' Health committee.

While it is slightly early to look for a material abatement in the epidemic the situation indeed more hopeful yesterday, said members of the committee.

Late today a meeting of the Citizens' committee is called to hear protests from the municipal unions, school and good health clubs and others against the city closing recommendation made by the committee.

Up to Health Department.

The closing regulations have passed out of the hands of the committee and the maintenance of the determination of the city officials, C. W. Dillenbeck chairman of the committee said yesterday with the City Health department.

About 100 new influenza cases were reported to the Citizens' committee yesterday from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. And all new cases reported by Dr. S. W. Christian and his staff of eight

Continued on Page 2, Column 6.

REJOICE FOR KIN

St. Paul Citizens of German Descent Elated Over Revolt and Fall of Autocracy.

Overthrow of the Germans autocratic power and the creation of a free German nation governed by the people held for the people brought unalloyed joy to hundreds of St. Paul citizens of German descent who have been adopting the cause of America the United States of America.

Mr. Pierz leading citizen of German descent, as a study every authoritative over the official announcement that a republic had replaced the German autocracy. A majority authority the nation and the German nation governed by the people would be a bigger and greater Germany, one to be respected by all peace-loving nations.

Abdication Not a Surprise

The abdication of the Kaiser was now a surprise to Germans here they had anticipated his overthrow but few believed it would come so soon.

Those Americanized Germans seem to have a great weight taken from their hearts. They hate been the object of ridicule because their land of Germany have heated the appeal of the world to speak the member which has wrought heretofore on civilization.

Otto Bremer is Elated.

Otto Bremer head of the Bremer Banking company and a leading German citizen, said elated over the news of the Kaiser's abdication and creation of a republic, but he deplored the fact that it was necessary to have a revolution, with all its misery, suffering and loss of life to its ends, to reach these ends.

Mr. Bremer asserts the overthrow of the Kaiser means a speedy peace. He leaves the opinion on the fact that had not the German people realized peace they would not have crushed in a constitutional.

Mr. Bremer believes Germany will prompt social democratic government.

"If a democratic government is good enough for me it is good enough for my German brethren. Mr. Bremer said. "If I didn't like the democratic form of government I wouldn't be here. It is the best government."

Mr. Bremer left Germany when 13 years old. He came to the United States and he remained a citizen. Those who know of the great sympathy of the German cause direct to St. Paul had been lured here ever since.

Julius Mommsen Is Pro-Ruler.

Julius Mommsen, former head of the German American Alliance which notoriously was disbanded, and who at one time was credited with saying "The United States would be better off if it had a president like the Kaiser" was saying the St. Paul citizen who expressed delight over German revolution.

"I didn't doubt the press dispatches concerning the Kaiser's abdication, as I had expected it." Mr. Mommsen said. "I think has going to be a good thing for Germany and I am glad to hear the Chancellor Prince Max with his government in Germany for the people had to be the people in the last thing."

Mr. Mommsen, however, scoffed at the various rumors that has been in America recently and were noised that Germany only salvation is to join the unfortunate Germany.

Wanted Days Defeat Seven Months

M. F. Wessel, deputy United States Marshal had who has worked quite hard to bring citizens of German descent to realize that Germany was in a wrong, expressed the view that throw of the Kaiser by coming to authorial paragraph he had noted which reads "If Germany has they would win.

"Germany has lost, but it was not a great victory by overthrowing the autocratic power and creating a republic," Mr. Wessel said.

"The Kaiser had to give way he had received his ultimatum. He attempted to dominate the world some thing the belligerent nations would not stand for.

"The United States entry into the

Continued on Page 2, Column 5.

REBELS' RULE NOT TO IMPAIR REPLY

German Reds Apparently Hold Power to Make Armistice Binding, is Washington View.

TIME EXTENSION MAY BE GRANTED ON TRUCE

Peace May Grant Few Hours to Socialist Chancellor Ebert Because of Conditions Revolution Wave

(By Associated Press.)

Washington, Nov. 10.—Red revolution in Germany on the heels of the abdication and flight of the kaiser apparently is accomplishing the unexpected by throwing the country into the hands of a workmen's and soldiers' regime without breaking the thread of government or impairing the ensemble of the armistice envoys weighing within the allied lines.

The view here tonight is that General Foch still will accept the signatures of the envoys to the document that would end the war if they agree to sign on instructions from Berlin as the German great headquarters before the expiration of the time limit, 11 A. M. tomorrow (Monday, 5 A. M. St. Paul time).

Short Night Over Extension.

In some quarters it is believed even that a request for a few hours extension of time might be granted if it came from Friedrich Ebert, the new chancellor published on authority of a regency and recognized as head of the government by at least a large section of the revolutionists.

Physical difficulties prevented the courier bearing the armistice terms from reaching German headquarters until 10 A. M. today (Monday) forty-seven hours after the fight had been fixed.

Wireless May Carry August.

Such a request might be made by wireless if it appeared impossible for the courier to get back through the lines on time. It created it is believed the additional hours would be few and would be given with warning that what has happened in Germany could make no change in the terms which have been laid down by the United States and the Allies for cessation of hostilities.

Ebert is a small town tailing stolid sixty between Liege, Belgium, and Maastricht.

According to reports reaching The Hague, the former ruler is bound for Middachten castle in the town of Doetinchem (Utrecht).

May Aid Nation—Kaiser.

Amsterdam dispatches give the details of the signing of the abdication letter by Kaiser William. It says the document was received at German great headquarters and the former ruler withdrew as he affixed his signature to the paper with his brother leaders of Germany. The crown prince then signed his renunciation to the throne.

(1) may be for the good of Germany the kaiser is reported to have said as he complied with the demand of the revolutionary factions.

Hague News of Revolt.

It is reported that he refused to abdicate until he had been shown late reports from Germany on the spread of the revolution.

That the kaiser's departure occurred with care to allow his sister Princess Frederic, which said the kaiser left his home accompanied by only chauffeur and with members of his staff while awaiting the imperial train.

Continued on Page 2, Column 6

Taxi Kills Little Girl as Driver Tries to Avert Crash With Auto

Six-Year Old Helen Dodd of Omaha Crushed Against Pioneer Building as Father Turns to Buy Her "Funny Paper"—Sixteen-year-old Chauffeur Arrested.

"Papa, please buy a funny paper."

Six-year-old Helen Dodd yesterday made the request of her father William Dodd of Omaha Neb., as he brought his wife and daughter to St. Paul on their way to Knife River.

Just as Dodd turned to purchase a funny paper from a newsboy at Fourth and Robert streets a taxi had driven by Harold Dunnomon leaped over the sidewalk, knocked Mrs. Dodd down and crushed the little girl against the Pioneer building.

When Dodd picked up his daughter the little girl was dead.

Taxi Driver Only 16 Years Old.

Dunnomon, who is 16 years old, lives at 90 Chestnut street.

According to the police and eyewitnesses, Dunnomon was traveling at a high rate of speed on Fourth street at Robert street intersecting W. N. Tubbesing, 91 Atlantic street, who traveling in a northerly direction. Both drivers is to said attempted to turn out. But the taxicab struck the rear car and the force of the impact set off to the side and crashed into the building.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Watt and their two children were in Tubbesing's machine but escaped serious injury.

Dodd was taking his wife to his father's home in Knife River to remain there for a short time.

Only 15 Miles an Hour, He Says.

At Central police station Dunnomon admitted that he was driving only fifteen miles an hour. The police have obtained the names of several persons who stated that the driver was traveling more than thirty miles an hour.

Lawrence D. C. Jones will hold a post-mortem today as coroner's inquest probably will be held tomorrow night.

WASHINGTON ANNOUNCES CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES; FOE AGREES TO DRASTIC PACT; TELL FOCH AT MIDNIGHT

Washington, Nov. 11.—The world war will end this morning at 6 o'clock Washington time. 11 o'clock Paris time

The armistice was signed by the German representatives at midnight.

This announcement was made by the State department at 2.50 o'clock this morning.

The department's announcement simply said: "The armistice has been signed."

The announcement was made verbally by an official of the State department in this form:

"The armistice has been signed. It was signed at 5 o'clock Paris time and hostilities will cease at 11 o'clock this morning, Paris time."

Six A. M. Washington time is 5 A. M. St. Paul time.

The terms of the armistice, it was announced, will not be made public until later. Military men here, however, regard it as certain that they include:

Immediate retirement of the German military forces from France, Belgium and Alsace Lorraine.

Disarming and demobilization of the German armies.

Occupation by the Allied and American forces of such strategic points in Germany as will make impossible a renewal of hostilities.

Delivery of part of the German high seas fleet and a certain number of submarines to the Allied and American naval forces.

Disarmament of all other German warships under supervision of the Allied and American navies which will guard them.

Occupation of the principal German naval bases by sea forces of the victorious nations.

Release of Allied and American soldiers, sailors and civilians held prisoners in Germany without such reciprocal action by the associated governments.

TERMS SIGNED BY WIRELESS.

There was no information as to the circumstances under which the armistice was signed, but since the German courier did not reach German military headquarters until 10 A. M. Sunday, French time, it was generally assumed here that the German envoys within the French lines had been instructed by wireless to sign the terms.

KAISER IN FLIGHT

Former Hun Royal Party Journeys to Dutch Border at Eysen in Ten Armed Automobiles.

PLANS WELL PREPARED FOR EMPEROR'S FLIGHT

Emperor William and the Crown Prince of Germany have taken refuge in Holland after a night flight from the Teutonic empire.

The establishment of the so-called people's government is complete and the former Kaiser, after signing his abdication decree, crossed the Dutch frontier early Sunday morning.

He was accompanied by virtually the entire German general staff and it is reported that Field Marshal von Hindenburg

The former ruler and party arrived at Eysden, Holland, at 7.30 A. M. having made the trip in ten automobiles all of which were fully armed.

Large Station Platform.

William alighted at Eysden and paced up and down the platform of the railway station for some time smoking a cigarette (message to London say.

A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph company from Copenhagen quotes the Berlin Vossische Zeitung as saying that when the former German emperor arrived at Maastricht he was accompanied by the former emperor.

Eysden is a small town lying about midway between Liege, Belgium, and Maastricht.

According to reports reaching The Hague, the former ruler is bound for Middachten castle in the town of Doetinchem (Utrecht).

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Continued on Page 2, Column 6

HUNS IN REVOLT

Garrison, Mayor and Police of Capital Join New Government headed by Friedrich Ebert.

PEOPLE'S COUNCIL ALSO SEIZES OTHER BIG CITIES

Berlin and virtually every large city in the German empire has been seized by rebels and Friedrich Ebert, vice president of the Social Democratic party has been installed as chancellor.

The uprising which began before the abdication of Emperor William and since that time spread like wild fire to every portion of the country was accomplished in many places only after much bloodshed.

Red Flag Over Palace

The red flag has been hoisted over the royal palace in Berlin and the burgomaster and prefect of police have placed themselves at the disposal of the new regime.

Severe fighting took place between 4 and 4 P. M. in the German capital and heavy casualties are reported on both sides.

The crown prince's palace was stormed by the revolutionists. The people shouted "Long live the republic" and sang the "Marseillaise."

When revolutionary soldiers attempted to seize a building in which they supposed a number of officers were concealed, shots were fired from the windows. The Reds then began shelling the building.

Many Killed in Battle.

Many persons were killed here recently before the officers surrendered. The Red forces are in control and have restored order. Strong guards scattered through the streets.

From the cannonade begun the morning through the barracks was being bombarded had thousands marched to the palace in front of the royal prince's palace. It was later determined that other buildings were fired on.

Quiet reigns at Hand

According to a dispatch from the World's Paris office the new Berlin government has issued the following proclamation:

"Fellow Citizens: This day the new people's deliverance has been fulfilled. The Social Democratic party has undertaken to form a government. It has invited the independent Socialists to enter the government to assist rights.

"A decree giving was declared by the assembled people's government are all officials and officers in the empire. The great Kronprinz prince has been given a pension and all other imperial Hohenzollern princes.

"The new chancellor to an address to the people explains the plan of forming the new government and asks for cooperation of the people. He also asks aid in the proclamation of the Socialists.

Chancellor's Proclamation.

The proclamation, which bears the signature of the office to look to Prince Maximilian of Baden, says:

"Citizens: The Prince Maximilian of Baden, in agreement with all the secretaries of state, has handed over to me the task of liquidating his office and of establishing an the point of forming a new government in accord with the wishes of the people, and will bring public opinion fully informed of the course of the crisis.

"The new government will be a government of the people. It will make every effort to secure to the

IRON CROSSES BANNED; ALSO EAGLE ON HELMETS

(By Associated Press.)

Copenhagen, Saturday, Nov. 9.—The Danish Premier is being virtually guarded by the German soldiers council. This is prudent since it is stated, to prevent the escape of rich people generals and other high officers.

All national emblems and the eagle on the helmets of soldiers have been removed, being replaced by a red band.

The wearing of the iron cross has been strictly prohibited.

The Minneapolis Evening Tribune

Fifty-second Year. No. 170. Associated Press. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1918 United Press. Price Two Cents in Minneapolis.

World War at End as Armistice Terms Make Wreck of Hohenzollern Machine

Radicals Rule Germany as Kaiser Flees

Fourteen of 26 Teuton States Raise Red Flag of Revolution.

Former Imperial Family of Prussia Seeks Safety in Holland.

Reichstag Independents and Socialists Reported as Planning Republic.

(By Associated Press.)

Amsterdam, Sunday, Nov. 10.—(8 p. m.)—William Hohenzollern, the former German emperor, his eldest son, and Field Marshal von Hindenburg it is learned from a reliable source, are in a railway train near the station of Eysden awaiting the decision of the Dutch government. The blinds on the train are down.

(By Associated Press.)

London, Nov. 11.—The revolution is steadily progressing throughout the empire, says a German wireless dispatch from Berlin. Soldiers and workers' councils are being established everywhere. In general the change of government, the message adds, has occurred without appreciable disturbance of economic order or of blood shed.

(By Associated Press.)

London, Nov. 11.—Germany today is kaiserless and kingless. All reports tended to show that in addition to the emperor, all the kings, princes, grand dukes and other royalty of the empire had renounced their "divine right" to rule over a people which already had abrogated that right by revolution.

William Hohenzollern, the former kaiser, whose wife and son, the former crown prince, were believed to have reached the castle of Count von Bentinck near Utrecht. With them were said to be Field Marshal von Hindenburg and a suite of 10.

Germany was still dominated by the revolutionists, but reports indicated that the Socialists were rapidly assuming control of the governmental functions. Fourteen out of 26 states in the empire have been seized by the Socialists, following the raising of the red flag at Kiel. The 12 small states, which apparently are not affected, cannot hope to stay the triumphal progress of the Socialists it is believed.

Republic Being Favored.

Already the Reichstag independents and the Socialists are planning cooperating in formation of a stable government. With republics set up in Saxony, Baden, Wurttemberg, Bavaria and Schleswig Holstein, the Socialists appear to be drifting towards a republic for Germany.

The biggest figure in Germany was Frederick Ebert, Socialist and saddle maker, who had assumed the chancellorship. Prince Maximilian of Baden, former chancellor, was a mere lay figure in self appointed regent.

Only he was still [illegible] in some parts of Germany. The famous Moabit prison had been captured and most of the prisoners liberated.

Potsdam Falls to Revolters.

Potsdam, the home of the former kaiser, and Doberitz were in the hands of the workmen and soldiers. Dusseldorf, Mulheim and Essen also were held by revolutionists.

Some of the reports stated that Count Krupp von Bohlen and Halbach and his wife, formerly Bertha Krupp, heads of the great guns works at Essen were under arrest.

Prince Henry, brother of the former kaiser and his wife, were said to be in Denmark. The prince was reported to have been wounded.

All pictures of the former kaiser and the crown prince were being removed from public places. Portraits of Von Hindenburg, however, were not molested.

Food Situation Serious.

The Lokal Anzeiger until recently one of the strongest supporters of the kaiser's clique, had been seized by workmen and soldiers, who were publishing it under the title "The Red Flag."

The food situation was becoming grave in Berlin and the population crazy on account of the general strikes which had tied up the railroads and other industries.

Ebert had announced that his new cabinet would be Matthias Erzberger of the Catholic portion [illegible].

(Continued on Page 3)

Weather Forecast

Minneapolis Weather—Fair tonight and Tuesday, warmer Tuesday.

War Bulletins

(By United Press.)

Germany Licked!
Kaiser Canned!
War Over!

Recruiting Suspended by British Government

(By Associated Press.)

London, Nov. 11.—The British government has decided to suspend recruiting.

Former War Lord First to Desert

William Hohenzollern Must Be Brought to Justice, Says Mason.

By J. W. T. Mason.
United Press War Expert.

New York, Nov. 11.—Wilhelm Hohenzollern, ex-supreme war lord, is the first German to desert. The day of the war's end finds him running away from his army and nonchalantly seeking asylum in the nearest neutral country, with the blood of 26,000,000 dead and wounded men smattering his soul.

If ever guilt were personal, William Hohenzollern is personally responsible for the devastation that has made Europe a shambles and so nearly subjected modern civilization to medieval reaction. His attitude toward the world in general and as to Germany in particular has been that he owes no accounting to any one but the German Gott.

First Responsibility to People.

He cannot be allowed to go into retirement on this plea. His responsibility is first to his fellow men whose deep agony he has sought to prolong by breaking every law of humanity.

And now, slinking away to smoke a cigaret on neutral soil, he is trying to save himself from the criminal's dock. Civilization must demand his extradition for trial on the charge of world murder. He has tried to plunder the planet like a common marauder. His orders that have inflicted 26,000,000 casualties on the flower of the world's manhood will cripple the earth, perhaps for generations. The sorrow and mental anguish left in his bloody trail are beyond all estimate.

Dethronement Is Travesty.

To limit the penalty for his ghastly crime to dethronement would be a travesty on justice. This war was waged by the democratic nations in behalf of justice.

It is her claim that first must be heard. Justice cannot hold up her head and pronounce sentence on the lesser criminals if the leader of them all is permitted to pass into retirement and eventually contemplate the ruin he has wrought.

Must Be Brought to Justice.

William Hohenzollern must be brought to justice's bar, formally accused of his crime and asked what he has to say in his own behalf.

Thereafter the grand jury shall deliver its verdict and justice will be restored to her seat of majesty.

Washington Cancels All Calls in Draft

Men Who Have Not Ended Training Will Return to Civil Life

Within three hours after the official announcement in Washington today that an armistice had been signed with Germany, ending hostilities General Crowder, federal provost marshal, by direction of the President, cancelled all pending draft calls.

Simultaneously, Secretary of War Baker announced that so far as practical all men who have been called and who have not yet completed their training will be immediately turned back to civilian life, and that as far as possible all men who have entrained but have not yet reached training camps will be turned back before reaching them.

General Crowder's order came at the beginning of a new movement of 252,000 draftees to various training camps throughout the country including 1,500 Minnesotans who were ordered to start entraining for Fort Riley, Kan., today. Although Adjutant General Rhinow had not received the official cancellation order at noon, it was expected hourly and he remained at his office to receive it.

Classification Unaffected.

The cancellation order will not affect classification of the September 12 draft class, which is nearing its final stages, according to General Crowder. Draft boards will continue to classify registrants, select Class 1 men among them, and be prepared to immediately resume the draft program in the event of a renewal of hostilities.

Calls for the navy and marine corps are not affected by the cancellation and entrainments for men for these two branches will continue as ordered, it was officially announced.

The order means the end of the draft, as far as the induction of registrants for military service is concerned, in the opinion of state and Minneapolis draft officials.

Downtown Minneapolis Will Be Great White Way Tonight

DOWN-TOWN Minneapolis will be one "great white way" tonight for the first time for more than a year, in celebration of the victory of the Yanks and Allies against the Huns. Fuel Administrator Garfield today lifted the "lightless night" order in every city in the United States. An extra force of men has been secured by the city in an effort to go as far as possible in the illuminating.

Overtime and Sunday Shipyard Work Halted

Washington, Nov. 11.—Orders stopping all overtime and Sunday work on government war contracts were authorized today after a conference of Secretaries Baker and Daniels and Chairman Hurley of the shipping board.

With 350,000 men now at work in the shipyards, the government could use at least 150,000 more to carry on its giant shipbuilding program, Chairman Hurley of the shipping board declared today.

City's Awakening Like Paris Raid

People Leap From Beds at Sounding of Siren—Bombardment Follows.

By Jack Remington.

Minneapolitans who were awakened early today by the blowing of whistles, ringing of bells and sounding of sirens were able to appreciate in a small way what took place in Paris every time the Boche airmen attempted a raid. Few persons were able to sleep through the din of the informal celebration of the first official announcement of the signing of the armistice, and certainly no one was able to sleep through the din announcing the arrival of German airmen before Paris.

As soon as the Boche airmen crossed the Allied lines in France on their way to the French metropolis the alert signal was sounded in Paris. This signal was announced by the sounding of scores of sirens stationed in all parts of the city. From the time the first sirens were sounded until the airmen actually appeared over the city about 15 or 20 minutes would elapse, giving the people an opportunity to dress and seek shelter in cellars and subways.

As soon as the airmen would reach the city limits the anti-aircraft barrage would begin. This could be heard miles away, and the din was such as to make today's demonstration in Minneapolis seem like a sideshow. This barrage would continue until the airmen had flown beyond the city, when again sirens would sound. And they were about the most harmonious sounds heard in Paris during the war.

Crown Prince Rupprecht in Flight From Liege

(By Associated Press.)

The Hague, Nov. 11.—Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, commander of the German northern army group, and his staff have fled from Liege, where the garrison has revolted, according to the Belgian newspaper Les Nouvelles.

Continuance of Railroad Pool Is Held Essential

Washington, Nov. 11.—Railroads will continue under government control until 21 months after peace has been declared officially unless Congress in the whole enacts new legislation shortening this period or providing for permanent federal direction.

The Railroad administration is planning for the hauling of a great quantity of "reconstruction freight" in the next year or two and regards the continuance of the pooling of facilities as essential.

World's Greatest Victory Declares Lloyd George

(By Associated Press.)

London, Nov. 11.—"The empire and its Allies have won the greatest victory in history," declared Premier Lloyd George today, in an address from the steps of his residence.

"You are well entitled to rejoice. It is you, and your sons and daughters who have done it. Let us thank God."

Clemenceau Receives Foch.

Paris, Nov. 11.—Marshal Foch was received by Premier Clemenceau at 10 o'clock this morning.

Philip Gibbs

Describes Thrilling Chase of Boche by British with bands playing and flags flying. Rescued people sing praise to God, then rush out to cheer victors as they forge ahead. Page 11.

Mons Captured by Canadians as Hostilities Cease

American Heavies by Thousands Fire Up to Last Moment of Hostilities

Gunners Stand With Watches in Hand Awaiting the Beginning of Armistice

(By Associated Press.)

London, Nov. 11.—Mons, the Belgian town near where British troops engaged in bitter fighting with the Germans at the beginning of the war, was captured early this morning by Canadian troops under General Horne, according to Field Marshal Haig's announcement today.

Yank Gunners to Last Moment.

(By United Press.)

With the American Armies in France, Nov. 11.—(10:30 a. m.)—Heavy artillery firing continued through the night. It was audible 25 miles in the rear of the American lines.

The German gun replied, but were fairly smothered by the Yank fire.

This dispatch was filed from the front just 40 minutes before hostilities ended.

Shortly before 11 o'clock the American gunners stood with watch in hand as the seconds ticked away. Thousands of American guns fired right up to the last, saving the shell cases of the final rounds as souvenirs.

Several 11 inch naval guns sent their final shells hurtling far into the German lines.

Little is known regarding events at the extreme front lines, where the men are dug in, in little "fox holes."

Just as a unit commander started to phone his forward lines that the war was over, he was interrupted by the announcement that another town had been captured.

"Boys Plum' Crazy Over News."

I sat in a dugout northeast of Verdun when Marshal Foch's order arrived at 10:40. A captain began telephoning feverishly to all the batteries in his sector. Immediately the fire began to quicken until the fog was pierced by a veritable sheet of flame, the gun flashes melting into one.

As the captain finished reading the order to each battery faint cheers came over the wire.

"What do the boys think of it?" he asked.

"They're crazy—plum crazy," was the response.

Owing to the difficulty of communication probably many of the advanced units received the news after 10 o'clock, although the officers worked like beavers to reach all detachments.

Bells Peal in Verdun.

Within one minute after the firing had ceased the bells in war-shattered Verdun began pealing.

Only a few minutes before 11 o'clock the Boches spitefully fired a few big shells into Verdun. As silence again settled on the streets, after the explosion laughing and shouting doughboys poured out of the buildings.

American flags were flung from the windows of the ruined buildings. Locomotive whistles screeched. A real American celebration began.

The news spread for miles into the back areas like wildfire.

Line Leaping Forward as Hostilities Cease.

London, Nov. 11.—When hostilities ceased at 11 a. m., the Allied armies were on the move on the whole front from the Dutch border to the Metz region, a distance of more than 200 miles.

The line apparently ran west of Ghent, east of Ardennes, east of Mons, east of Maubeuge, west of Chimay, south of Rocroi, through Mezieres, through Sedan, south of Montmedy, and north of Pont-a-Mousson.

From east of the latter place the line followed its old course, inside the French frontier to the region of Diedolshausen, where it crossed into Germany and continued in practically a straight line to the junction of the French, German and Swiss borders.

In the Balkans the Allies were still pressing the Germans backward.

The Serbs had occupied Sarajevo, where the world war was born, and Scutari.

Frontier of Belgium Reached by French Army.

Paris, Nov. 11.—The Belgian frontier east of the forest of Trelon, east of Avesnes has been reached by the French, according to the war office announcement today. Italian troops have entered the town of Rocroi, less than two miles from the frontier.

Minneapolis Bursts Into Riot of Joy

City Celebrates the Victory Over Autocracy in a Cyclone of Noise.

Tribune Gives Greatest News of History in Regular Edition.

Business Paralyzed by Ecstasy of Men, Women and Children.

At 2 p. m. today every sailor of the Dunwoody naval battalion paraded Nicollet avenue, in celebration of the victory over Germany. They were back at The Parade in time to receive the army, represented by the entire command of Maj. Ralph R. Adams, 6,000 strong, with three military bands, that marched along Nicollet avenue at 3 p. m., to Tenth street, to Harmon place and to The Parade, where they were reviewed in the largest military event of its kind in the history of Minneapolis.

Victory's paean was sounded today by Minneapolis—a gigantic symphony that sought to express the inexpressible, the joy of war's end. Bursting forth almost as the bells rang out the message at 2 o'clock, the cyclone of noise enveloped the city, swelling, rising, reverberating. From the throats of thousands, long before dawn, at noon to a city that was a community song of victory—and it's sounding yet.

With every fiber of its being, with every beat of its heart, with every lung, Minneapolis is celebrating today the downfall of autocracy, the end of the world war.

Tribune Gives News.

News of the signing of the armistice was carried to the people of Minneapolis and its environs by the regular edition of The Morning Tribune. The first "flash" of the news—"Armistice signed"—was received at 1:47 a. m. It was followed by a brief narrative of salient facts, verifying the "flash," and after mechanical operation of incredibly few minutes, huge piles and bundles of The Morning Tribune went forward to newsies and carriers, with the actual text of the momentous dispatches direct from Associated Press wires that had been continuously "open" for hours to serve the readers of The Tribune.

Sirens Spread News.

Meanwhile The Tribune had telephoned news of the "flash" to the city hall and to the fire stations, and their bells and siren signals rang out to add to the renewal of the armistice celebration.

News Starts Chimes.

The news was flashed to Minneapolis over the wire at 1:47 today. At 2 o'clock chimes on the court house and bells of every fire barn announced the glad tidings that brought the city as one man to its feet. In a half hour, Nicollet avenue was one melee of unrestrained excitement. Thursday's celebration was a preface, a rehearsal to the early morning fete of today.

The city went literally mad with joy. Such a jubilee was never before enacted—was never before dreamed of. Every automobile in town was commandeered before 3 o'clock and was speeding towards the center of the victory stage, Nicollet avenue. Everyone in sight was grabbed up and carried along. Those on the early morning watch at Dunwoody institute, some busy making the day's supply of pies, fled from their posts and called a day off on their own account.

Joy Is Indescribable.

No picture could paint, no words could describe the animation, the unrestrained delight with which the official word of the signing of the armistice brought to the city long before dawn today. There was no "cold gray dawn." The dawn of November 11, 1918 was red gold—the greatest dawning in the history of the world. For it was a world celebration, a world victory. Minneapolis is one with London, with Paris, with the soldiers at the front, with every man and woman in the world whose heart has been awaiting the verdict of the world's battlefield.

Three hundred Minneapolis firemen, roused from slumbers by the blowing of whistles and ringing of bells, gathered in the court house early and began a celebration the first in the city.

Police Band Out Early.

The Police Department band, awaiting only a signal to gather, formed in the court house within one hour after the news of the signing of the armistice was known.

The firemen in a double line extending the entire length of the basement of the court house stood at attention and sang "The Star Spangled Banner," led by the Firemen's quartet composed of Claude Harris, George Murt, W. J. O'Rourke and W. R. Scott.

Led by Chief of Police Lewis Harthill and Chief William Ringer of the fire department, a parade composed of policemen and firemen passed through the downtown streets. Up Fourth street to Nicollet avenue the city employes

(Continued on Page 2)

Civilized Nations Strike Dagger From the Hand of the Hun

Conditions Embracing 11 Specifications, Include Withdrawal of Invaders From Left Bank of Rhine, Surrender of 160 Submarines, 50 Destroyers, and 24 Large War Craft—Terms of Victory

The strictly military terms of the armistice between the Allied nations and Germany are embraced in 11 specifications which include the evacuation of all invaded territories, the withdrawal of the German troops from the left bank of the Rhine and the surrender of all supplies of war.

The terms also provide for the abandonment by Germany of the treaties of Bucharest and Brest Litovsk.

The naval terms provide for the surrender of 160 submarines, 50 destroyers, six battle cruisers, ten battleships, eight light cruisers and other miscellaneous ships.

The Allied vessels in German hands are to be surrendered and Germany is to notify neutrals that they are free to trade at once on the seas with the Allied countries.

Germany in Abject Surrender.

The terms pictured Germany surrendering abjectly to General Foch on the field, her armies beaten, her government overturned, and her master in flight.

A small congress and a small crowd heard the President's burning words, but enthusiasm ran riot.

Stolen Gold Must Be Returned.

Among the financial terms included are restitution for damage done by the German armies, restitution of the cash taken from the National bank of Belgium and return of gold taken from Russia and Roumania.

"The military terms include the surrender of 5,000 guns, half of field and half of light artillery, 30,000 machine guns, 3,000 flame throwers and 2,000 airplanes.

The surrender of 5,000 locomotives, 50,000 wagons, 10,000 motor lorries, the railways of Alsace Lorraine for use by the Allies and stores of coal and iron also are included.

Allies to Hold Bridgehead.

The immediate repatriation of all Allied and American prisoners without reciprocal action by the Allies also is included.

In connection with the evacuation of the left bank of the Rhine it is provided that the Allies shall hold the crossings of the river at Coblenz, Cologne and Mayence, together with bridgeheads and a 30-kilometer radius.

The right bank of the Rhineland, that occupied by the Allies, is to become a neutral zone and the bank held by the Germans is to be evacuated in 19 days. The armistice is for 30 days, but the President spoke of the war as "coming to an end."

German troops are to retire at once from any territory held by Russia, Roumania and Turkey before the war.

Foe Must Quit "Lost Provinces."

The Allied forces are to have access to the evacuated territory either through Dantzig or by the River Vistula. The unconditional capitulation of all German forces in East Africa within one month is provided.

German troops which have not left the invaded territories specially includes Alsace Lorraine within 14 days became prisoners of war.

The repatriation within 14 days of the thousands of unfortunate civilians deported from France and Belgium also is required.

Freedom of access to the Baltic sea with power to occupy German forts in the Kattegat is another provision. The Germans also must reveal location of mines, poisoned wells and like agencies of destruction and the Allied blockade is to remain unchanged during the period of armistice.

Black Sea Ports to Be Surrendered.

All ports on the Black sea occupied by Germans are to be surrendered and the Russian war vessels recently taken by the German naval forces also are to be surrendered to the Allies.

These are the "high spots" of the terms as the President read them to Congress. Germany's acceptance of them, he said, signalized the end of the war, because it made her powerless to renew it.

The President made it plain that the nations which have overthrown the military masters of Germany will now attempt to guide the German people safely to the family of nations of democracy.

Besides the surrender of 160 submarines, it is required that all others shall have their crews paid off, put out of commission and placed under the supervision of the Allied and American naval forces.

Wilson Reads Terms of Truce to Congress

(By Associated Press.)

Washington, Nov. 11.—The terms of the armistice with Germany were read to Congress by President Wilson at 1 o'clock this afternoon. The President spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Congress—In these anxious times of rapid and stupendous change it will in some degree lighten my sense of responsibility to perform in person the duty of communicating to you some of the larger circumstances of the situation with which it is necessary to deal.

"The German authorities who have, at the invitation of the supreme war council, been in communication with Marshal Foch, have accepted and signed the terms of armistice which he was authorized and instructed to communicate to them.

Military Clauses on Western Front.

These terms are as follows:

"1—Cessation of operations by land and in the air six hours after the signature of the armistice.

"2—Immediate evacuation of invaded countries—Belgium, France, Alsace Lorraine, Luxemburg—so ordered as to be completed within 14 days from the signing of the armistice. German troops which have not left the above mentioned territories within the period fixed will become prisoners of war. Occupation by the Allied and United States forces jointly will keep pace with evacuation in these areas. All movements of evacuation and occupation will be regulated in accordance with a note annexed to the stated terms.

Repatriation to Be at Once.

"3—Repatriation beginning at once and to be completed within 14 days of all inhabitants of the countries above mentioned, including hostages and persons under trial or convicted.

"Four—Surrender in good condition by the German armies of the following equipment: Five thousand guns (2,500 heavy, 2,500 field pieces), 30,000 machine guns, three thousand minenwerfers, 2,000 airplanes (fighters, bombers—firstly D seventy three's and night bombing machines). The above to be delivered in situ to the Allies and the United States troops in accordance with the detailed conditions laid down in the annexed note.

Allies to Hold Rhine Crossings.

"Five—Evacuation by the German armies of the countries on the left bank of the Rhine. These countries on the left bank of the Rhine shall be administered by the local authorities under the control of the Allied and United States armies of occupation. The occupation of these territories will be determined by Allied and United States garrisons holding the principal crossings of the Rhine, Mayence, Coblenz, Cologne, together with bridgeheads at these points in 30 kilometer radius on the right bank and by garrisons similarly holding the strategic points of the regions.

Neutral Zone Reserved.

A neutral zone shall be reserved on the right of the Rhine between the stream and a line drawn parallel to it 40 kilometers to the east from the frontier of Holland to the parallel of Gernsheim and as far as practicable a distance of 30 kilometers from the east of the stream from this parallel upon Swiss frontier. Evacuation by the enemy of the Rhine lands shall be so ordered as to be completed within a further period of 11 days, in all 19 days after the signature of the armistice. All movements of evacuation and occupation will be regulated according to the note annexed.

No Evacuation of Inhabitants.

"Six—In all territory evacuated by the enemy there shall be no evacuation of inhabitants; no damage or harm shall be [illegible]

The Minneapolis Morning Tribune

Fifty-second Year. No. 171. | Associated Press. | MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1918 | United Press. | Price Two Cents in Minneapolis

Truce Terms Crush Militarism of Germany; Allies Celebrate Victory Over Autocracies

Victory Joy Continues to Sweep City

Tired Crowds Carry On as Second Peaceful Day Dawns.

At 2 o'clock yesterday morning it began.

At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon it was increasing.

At 2 o'clock this morning it was diminishing—slightly.

For more than 24 hours Minneapolis forgot everything but that supreme moment in the history of the world when the official news arrived that the war had ended.

Black Shadow Lifted

Blackening with its shadow [illegible] more of the earth's surface than any other war in history; costing in lives, suffering, energy and wealth so dearly that the price of all other wars fades into insignificance; marking the end of right upon the scaffold and wrong upon the throne, remaking the human scheme of things, the lifting of this awesome cloud sent the sunlight of happiness over nearly the entire face of the globe and the sorrowing sons of men lifted their faces to the radiant sky in a world wide song of praise and of thanksgiving.

"The world is free!"

This was the paean heard in the lifted voices of the victorious Allied countries and this is the knowledge shared by all humanity which will make Peace Day an international holiday forever, taking a place above all single national holidays and standing with New Year's Day, with Easter Day and with Christmas Day.

Flashed Across City.

The news reached Minneapolis shortly before 2 o'clock yesterday morning. Within a few minutes it rang across the sleeping city from the court house [illegible]. Hundreds of whistles took up the echoing message and sent it to the [illegible] of town and beyond.

Minneapolis instantly awoke to full realization of its meaning. Lights flashed, window and doors opened, people began pouring into the streets and in less than half an hour [illegible] of men and women were down [illegible]

Carnival Spectacle Presented

[illegible]

Parades Appear Quickly

[illegible]

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

Mass Meeting at Institute Tonight

A civic mass meeting to celebrate the coming of world peace will be held in front of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts at 7:30 p. m. today. John Crosby, chairman of the committee on arrangements, will preside. Dr. James E. Freeman, Dr. J. E. Bushnell, Dr. H. P. Dewey, Dr. Charles Wesley Burns, Dr. L. A. Crandall and Dr. M. D. Shutter, will take part in the exercises. A military band will play National airs. Everyone is requested to bring an American flag.

Germany Faces Famine; American Aid Beseeched

(By Associated Press.)

London, Nov. 11.—Dr Solf, German foreign secretary, has addressed a message to Secretary of State Lansing, requesting that President Wilson (the United States) intervene to mitigate "the fearful conditions existing in Germany."

Dr Solf says, according to a German wireless dispatch received here today, that he feels it his duty to draw America's attention to the fact that the enforcement of the conditions of the armistice, especially the surrender of transports, means the starving of millions of persons, and requests that the President's influence be directed toward overcoming this danger.

One Kaiserling Reported Shot; One Attempts Suicide

Wilhelm, Former Crown Prince

[illegible]

Prince Eitel Attempts Life

[illegible]

British Battleship Torpedoed and Sunk

[illegible] Gibraltar, November 9, and sank 31 [illegible] later, according to an Admiralty announcement tonight. Thirty-nine officers and 672 men were saved.

Drys Lead by 15,482; Wets Claiming Victory

With the returns from only a handful of precincts missing, the vote on the statewide prohibition amendment last night stood at 187,120 for [illegible] against the amendment, giving the drys a majority of 15,482.

[illegible]

Roosevelt Goes to Hospital

[illegible] Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was removed today to [illegible] hospital, New York, [illegible]

Shell Avalanche Poured Upon Foe In Last Moment

Americans Watch Timepieces Until the Zero Hour.

(By Associated Press.)

With the American Army in the Sedan Front, Nov. 11.—Germans who came into the American line late today said their orders had been to retire with as little delay as possible. They added that they had expected to be back in their homes in Germany a week from Sunday.

(By Associated Press.)

The hostilities of the great war ended on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918.

The American infantrymen, in true sportsmanlike fashion, kept the time. Their eyes were on their wrist watches as they advanced up the Meuse and Moselle sectors in the fear that they [illegible]

Haig Names Last Line

[illegible]

Yanks Stake Out Line

[illegible]

Italians Reach Brenner Pass

[illegible]

Belgian Frontier Reached

[illegible]

Mons Retaken Before End.

[illegible]

Cheers of Americans Accompany Last Shots

[illegible]

Gerard Urges Extradition of Wilhelm

Kaiser Under Indictment in British Court for Murder.

(By Associated Press.)

Amsterdam, Nov. 11.—It is stated on good authority here that William Hohenzollern, former German emperor, will be interned in Holland.

(By Associated Press.)

Amsterdam, Nov. 11.—Officials of the Dutch government and the German minister at The Hague have gone to Eysden on the Dutch frontier to meet the former German emperor. The Handelsblad says it learns the Dutch government will object to the former German emperor residing in Holland.

Trial as Murderer Urged

(By Associated Press.)

New York, Nov. 11.—Extradition for former Emperor William of Germany from Holland and his trial in England on the charge of murder for which he has been indicted there was urged here tonight by James W. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany, in an impromptu address before a theater audience.

Asking whether a man shall be allowed to escape who had "killed so many people that if they were stretched on the ground they would form a line almost around the entire world," Mr Gerard answered his own question with an emphatic "I should say not."

Armistice Terms Greatest Drama's Closing Chapter

Enemy 'Black Disaster' Revealed Before Congress.

By George F. Authier

Washington, Nov. 11.—America's purpose in entering the great world war, her pride in what has been accomplished and her visualization of the great events that have been accomplished were dramatized today when President Wilson informed Congress of the terms of the German armistice.

The scene which was staged here today will go down in the story of the country as one of the most momentous gatherings in its history.

While there were about only 50 members of Congress present, owing to the fact most of them are out of the city, the chamber itself was there—the chamber which recalls some of the great debates of American history and the same hall in which only a comparatively short time ago America declared that a state of war existed between the imperial German government and the United States.

"Imperial" Government Gone

Today there is no imperial German government, scarcely any government at all, but the great purpose of America has been accomplished, and the war is ended.

As if the result of a magic touch, autocracies and thrones have come tumbling down, reigning dynasties have been scrapped, and the anomaly of autocratic government in this day of political enlightenment has ceased to exist.

The scene of today contrasted with that which witnessed the reading of the President's message to Congress, urging the declaration that a state of war existed. Then the floor of the [illegible]

Atmosphere of Enthusiasm

[illegible]

Black Disaster for Foe

[illegible]

Intermittent Firing Sunday.

[illegible]

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 5)

Armistice Will Not Lower Food Prices, Says Hoover

[illegible]

Weather Forecast

MINNESOTA WEATHER—Fair today and tomorrow; somewhat cooler this afternoon and night.

Foe Divers Called Together to Fight Against Armistice

(By Associated Press.)

London, Nov. 11.—The admiralty has intercepted a German wireless addressed "from the command and soldiers' council on the cruiser Strassburg," to "all ships, torpedo boats, destroyers and submarines in the North sea."

The message refers to the terms of the armistice and declares:

"This would entail the destruction of us all. German comrades! Defend our country against this unheard of presumption. Strong English forces are reported off the Skaw. All submarines in the Baltic, except those on outpost duty, assemble immediately in Sassnitz harbor."

Sassnitz is a watering place on the east cost of the island of Ruegen, Prussia.

Germany Shorn of Power; Drastic Armistice Terms Presented to Congress

Everything America Fought for Attained in Rigorous Conditions Teutons Must Meet.

(By Associated Press.)

Washington, Nov. 11.—Signing of the armistice with Germany was proclaimed today by President Wilson, who also announced its terms at a joint session of Congress.

The terms herald the end of the war because they take from Germany the power to renew it.

Just before he went to the capitol, the President, in a proclamation addressed to his fellow countrymen said:

"The armistice was signed this morning. Everything for which America fought has been accomplished. It will now be our fortunate duty to assist by example, by sober, friendly counsel and by material aid in the establishment of democracy throughout the world."

Germany Before Court

Stripped of its malicious power, the military autocracy, its masters driven to exile, Germany stands before the world's court of justice, having subscribed to terms of surrender which probably will be recorded in history as the most drastic and complete ever measured out to a defeated foe.

Reading of the full text of the terms discloses measures the United States and the Allied governments have taken to guarantee that Germany's acceptance shall not be a scrap of paper and to insure the destruction of the military caste which once could secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world.

Humanity's Task Next

Having lifted the yoke of militarism from the peoples of the Central empires the Allies now turn to tasks of humanity and mercy to bind up their wounds and feed the hungry, meanwhile seeking to guide them to a place in the family of nations from which they can take a part in assuring that no other such 1,500 days of blood and horror never come again.

[illegible]

What Germans Agree to Do.

[illegible]

War Machine Must Disarm

[illegible]

American and allied prisoners are to be at once repatriated, without reciprocal action by the associated governments, and thousands of wretched Italians dragged off into slavery from the invaded territories are to be returned.

The provision for compensating the occupied territories for the havoc wrought by the invaders is contained in a simple sentence—reparation for damage done.

Treaties to Be Abandoned

As a step to restoring the map lines, the treaties of Brest-Litovsk, which had Russia prone, and of Bucharest,

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 2)

The War in Brief

"Der Tag."

"I'll stand no nonsense from the United States."

"Lafayette, we are here."

"To hell with the Kaiser."

Peace Parley Preparations to Come Next

Topic Will Engross Statesmen While Armistice Is in Effect.

(By Associated Press.)

Washington, Nov. 11.—Preparations for final peace negotiations will engross American and Allied statesmen the next few week, while Marshal Foch and the naval commanders see to it that the terms of armistice which ended the fighting today are carried out.

Thirty days is the armistice period, and since it hardly will be possible to assemble the greatest peace conference in history within that time, an extension practically is certain to be granted by the victors and accepted by the vanquished.

Plans Are Unsettled

[illegible]

Much Planning in Advance

This framework in all probability will be put into final shape by discussions among the chiefs of the victorious powers long before the representatives of the vanquished are called in to accept or plead for modification of what is to be dictated to them.

The preliminary work is expected to be carried on much as the armistice terms were prepared, the nations which have taken the largest part in the war and whose voices consequently are entitled to greatest weight, preparing the outline, with the spokesmen of the many others with aspirations to be satisfied joining in the discussions when their interests are involved.

America Is Forehanded

The American government has been forehanded in preparing to deal with the subject. For more than a year it has had at work a body of men, including historians, diplomatists, international lawyers and business men, gathering material and making special studies of every subject connected with

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 1)

Beaten Hun Begs Peace Upon Knees

Prussian Arrogance Goes Down, Freeing Foe Oppressed.

(By Associated Press.)

After more than four years of struggling the rights of mankind are served. The greatest day in the history of nations has dawned. The German militarist classes—arrogant beyond expression—are in defeat.

Kaiser and crown prince are in flight, refugees in an alien country. Germanic kings and potentates no longer hold their sway.

The Allied arms are triumphant. Imperialistic Germany has met the fate that ultimately must come to any country that seeks to rule the world.

Germany on Her Knees.

Deserted by all her allies, Germany on her knees is accepting terms of capitulation which amount virtually to abject surrender. Except for actual hostile military invasion the once great European power, the ambition of the monarch of which was to dominate over all, is in complete defeat.

Beaten on the field of battle, the edict of the Allied chief command is that the German armies shall retire into their homeland from all invaded territory. Impotent as the German arms will be, as impotent shall be the German fleet. The colonies are lost and the hand that sought to reach out and attain additional territory is withered by the ruling of the Supreme War council at Versailles.

Restitution Is Promised

Reparation and restitution, in fact full compensation of all kind is to be made by Germany for all the disaster that has followed her armies and those of her allies throughout the world war.

Defeat May Prove Blessing.

For Germany as a nation—shorn of her imperialistic and militaristic powers—the defeat may not prove in the long run of disadvantage. The revolutions throughout the country are tending toward democratization which may prove the salvation of a country controlled by war lords.

Fighting on the battle fronts ended at 6 o'clock Monday morning, Eastern time in the United States. The armies of the Allied forces at that time—even to the second—were hard harrying the enemy.

The British troops were fighting their foes across the Belgian frontier in Belgium. The French had all but cleared the Germans from northern France. The Americans were driving northward up the Meuse and Moselle, threatening the enemy with capitulation by envelopment.

[illegible]

Republic Being Favored

[illegible]

Potsdam Falls to Revolters

[illegible] Portraits of Von Hindenburg, however, were not molested.

Food Situation Serious

The Lokal Anzeiger until recently one of the strongest supporters of the kaiser's clique, had been seized by workmen and soldiers, who were publishing it under the title "The Red Flag."

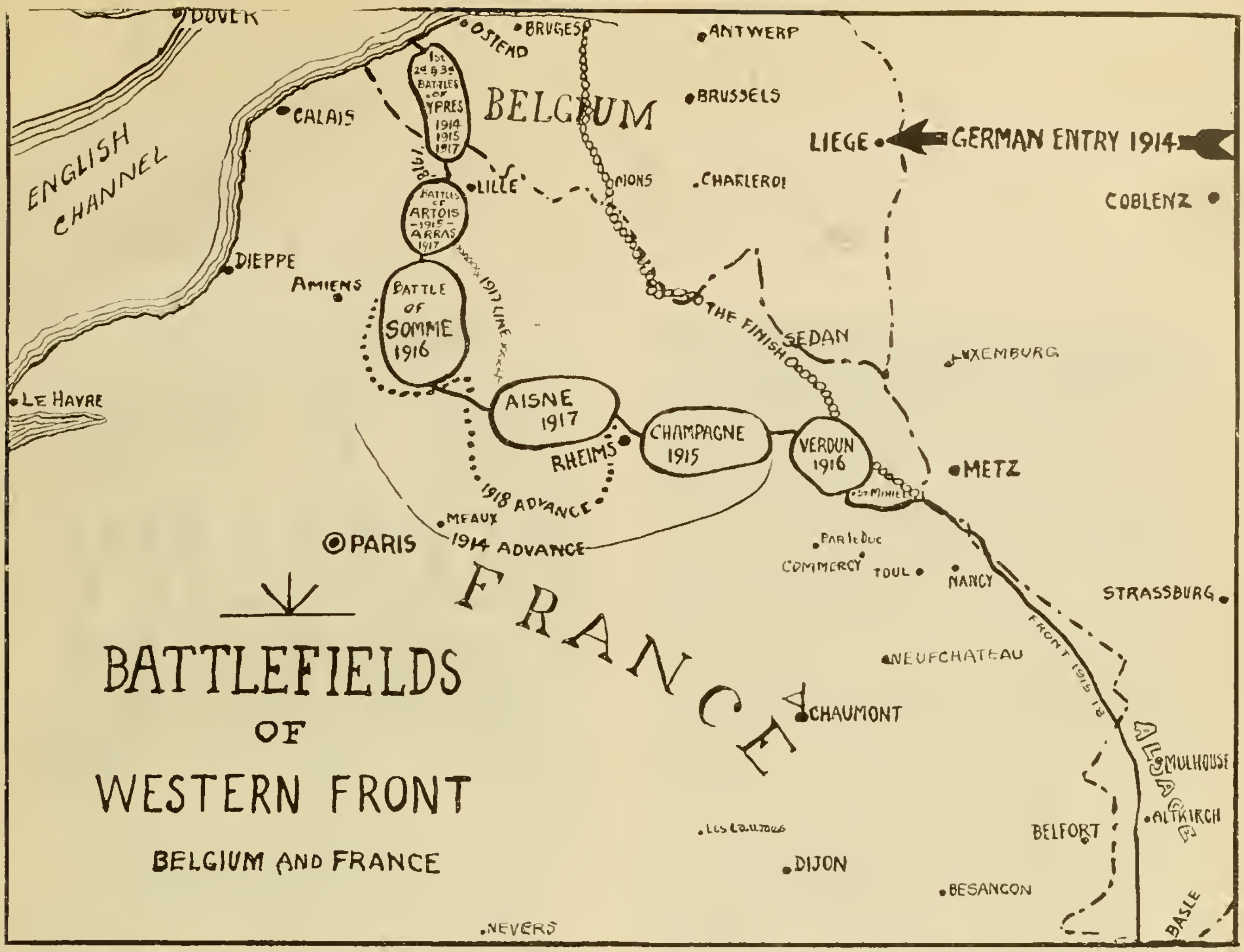
The food situation was becoming grave in Berlin and big population centers on account of the general strikes which had tied up the railroads and other industries.

Chancellor Ebert announced that his new cabinet would be Mathias Erzberger of the Catholic portion, Herr Gothein and Herr von Richtoff. These men represent the three majority parties.

Socialists Urge Republic Government for Germany.

(By Associated Press.)

Amsterdam, Nov. 11.—Public authority in the Prussian North sea port of Danzig is in the hands of a soldiers'



THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL.

16 PAGES—HOME EDITION MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 11, 1918

THE WAR IS OVER

GERMAN EMPIRE TORN ASUNDER BY REVOLT: HOHENZOLLERNS FLY

Four to Six Republics Promise to Rise From Wreck of Teuton States as Kings Fall and Thrones Are Overturned—Movement Spreads Rapidly.

TEUTONIC DISPATCHES MAY BE COLORED TO DECEIVE WORLD

General Strike Called by Soldiers, Workmen's Councils, Which, With Aid of Socialists, Backing of Army Units, Are in Apparent Control—Berlin Reports Little Bloodshed or Violence.

PERPETRATORS FIRST TO SEEK SHELTER

ARMISTICE SIGNED; TERMS ANNOUNCED, FIGHTING STOPPED

Surrender of Huge War Material, Strategic Points Required by Allies in Truce Terms—Wilson Announces Demands Before Joint Congress Session—Armistice for Month.

FOE TO QUIT FRANCE, BELGIUM, ALSACE-LORRAINE IN 14 DAYS

Evacuation of Luxemburg Also Required—Big Part of Fleet to Be Given Up to Entente—Withdrawal to Right Bank of Rhine Among Stipulations Agreed to by Germans

TERMS OF TRUCE

"To the Day"— "—of Reckoning"

MINNEAPOLIS GETS UP IN DARK TO MARCH, SING, CHEER END OF WAR

JOURNAL FIRST WITH BIG NEWS

KAISER FACES MURDER TRIAL

"DER TAG"

Text of Speech

U.S. Heavy Guns Join in Parting Shot at War End

Wilson Cancels All Draft Calls; Minnesotans Go

First Allied Ships Enter Dardanelles

THANK GOD, IS LLOYD GEORGE'S WORD TO PEOPLE

War Board Workers Parade in Washington

THE DENVER POST—FIRST IN EVERYTHING

KAISER FLEES GERMANY

DEPOSED MONARCH SEEKS SAFETY IN HOLLAND CASTLE

FORMER HUN CROWN PRINCE DISAPPEARS

ANOTHER KING IN THE DISCARD

ARMISTICE COURIER REACHES HUN ARMY

REBELS SEIZE BERLIN, ASSISTED BY GARRISON

SOLDIERS JOIN PEOPLE AS REDS HOLD BERLIN

YANK ARMY STARTS DRIVE IN LORRAINE

ARMISTICE TERMS STRIPS GERMANY OF EVERY POWER ON LAND, SEA AND IN AIR

POPE'S LETTER CAUSES A BIG SENSATION

KRUPPS THROWN IN JAIL REDS TAKE GUN WORKS

POLES FORM REPUBLIC IS ANNOUNCEMENT

THE DENVER POST — SOUVENIR WAR EXTRA

WAR IS OVER

GERMANY SURRENDERS

ACCEPTS ARMISTICE TERMS

OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED AT WASHINGTON

CIVILIZATION TRIUMPHS OVER BARBARISM WHEN BERLIN CAPITULATES PRACTICALLY UNCONDITIONALLY TO THE U. S. AND ENTENTE

Washington, Nov. 11.---Germany has capitulated. With her allies admittedly defeated, her own armies in retreat, her borders in danger of invasion and the empire in the throes of revolution, Berlin has agreed to accept the armistice terms of the entente allies. This means German unconditional surrender. The announcement of Germany's acceptance of the conditions handed her envoys by General Foch was made here officially.

TARS AND TRIPES

DIVISION WILL BEAT CASUALS HOME IS RELIEF

CHINK CALLS 76TH BRIGADE ONE OF BEST

Midnight Frolics

TARS AND TRIPES

WE WILL SAIL JUNE 15 HOME THE 88 HOPE

SEVEN MEN OF REGIMENT WIN BRANCH PALM

Individual Work Pumps at Entered Work Show

OVERSEAS EDITION

Camp Dodger

PUBLISHED BY THE 88TH DIVISION

VOLUME 2 NO 15 - ST NAZAIRE CAMP SATURDAY, 17 MAY, 1919 — PRICE 50 CENTIMES

OCEAN BREEZES WILL SOON BRUSH CHEEKS OF 88TH YANKS

GEN PERSHING PRAISES WORK OF THE 88TH

Oh Boy!

Division Sails From St. Nazaire Within Less than Fortnight

General Bids Farewell to 88th

LAST HALF OF 88 ON WAY TO THE STATES

MAJOR PARKER IS NEW G-2, SERVED IN 60T FIGHTING

Promotions Come to Nearly 50 Officers As Home Note Starts

St. Nazaire Is One of the Three Major Ports of the U. S. S. O. S.

Songs of the Day, 1914-19

'N EVERYTHING

We've got a mess that soaks us beaucoup francs
For everything.
Our mess bill's big enough to bust three banks
'N everything.
And though we dig down in our jeans
All we ever get is beans,
For food that's fancy, we go to Nancy,
(For food and also other things.)
We've got a cook that should be walking guard
'N everything.
I think he boils his pies in Q. M. lard
'N everything.
And if I ever break away
I'm going to gorge myself each day
On porterhouse and apple pie with real ice cream
'N everything

We've got a dinky stove that smokes and smokes,
'N everything.
We've got a guy that snores (I hope he chokes)
'N everything.
Y'oughta hear us cough and sneeze
When the walls let in the breeze,
Most any hour an icy shower,
Drips on our bunks
'N everything.
We've got a floor that's full of cracks and nails
'N everything.
We've got a mascot pup that howls and wails
'N everything.
And if I ever leave this life,
I'm going straight home to my wife,
Where we'll have a lot of heat and rugs and tubs
'N everything.

'N Everything

Bud de Sylvia, Gus Kahn and Al Jolson

She's got a pair of eyes that speak of love 'n'
Everything—
She's got a smile like angels up above 'n'
Everything—
The little birdies start to sing—
When they see her they think it's Spring.
Like April showers
She makes the flowers
Just seem to grow and Everything!
She's got the cutest little dimpled hand 'n'
Everything—
A pretty finger for a wedding band 'n'
Everything—
And if she'll be my little wife
We'll lead the simple life,
And we'll raise a lot of ducks and cows and geese and
Everything!

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

George Asaf (G) Felix Powell

Private Perks went a-marching into Flanders
With his smile, his funny smile,
He was loved by all the privates and commanders,
For his smile, his funny smile.
When a throng of Boehes came along
With a mighty swing,
Perks yelled out "This little bunch is mine!"
Keep your heads down boys and sing, HI!
Refrain
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile!
(Copyright Francis Day, London)
(Refrain sung by the girls at home)
Raise vegetables in your own back yard
And smile, smile, smile,
Take up your spade and hoe
And work right hard.
You'll then be quite in style.
What's the use of worrying
It never is worth while;
So raise vegetables in your own back yard
And Smile, Smile, Smile!

TIPPERARY

Jack Judge (Bb) Harry Williams

It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know!
Good-bye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!
(Permission Feldman, London)

IT'S A LONG WAY TO BERLIN, BUT WE'LL GET THERE!

Arthur Fields Leon Flatow

It's a long way to Berlin, but we'll get there
Uncle Sam will show the way,
Over the line, then across the Rhine,
Shouting Hip! Hip! Hooray!
We'll sing Yankee Doodle "Under the Linden"
With some real live Yankee Pep! Hep!
It's a long way to Berlin, but we'll get there,
And I'm on my way, by heck—by heck.

GOOD-BYE BROADWAY, HELLO FRANCE!

C. Francis Reisner and Benny Davis Billy Baskette

Good-bye Broadway, Hello France,
We're ten million strong,
Good-bye sweethearts, wives and mothers,
It won't take us long.
Don't you worry while we're there,
It's for you we're fighting too,
So Good-bye Broadway, Hello France,
We're going to square our debt to you.

OVER THERE!

George M. Cohen

Over There, Over There!
Send the word, Send the word
Over There
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
So prepare, Say a prayer,
Send the word, Send the word
To beware!
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't be back till it's over, Over There!

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Philander Johnson (D) Joseph E. Howard

Somewhere in France is the Lily
Close by the English Rose;
A Thistle so keen, and a Shamrock green,
And each loyal flow'r that grows.
Somewhere in France is a sweetheart,
Facing the battle's chance,
For the flow'r of our youth fights for freedom and truth
Somewhere in France.
(Copyright Witmark, New York)

AMERICA I LOVE YOU

Edgar Leslie (C) Archie Gottler

America, I love you,
You're like a sweetheart of mine,
From ocean to ocean,
For you my devotion
Is touching each bound'ry line,
Just like a little baby
Climbing its mother's knee,
America, I love you,
And there's a hundred million others like me.

LONG BOY.

William Herschel Barclay Walker

Good-by Ma! Good-by Pa!
Good-by Mule, with yer old hee-haw!
I may not know what the war's about,
But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out.
An', O my sweetheart, don't you fear,
I'll bring you a king for a souvenir;
I'll git you a Turk, an' a Kaiser, too,
An' that's about all one feller could do!

GOOD MORNING MR. ZIP! ZIP! ZIP!

Robert Lloyd
Army Song Leader

Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as mine,
Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,
You're surely looking fine!
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
If the Camels don't get you, the Fatimas must,
Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as mine.

BULLY BEEF SONG.

(From 175th Infantry Brigade Show)

You've heard many songs about the boys overe here,
Your Broadway hit tells of heroes bold,
But here's one from us boys on the line,
The thought of you who remain at home is
Where is my boy to-night?
Chorus:
Bully Beef, Bully Beef,
The guy that canned that stuff was sure a thief,
We left our hearts and home
Beyond the briny foam,
But why, Oh, why, feed us Bully Beef!
We like to fight the Hun,
We've put him on the run,
We even made him can his chief.
We seldom make a fuss,
But is it really fair to us
To feed us, feed us "Par Bon" Bully Beef?
Bread isn't bad when it's nine day old,
And prunes will just get by,
Corn's not bad when it's served in a pinch
And from bacon we do not shy,
Even goldfish and raisins go down with a gulp
As we carry on this fight.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Lena Guilbert Ford (F) Ivor Novello

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the Country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the Soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song.

Keep the Home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of Home;
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come Home.

Over seas there came a pleading,
"Help a Nation in distress?"
And we gave our glorious laddies;
Honour bade us do no less.
For no gallant Son of Britain
To a foreign yoke shall bend,
And no Englishman is silent
To the sacred call of Friend.

(Permission Ascherberg Hopwood and Crew, London)

DARLING, I AM COMING BACK

Darling, I am coming back—silver
threads among the black—
Now that peace in Europe nears I'll be
home in seven years.
I'll drop in on you some night, with my
whiskers long and white,
Home again with you once more—say
by nineteen twenty four.

Once I thought by now I'd be sailing
back across the sea,
Back to where you sit and pine—but I'm
heading for the Rhine.
You can hear the M. P.'s curse, "War
is hell, but Peace is worse."
When the next war comes—oh, well—
I'll rush in, I will like hell.

BON SOIR

"Bon soir, mademoiselle,
Comment allez-vous?"
"Moi, je suis tres bien, monsieur,
Comment allez-vous?"
"Voulez-vous prom'ner avec moi?"
"Certainement, m'sieur."
"Treize beans, mademoiselle,
Where do we go from here?"

I WANNA GO HOME

The Observer's Lament

I want to go home,
I want to go home,
The Pfaltzes, they murder,
The Fokkers they kill,
If the Rumplers don't get you the
Albatross will.
Take me over the sea
Where the Huns can't get after me,
Oh my, I'm too young to die,
I want to go home,
I want to go home.

I want to go home,
The gas tank is leaking,
The motor is dead,
The pilot is trying to stand on his head.
I don't want to fly upside down
I wish I were safe on the ground,
Oh my, I'm too young to die,
I want to go home.

I WANT TO GO BACK TO MICHIGAN

Irving Berlin

I want to go back, I want to go back,
I want to go back to the farm,
Far away from harm,
With a milk pail on my arm;
I miss the rooster,
The one that useter
Wake me up at four A. M.
I think your great big city's very pretty,
Nevertheless I want to be there,
I want to see there
A certain some one full of charm
That's why I wish again
That I was in Michigan,
Down on the farm.

(Permission Feldman, London)

JOAN OF ARC

Alfred Bryan (G) Jack Wells

Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Do your eyes, from the skies, see the foe?
Don't you see the drooping Fleur-de-Lis?
Can't you hear the tears of Normandy?
Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Let your spirit guide us through;
Come, lead your France to victory,
Joan of Arc, they're calling you.

(Copyright Waterson, Berlin and Snyder, N. Y.)

Some A. E. F. Verse

WHY WASTE WORDS?

"And so you learned French thoroughly while over there, son?" said the proud father of the returned soldier.

"Sure! I got so I could say 'Hello' and 'Good-night' and order ham and eggs, and I could ask a fellow to lend me money and tell a girl I loved her better'n anything, and that's all a fellow needs in any language."

"LE PRINTEMPS EST ICI"

Spring is here all right.

'Cause all the French girls are wearin' their straw hats an' their flimsy shirtwaists;

An' yesterday a guy paid us five francs that we never expected to see again;

An' another gimmick offered to buy a drink, but we were all so surprised that he got out 'fore we could say "cognac."

An' all the French girls are wearin' their straw hats and their—Oh—yea, we said that once.

Well, there's a busted window, what ain't paid for yet, in back of the ball field.

An' a bunch of the fellows 'a' got sore arms and are limpin' a little.

An' the sun's out a lot more, an' everybody's smilin' even though mail is few.

An' snorin' in some o' the classes is louder'n ever.

An' all the French girls are wearin'—

Well, you get us!

Spring is came, an' that's all there is to it.—*Lorraine Sentinel* (Students, University of Nancy).

Private X says that, roughly speaking, one soldier out of a hundred is in the guardhouse. Roughly speaking is what does it.—*Gandy Dancer* (14th Company, Transportation Corps, 14th Grand Division).

LAMENT OF THE EX-THIRDS

Sometimes I wish I was back as a buck again,
Just a plain rear-rank-Yank all outa luck again,
Hobnails and wraps and my shoulder straps bare,
All very fine, "place reserved for the officers"
"Quel vin, messieurs?" and "Liqueur with your coffee, sirs?"
Any real guy would be glad to pull off his spurs
Meet his old buddies and say, "Put her there!"

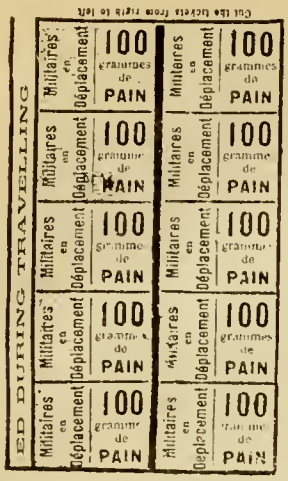
It isn't that we can't get by with the best of them,
Most are good scouts—but you know the rest of them—
Colonel or buck, if he's square why, who cares?
True the Sam Browne makes a hit with the petticoat,
But it costs him four times when he pauses to wet his throat
Any real guy will admit it will get his goat
Playing him loose for the trinkets he wears.

Course we are proud for the sake of the folks at home,
(They aren't familiar with all the rough jokes at home
Poked at the shavetails in every fresh crop.)
So sometimes I wish I was back in the ranks again,
Roughing it, bluffing it, for nobody's thanks again,
One of the hell-may-care two million Yanks again,
Friends with the world and me sitting on top!

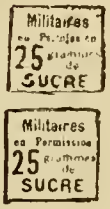
SUGGESTION FOR COLLEGE YELL

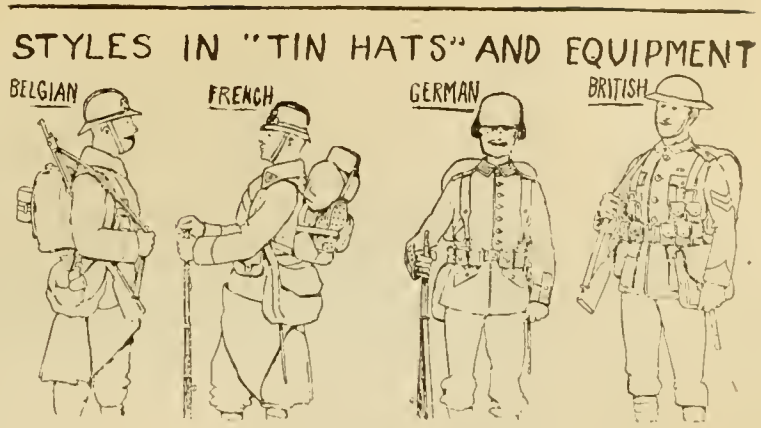
Avez-vous du tabac?
Avez-vous du tabac?
Donnez-moi!
Donnez-moi!
RENNES!

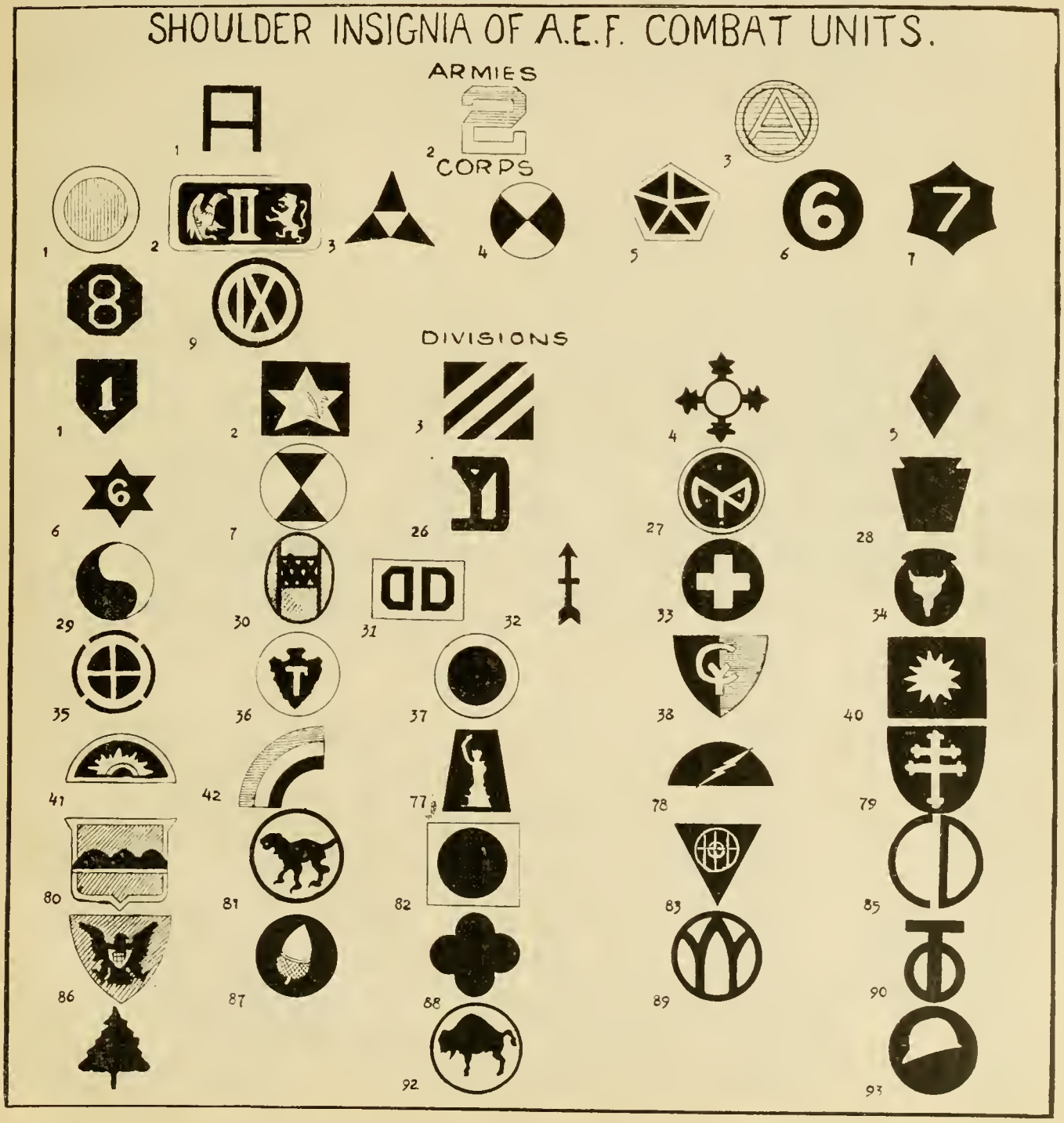
—*As You Were* (Students, University of Rennes).



SUGAR AND BREAD TICKETS (FRENCH)







PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS OF TWO MEMORABLE ORDERS IN HISTORY OF 88TH DIV.: SECRET ORDER NO. 8 TO WITHDRAW FROM LINE AND (BEST OF ALL) ORDER TO MOVE TO PORT OF EMBARKATION FOR RETURN HOME (NOT SECRET).

SECRET

COPY No. 21

SECRET

P.C. 88th Division,
1 Nov. 18, 10:00 o'clock.

FIELD ORDER)
)
No. 8.)

(1:80,000)
Map: (REGION DE BELFORT)
(ET HAUTE-ALSACE)

1. The 88th Division, less artillery and less the elements already withdrawn to the Belfort Training area and the Fontaine Area, will be relieved in the Center Sector HAUTE-ALSACE by the 154th Division (French).

2. The relief will commence on 2 Nov. 18 and will be completed on 5 Nov. 18, in accordance with attached table.

3. (a) The relief of the two Infantry Regiments in line by two regiments, 154th Division (French), will be made in accordance with attached table.

(b) In conformity with Corps orders, the movements and relief of the Division Artillery (French) will be regulated by the C.D. 40th H.A. (French).

(c) Company "B", 313th Engineers, will be relieved from present work at FONTAINE by two sections of engineers, 154th Division (French). Later instructions will govern the movement of this company.

Headquarters 1st and 2d Battalions, Companies "C", "E" and "F", 313th Engineers, upon relief by French units, will move in accordance with attached table.

(d) Move of assembled Field Signal Battalion, less outpost sections, will be in accordance with attached table.

(e) Details of relief will be arranged as follows:

For Infantry and Machine Gun units, between commanding officers concerned.
For Engineer units, between Division Engineer, 88th Division, and Division Engineers, 154th Division (French).
For signal troops, between Division Signal Officer, 88th Division, and Division Signal Officer, 154th Division (French).

(f) Reconnaissance parties will assemble at the P.C. of the 175th Brigade at MONTREUX JEUNE and at P.C. of the 175th Brigade at FONTAINE at 13:00 o'clock, 1 Nov. 18 for units going into sector night 2/3 Nov. 18, and at 13:00 o'clock, 2 Nov. 18 for units going into sector night 3/4 Nov. 18.

(g) All troop movements will be made under cover of darkness.

(h) All defense plans and maps will be turned over to the relieving units and receipts taken therefor. Machine gun battalion commanders, 88th Division, will turn over their machine gun defense plans and maps to G-3, 154th Division (French). Great care will be taken in transferring instructions, especially those concerning the work under way, the roads in preparation and the sensitive points of the front.

(i) The following personnel will remain in the sector for twenty-four hours after the relief of their units for the purpose of information:

1 officer from Division Headquarters.
1 officer from 313th Engineers,
1 officer from each regimental headquarters,
1 officer from each battalion headquarters,
1 officer and 1 N.C.O. from each infantry company,
1 officer and 1 N.C.O. from each machine gun company,
All French officers on duty with organizations.

4. (a) Field Trains will accompany units.

(b) Disposition of trench stores and supply arrangements will be covered in later orders.

5. (a) Division Headquarters will close at NOVILLARD at 10:00 o'clock, 3 Nov. 18 and open at VALDOIE the same hour and date.

(b) Division P.C. will close at MONTREUX CHATEAU at 10:00 o'clock 4 Nov. 18 and open at VALDOIE the same hour and date.

(c) Command of the sector will pass from the C.O. 88th Division to the C.O. 154th Division (French) at 10:00 o'clock 4 Nov. 18.

(d) Command of the sub-sectors will pass from the C.O. of each American Infantry Brigade to the C.O. of each French Infantry Regiment entering the front line position at 10:00 4 Nov. 18.

(e) Command of centers and zones will pass upon completion of infantry reliefs in centers and zones.

WILLIAM WEIGEL,
Major General,
Commanding.

Copy to:

1. 40th A.C. (French)
2. 7th A.C. (U.S.).
3. 2d Moroccan Division (French).
4. 68th Inf. Div. (French).
5. C.O. 88th Div.
6. C. of S.
7. G-1
8. G-2
9. G-3
10-13. O.C. 175th Brigade.
14-17. O.C. 176th Brigade.
18. Div. Q.M.
19. Div. Adjt.
20. Div. Surg.
21. Div. Billeting Officer.
22. C.O. Military Police.
23. Div. Eng. Officer.
24. Div. Signal Officer.
25. Div. Machine Gun Officer.
26. Div. Gas Officer.
27. War Diary.
28. French Mission.
29. Div. Ordnance Officer.
30. 88th Div. Art. (229 R.A.C.)
31. C.O. 313th Engrs.
32. C.O. Trains.
33. C.O. 313th F.S.Bn.
34-38. Spare.

G-3.

Headquarters American Embarkation Center,
A.P.O., 762, American E. F.,
12 May, 1919.

TROOP MOVEMENT)
)
ORDER NO. 73)

1. The 88th Division will move by rail from LA SUZE (Sarthe), Area to ST. NAZAIRE (Loire Inferieure), for embarkation to the United States.

2. Move will be made in accordance with the following table:-

TRAIN NO.	DATE OF DEPARTURE	HOUR OF DEPARTURE	ENTRAINING POINT	ORGANIZATION	STRENGTH OFF.	STRENGTH MEN
1	May 15th		LA SUZE	Regt. Hq., Hq. Co., Sup. Co., 2nd Bn., & Co. A., 350th Inf.	54	1516
2	May 15th		LA SUZE	175th Inf. Brig. Hq., 3rd Bn. 350th Inf., 1st Bn. 350th Inf. (less Co. A)	47	1503
3	May 16th		LA SUZE	Regt. Hq., Hq. Co., Sup. Co. M.G. Co., 349th Inf., M.G. Co., 350th Inf., 1st Bn. 349th Inf. (less Co. D.)	48	1424
4	May 16th		LA SUZE	3rd Bn. & Co. D., 349th Inf. 2nd Bn., 349th Inf. (less Cos. G and H.)	39	1497
5	May 17th		SABLE	337th M.G. Bn., 338th M.G. Bn., 339th M.G. Bn.	52	1496
6	May 17th		SABLE	313th Ammn. Tn., 313th F.S. Bn.	41	1522
7	May 17th		LA SUZE	Divn. Hq., & Hq. Tr. Cos. G & H, 349th Inf., Sales Com. Unit #301, 313th Tn. Hq., 313th M.O.R.S., 88th M.P. Co., Clothing Unit #333, 275th M.P. Co., Clothing Unit #308.	108	1463
8	May 17th		SABLE	313th Sam. Tn. M.C. Co., 352nd Inf., 2nd Bn., 352nd Inf. (less Cos. E and F)	46	1451
9	May 18th		MOYEN	Regt. Hq., Hq. Co., Sup. Co., 1st Bn. & Cos. E and F., 352nd Inf.	56	1536
10	May 18th		MOYEN	3rd Bn., 352nd Inf., 2nd Bn., 351st Inf.	44	1549
11	May 18th		LA SUZE	3rd Bn., 351st Inf., 313th Sup. Tn., Casuals	30	1200
12	May 18th		MOYEN	175th Inf. Brig. Hq., Regt., Hq., Hq. Co., Sup. Co., M.G. Co. and 1st Bn., 351st Inf.	51	1436

NOTE: Hours of departure not covered above will be published in an addendum to this order at a later date.

3. The Commanding General, 88th Division, is responsible for the march of units to entraining station and for prompt entrainment.

4. (a) Trains will be spotted at entraining points two (2) hours prior to departure.
(b) Baggage will be loaded one (1) hour prior to departure.
(c) Travel rations for one (1) day will be carried by troops on trains Nos. 5 to 12 inclusive.
(d) Kitchen cars will be furnished on trains Nos. 1 to 4 inclusive
(e) Troops on trains with kitchen cars which depart before 6:30 13:30 and 18:30 will be served morning, noon and evening meals respectively by Troop Train Meal Service.

5. A representative of Division Headquarters will remain at present Headquarters until the entrainment of the 88th Division is completed

By command of Major General Harbord:

GEO. S. SIMONDS,
Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

C. L. SAMPSON,
Asst. Chief of Staff, G-3.
Distribution "B"
L

Members of School Party

Following is a complete list of officers and enlisted men who made up the school detachment of the advance party which left Camp Dodge July 25, 1918, being the first troop movement of the 88th Div. to France. The names of the advance detachment of the advance party (billeting, embarking, etc.) are given in the main story of the Division, in the portion devoted to the arrival at Semur. This list is given in Orders No. 3, Confidential, Hq. 88th Div., dated July 24, 1918, which directed that the members proceed to Camp Upton, N. Y., equipped for extended overseas field service, "reporting upon arrival to the Commanding General for special training abroad," words that had more real thrill in them than anything the recipients had received before:

To attend Field Officers' School (Infantry).
Major Anan Raymond, 349th Inf.
Major John M. H. Nichols, 349th Inf.
Major Edward C. Rose, 350th Inf.
Major Bertram G. Dickinson, 350th Inf.
Major Harry F. Evans, 351st Inf.
Major Robert P. Robinson, 351st Inf.
Major George H. Russ, Jr., 352nd Inf.
Major Ivan J. Kipp, 352nd Inf.

To attend Company, Platoon and Section Commander School (Rifle Companies Infantry).
Capt. Darney W. Gill, 349th Inf.
Capt. Henry A. House, 350th Inf.
Capt. Charles W. Blanding, 351st Inf.
Capt. Albert D. Vaughan, 352nd Inf.
1st Lt. Kenneth C. Healy, 349th Inf.
1st Lt. James L. Monson, 349th Inf.
1st Lt. John L. Peterson, 349th Inf.
1st Lt. Charles P. Lynch, 350th Inf.
1st. Lt. J. Ray Fridley, 350th Inf.
1st Lt. Frank O. West, 350th Inf.
1st Lt. Edward F. Kovar, 351st Inf.
1st Lt. Carrol B. Martin, 351st Inf.
1st Lt. Carleton M. Magoun, 351st Inf.
1st Lt. Edward L. Hyde, 352 Inf.
1st Lt. Paul G. Dalcar, 352 Inf.
1st Lt. Walter J. Barngrover, 352nd Inf.
2nd Lt. Fred M. Hall, 349th Inf.
2nd Lt. Walter J. Banish, 349th Inf.
2nd Lt. Albert J. Robertson, 350th Inf.
2nd Lt. Harold E. Meyer, 350th Inf.
2nd Lt. Stephen A. Swisher, 351st Inf.
2nd Lt. Irving W. Benolken, 351st Inf.
2nd Lt. Maurice E. Horn, 352nd Inf.
2nd Lt. Clifford C. Rice, 352nd Inf.
Sgt. Chester Weiderquist, Co. D, 349th Inf.
Sgt. Roy M. Esmond, Co. F, 349th Inf.
Sgt. Carl H. Rose, Co. I, 349th Inf.
Sgt. Hugh I Brandon, Co. B, 350th Inf.
Sgt. August E. Hartwig, Co. H, 350th Inf.
Sgt. James McKee, Co. L, 350th Inf.
Sgt. William H. Vase, Co. L, 351st Inf.
Sgt. Frank L. Pingka, Co. B, 351st Inf.
Sgt. Oliver P. Tripp, Co. G, 351st Inf.
Sgt. Albert T. Everett, Co. D, 352nd Inf.
Sgt. Leslie R. Caylor, Co. F, 352nd Inf.
Sgt. Torger O. Kraabel, Co. I, 352nd Inf.

To attend Trench Mortar and 37 mm School (From Headquarters Companies).
2nd Lt. Thomas W. Hatton, 349th Inf.
1st Lt. Ira J. Houghton, 350th Inf.
2nd Lt. Walter F. Day, 351st Inf.
2nd Lt. Alfred B. Davis, 352nd Inf.

From 349th Infantry Headquarters Company.
Sgt. Hugh C. Vickers.
Sgt. Forrest A. Cochran.
Sgt. Jules V. Cool.
Sgt. Theodore W. Brandt.

From 350th Infantry Headquarters Company.
Sgt. John J. Sullivan.
Sgt. Erie F. Schroeder.
Sgt. Alvin C. Johnson.
Sgt. Robert W. Frey.

From 351st Infantry Headquarters Company.
Sgt. James M. Waters.
Sgt. Leonard W. Melander.
Sgt. Bert D. Worlitseck.
Sgt. Clarence J. Bachmann.

From 352nd Infantry Headquarters Company.
Sgt. Glenn A. Smith.
Sgt. James P. Kirkpatrick.
Sgt. Walter A. Hamerback.
Sgt. Talmage Hughes.

To attend Signal School. (Infantry). (From Headquarters Companies).
1st Lt. Arthur F. Leslie, 349th Infantry.
2nd Lt. Arnold C. Forbes, 350th Infantry.
1st Lt. Paul F. Schlick, 351st Infantry.
2nd Lt. Tom D. Nelson, 352nd Infantry.

From 349th Infantry Headquarters Company.
Sgt. Max H. Boydson.
Sgt. Charles G. Boyd.

From 350th Infantry Headquarters Company.
Sgt. Octaaf X. G. DeVolder.
Sgt. Russell R. Hayes.

From 351st Infantry Headquarters Company.
Sgt. William J. Curley.
Sgt. Joseph F. Kersten.

From 352nd Infantry Headquarters Company.
Sgt. Edward W. Sears.
Sgt. Hilding E. Safstrom.

To attend Machine Gun School.
Capt. Signor J. Seevers, 337th M. G. Bn.
Capt. Raymond A. Scallen, 338th M. G. Bn.
Capt. Marshall D. Jones, 339th M. G. Bn.
1st Lt. John A. Buxton, 337th M. G. Bn.
1st Lt. John B. McClintock, 338th M. B. Bn.
1st Lt. Roland E. Barron, 339th M. G. Bn.
1st Lt. John H. Guthrie, 349th Infantry.
1st Lt. Winfield O. Shrum, 350th Infantry.
1st Lt. Charles T. John, 351st Infantry.
1st Lt. Richard A. Russell, 352nd Infantry.
2nd Lt. Harrison R. Johnston, 337 M. G. Bn.
2nd Lt. Thomas C. Kasper, 337 M. G. Bn.
2nd Lt. Lawrence L. Murphy, 338 M. G. Bn.
2nd Lt. Paul W. Frengel, 338 M. G. Bn.
2nd Lt. Louis T. Orlady, 338 M. G. Bn.
2nd Lt. George W. Prichard, 338 M. G. Bn.
2nd Lt. Roy R. Van Duzee, 339 M. G. Bn.
2nd Lt. James E. Stevenson, 339 M. G. Bn.
2nd Lt. James T. Clancy, 339 M. G. Bn.
2nd Lt. Henry R. Murphy, 339 M. G. Bn.
2nd Lt. James T. Spillane, 349th Inf.
2nd Lt. Merle A. Heath, 350th Inf.
2nd Lt. Paul A. Goodman, 351st Inf.
2nd Lt. Carrold A. Iverson, 352nd Inf.

From 337 M. G. Bn.
Sgt. George Menzie, Co. A.
Sgt. Ray E. Duer, Co. A.
Sgt. Clarence F. Nelson, Co. A.
Sgt. Loyd A. Hensley, Co. B.
Sgt. George Fraseur, Co. B.
Sgt. John A. Grande, Co. B.

From 338th M. G. Bn.
Sgt. Albert L. McBride, Co. A.
Sgt. Elva N. Leach, Co. A.
Sgt. Willie Easterling, Co. A.
Sgt. Francis Skarclid, Co. B.
Sgt. Carl W. Ferree, Co. B.
Sgt. Peter Roche, Co. B.
Sgt. James T. Conover, Co. C.
Sgt. Walter W. Brown, Co. C.
Sgt. John E. Tucker, Co. C.
Sgt. Toliver E. Steinhauser, Co. D.
Sgt. Michael M. Crowley, Co. D.
Sgt. Homer L. Ankeney, Co. D.

From 339 M. G. Bn.
Sgt. Wyman H. Shumaker, Co. A.
Sgt. Malcolm M. White, Co. A.
Sgt. Irving C. Boucher, Co. A.
Sgt. Benson Hatfield, Co. B.
Sgt. Irving H. Schmidt, Co. B.
Sgt. Charles O. Miller, Co. B.
Sgt. Homer A. Chase, Co. C.
Sgt. Archie L. Kendall.
Sgt. Maurice H. Weddell, Co. C.
Sgt. William P. Caffrey, Co. D.
Sgt. Verne G. Watson, Co. D.
Sgt. Ambrose Fogarty.

From 349 Inf. M. G. Co.
Sgt. Glenn M. Ricketts.
Sgt. Delbert Emory.
Sgt. Charles F. Ives.

From 350th Infantry M. G. Company.
Sgt. George W. Kanak.
Sgt. Robert L. Kennedy.
Sgt. Archie D. Wood.

From 351st Infantry M. G. Company.
Sgt. Stanley J. Scott.
Sgt. Verne E. Rogers.
Sgt. Vincent P. Dudley.

From 352nd Infantry M. G. Company.
Sgt. Floyd C. Fuller.
Sgt. Edward W. Madison.
Sgt. Viking Ramsing.

To attend Field Officers' School (Artillery).
Major H. R. Freeman, 337th F. A.
Major C. L. Ames, 338th F. A.
Major H. De F. Burlick, 339th F. A.

To attend Wireless or Telephone School (Artillery).
1st Lt. Donald S. Leslie, 163rd F. A. Brig.
2nd Lt. Willard M. Folsom, 338th F. A.
1st Lt. Carrold E. Lewis, 339th F. A.
2nd Lt. Harry W. Trump, 339th F. A.
2nd Lt. Willard H. Ray, 338th F. A.
2nd Lt. Glen Ireland, 337th F. A.
2nd Lt. Gustaf R. Nelson, 339th F. A.
2nd Lt. Robert Schmidt, 337th F. A.

To attend Aerial Observers' School (Artillery).
1st Lt. Howard G. Mealey, 337th F. A.
1st Lt. Miles H. McNally, 337th F. A.
1st Lt. Edward H. Keating, 339th F. A.
1st Lt. Junius Oldham, 339th F. A.

To attend Reconnaissance or Orientur School (Artillery).
From 337th Field Artillery.
1st Lt. John D. Matz.
1st Lt. Carl H. Gewalt.
1st Lt. Dabney G. Miller.
2nd Lt. Harold T. Landeryou.
From 338th Field Artillery.
Capt. Stanley Hawks.
1st Lt. Robert A. Gardner.
2nd Lt. Yale D. Hills.
2nd Lt. Robert E. Cummings.
From 339th Field Artillery.
Capt. Wheelock Whitney.
Capt. Donald B. Gilchrist.
1st Lt. Neil C. Head.
1st Lt. Richard R. Cook.
To attend School for Instruction in Firing (Artillery).
From 337th F. A.
Capt. Richard W. Redfield.
Capt. Benjamin F. Brundred.
Capt. Ceylon A. Lyman.
Capt. Walter J. Kennedy.
Capt. Jesse E. Maxley.
Capt. Raymond T. Benson.
1st Lt. James A. Cathcart.
From 338th F. A.
Capt. Arthur M. Hartwell.
Capt. Howard Quinlan.
Capt. Howard M. Baldrige.
Capt. Perry L. Dean.
Capt. Thomas G. Harrison.
Capt. Carl S. Willis.
1st Lt. Springer H. Brooks.
From 339th F. A.
Capt. Kendall Winship.
Capt. Donald K. Hudson.
Capt. Lawrence G. Tighe.
Capt. Earl C. Maul.
Capt. Tom W. McClelland.
1st Lt. George T. McDermott.
To attend School for Instruction in Material (Artillery).
From 337 F. A.
Cpl. Charles R. Wade, Bty. A.
Mechanic Harry W. Nelson, Bty. D.
Chief Mechanic Albert E. Mosher, Bty. F.
Ord. Sgt. Austin E. Punt, Or. Det.
Cpl. William O. Rux, Ord. Det.
Cpl. Rella J. Rondorf, Ord. Det.
Pvt. Eugene C. High, Hq. Co.
Pvt. 1st Cl. Joseph G. Iverson, Bty. B.
Cpl. Alfred M. Brandt, Bty. C.
Cpl. John A. Gibbs, Bty. E.
From 338th F. A.
Cpl. Alex Steckler, Ord. Det.
Sgt. Alfred W. Sabbe, Bty. A.
Chief Mechanic Walter G. Peterson, Bty. C.
Chief Mechanic Carl J. Lee, Bty. D.
Chief Mechanic George A. Woodward, Bty. E.
Sgt. Bernard J. Cleary, Bty. B.
Sgt. R. G. Abelein, Bty. A.
Pvt. 1st Cl. Floyd W. Cofell, Ord. Det.
Mechanic Charles J. Streit, Bty. E.
Pvt. Francis A. Davis, Bty. F.
From 339th F. A.
Sgt. Chase R. Moore, Ord. Det.
Chief Mechanic John Erickson, Hq. Co.
Sgt. Walter J. Dunn, Bty. B.
Sgt. Ross W. Moore, Bty. D.
Mechanic Roy E. Webster, Bty. F.
Cpl. Edward Thomsen, Ord. Det.
Sgt. Archie Pixley, Bty. A.
Wag. Robert R. Stevens, Bty. C.
Pvt. Francis W. Rohan, Bty. E.
Ord. Sgt. Oscar Lindgren, Ord. Det.
To attend School for Instruction in Wireless (Artillery).
From Hq. Det. 163rd F. A. Brig.
Sgt. Frederick M. Dodge.
Pvt. 1st Cl. Leo C. Sherry.
From 337th F. A.
Sgt. Theodore T. Holt, Bty. D.
Pvt. Henry Moore, Hq. Co.
Pvt. Jacob H. Euston, Hq. Co.
Cpl. William Evans, Bty. F.
Sgt. James J. Carriveau, Bty. B.
Cpl. Roberts G. Pollock, Hq. Co.
From 338th F. A.
Cpl. Joseph A. Soberg, Hq. Co.
Pvt. Charles J. Carroll, Hq. Co.
Pvt. Joel F. Scott, Hq. Co.
Pvt. Charles J. Faes, Hq. Co.
Pvt. Harry K. Angel, Hq. Co.
From 339th F. A.
Sgt. Thomas J. Wilson, Hq. Co.
Sgt. Frank W. Strohm, Hq. Co.
Cpl. Fred A. Raasch, Hq. Co.
Pvt. Mark P. Ingalls, Hq. Co.
Pvt. Joseph W. Salmon, Hq. Co.
Pvt. John E. Ellis, Hq. Co.
Cpl. Emmett M. Clark, Hq. Co.
To attend School for Instruction in Telephone (Artillery).
From Hq. Det. 163rd F. A. Brig.
Cpl. Marion G. Brashear.
Pvt. 1st Cl. Paul G. Benson.
From 337th F. A.
Sgt. George J. Fischer, Bty. C.
Cpl. Harold B. Curtis, Hq. Co.
Cpl. Harry Pieper, Bty. E.
Pvt. 1st. Cl. Herman H. Lark, Bty. D.
Pvt. William W. Mulhall, Hq. Co.
From 338th F. A.
Bn. Sgt. Maj. Arthur H. Eick, Hq. Co.
Sgt. Henrick A. Andal, Hq. Co.
Cpl. Earl E. Miller, Hq. Co.
Pvt. Claude Richmond, Hq. Co.
Pvt. Arlie M. Holmes, Hq. Co.
Pvt. Emil W. Volske, Hq. Co.
Sgt. Chester M. Beck, Bty. C.
From 339th F. A.
Cpl. Fred A. Klein, Hq. Co.
Sgt. Olan B. Monroe, Hq. Co.
Sgt. Earl R. Grauf, Hq. Co.
Cpl. Charles Grant, Hq. Co.
Cpl. Foster M. French, Hq. Co.
Cpl. Harold Maddox, Hq. Co.
To attend School in Observation and Liaison (Artillery).
From Hq. Det. 163rd F. A. Brig.
Cpl. Winfield Woodings.
Cpl. Guy B. Hunner.
From 337th F. A.
Sgt. Charles H. Davis, Bty. B.
Sgt. Julius E. Sessing, Bty. Co.
Sgt. Rae Ashton, Bty. E.
Cpl. Thomas H. Brandon, Bty. F.
Sgt. Clarence E. Medcalf, Bty. D.
Pvt. Erwin L. Moses, Hq. Co.
Pvt. William J. Berry, Bty. A.
From 338th F. A.
Sgt. James E. Ebersole, Hq. Co.
Cpl. Jerome P. Forbes, Hq. Co.
Pvt. Walter Buhman, Bty. F.
Pvt. Harold P. Krause, Hq. Co.
Pvt. Ona L. Dowler, Hq. Co.
Pvt. Albert L. Tuttle, Bty. D.
From 339th F. A.
Sgt. Lester Howard, Hq. Co.
Cpl. James E. Finch, Hq. Co.
Sgt. Fred J. Bates, Hq. Co.
Sgt. Arnold Ranch, Hq. Co.
Sgt. Earl H. Rauch, Hq. Co.
To attend Field Officers' Course (Engineers).
Lt. Col. George W. Rathjens, 313th Engrs.
To attend Company Commanders' Course (Engineers).
From 313th Engineers.
Capt. Gordon Butler.
Capt. Alex M. Thompson.
1st Lt. Ivan R. Bickelhaupt.
1st Lt. Lee R. Boyd.
To attend Pioneer and Sapper Course (Engineers).
From 313th Engineers.
1st Lt. Kenneth Urquhart.
1st Lt. Joseph W. Anderson.
1st Lt. Eldreth L. Sawyer.
1st Lt. Gerhard W. Gunderson.
1st Cl. Sgt. John S. Zimmerman.
1st Cl. Sgt. Arthur P. Campbell.
1st Cl. Sgt. Neal A. Beaton.
1st Cl. Sgt. James H. McMillan
1st Cl. Sgt. Elmer C. Clothier.
1st Cl. Sgt. Francis C. Krahl.
From 313th Field Signal Battalion.
1st Lt. Dwight A. Montgomery.
2nd Lt. Wendell H. Snyder.
2nd Lt. Harold E. Miner.
From 313th Sanitary Train.
Major Warner G. Workman, M. R. C.
Major Harry X. Cline, M. R. C.
Capt. Foy J. M. Ernest, M. R. C.
Capt. Frank D. Ryder, M. R. C.
Capt. Royal C. Danley, M. R. C.
Capt. Garver F. Parker, M. R. C.
1st Lt. Lyford H. Webb, M. R. C.
1st Lt. Charles F. Shook, M. R. C.
1st Lt. William D. Middleton, M. C. U. S. A.
1st Lt. George W. Snyder, M. C. U. S. A.

Roster of the 337th F. A.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Col. George R. Greene, U. S. A., commanding.
Lt. Col. H. R. Freeman, c/o National Supply Co., Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Major F. C. Lyman, c/o Bartlett, Frazier Co., 306 Flour Exchange, Minneapolis.
Major Richard W. Redfield, Minnesota Loan & Trust Co., Minneapolis.
Major B. F. Brundred, Oil City, Pa.
Major W. L. Hoffman, 1521 W. 9th St., Des Moines, Ia.
Major W. H. Kennedy, c/o Wells Dickey Co., Minneapolis.
Capt. Eugene S. Bibb, 1038 Security Bldg., Minneapolis, Adjutant.
Capt. W. F. Hagerman, Morris, Minn., Personnel Officer.
Capt. R. T. Benson, c/o Agricultural College, Ames, Ia., Bn. Adjt.
Capt. M. S. Robb, 2545 Blaisdell Ave., Minneapolis, Bn. Adjt.
Capt. S. W. Rider, 222 Groveland Ave., Minneapolis, Bn. Adjt.
Lt. Earl B. Clark, Chaplain, Bushnell, Nebr.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT.

Capt. W. E. Anthony, 105 N. Market St., Ottumwa, Ia.
Capt. James H. Burns, Carrolton, Ill.
Lt. F. M. Phillips, Xenia, Ill.
Lt. J. L. Minor, 1338 27th St., Des Moines, Ia.
(Complete Medical Detch. Roster Unavailable.)

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY.

Nichols, John S., Capt., 2530 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
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Wagner, Elmer C. L., 1st Lt., 207 New England Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
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Chambers, Harry D., 2d Lt., 3140 Steiner St., San Francisco.
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Mills, Carroll C., 2d Lt., So., 2d Ave., Sioux Falls, S. D.
Severin, Claude L., 2d Lt., 19 Harrison Ave., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Stephanson, J. C., Lt., 400 Main St., Menominee, Mich.
McNally, Miles H., Lt., New Richmond, Wis.
Matz, John D., Lt., University Club, Chicago, Ill.
Mealey, Howard G., Lt., Monticello, Minnesota.
Miller, D. G., Lt., Nassau Paper Co., St. Paul, Minn.
Ireland, Glen, Lt., c/o Bell Telephone Co., Dubuque, Ia.
Landervou, H. T., Lt., 709 W. 19th St., Des Moines, Ia.
Schmitt Robert L., Lt., 3628 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Kice, Murray S., Jr., Lt., 942 Lemecke Annex Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.
Lindholm Henry T., Reg. Sgt. Maj., 1119 43d Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.
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Comer, Ross A., Asst., Band Leader, 2509 East 22d St., Minneapolis, Minn.
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Downing, Gordon L., Sup. Sgt., 615 East 36th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
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Iverson, Henry A., Sgt. Kenyon, Minn.
Bakke, Harold E., Sgt., 501 North Front St., Crookston, Minnesota.
Patterson, Lawrence W., Sgt., 32 Spruce Place, Apt. 28, Minneapolis, Minn.
Stalker, Francis A., Sgt., 3324 4th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.
Nelson, Almer R., Sgt., 4107 North Aldrich Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Dovick, Edward A., Sgt., Stevens Point, Wis.
Straiton, Clarence W., Sgt., 3620 Longfellow Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Williams, Edgar L., Sgt., 711 Cedar Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.
Waltz, Frederick, Sgt., 522 8th St. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Schoenig, Leslie J., Corp., 533 West 5th St., Winona, Minnesota.
Duffy, Edgar L., Corp., 825 2d Ave. South, St. Cloud, Minnesota.
Klobe, Edward L., Corp., Waconia, Minnesota.
Erickson, William A., Corp., 2614 James Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minn.
Garrison, Joe, Corp., West Hotel, Duluth, Minnesota.
Pugh, Armoun M., Pvt., 1103 Walker St., Des Moines, Ia.
Nasett, John I., Corp., Robbinsdale, Minnesota.
Bergman, Andrew, Mech., Bemidji, Minnesota, R. 2., Box 102.
Kinney, Peter, Ck., 113 20th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn., c/o Tony Stillmozick.
Swenson, Emanuel G., Ck., 3612 12th Ave. South Minneapolis, Minn.
Soodhalter, Frank I., Ck., 1525 Arlington Ave., Des Moines, Ia.
Schewe, Carl H., 1st Cl. Pvt., 206 Vine St., Joliet, Ill.
Green, Benjamin F., 1st Cl. Pvt., 1406 Euclid Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Casjens, Peter R., Orange City, Ia.
Johnson, David G., Sioux City, Ia., c/o Mrs. Anna Johnson.
Baker, Claude S., Luverne, North Dakota.
Anderson, Martinus, Clear Lake, Ia.
Littlepage, Orvole H., 1147 Kansas Ave. East, St. Louis, Ill.
Wegner, Louis, Hawarden, Ia., R. 1.
Scheerer, Lloyd H., 613 Ave. "C," Fort Dodge, Ia.
Souther, James A., Young Harris, Georgia.
Koch, Frederick W., 553 16th Ave. North, Clinton, Ia.
Holdenried, Rudolph J., 215 West 3d St., Sioux City, Ia.
Herriott, Ivan W., Garden City, Kansas (905 North 6th St.)
Harter, Ray St. John, Kansas.
Clapp, Leland S., Coryton, Tenn., R. 1.
Blenderman Albert D., 4324 Central Ave., Leeds, Ia.
Roller, Leslie G., Humeston, Ia.
Evans, Albert, Williams, Ia., R. 2.
Adamson, Ralph W., Centerville, Ia., R. 3.
Horstman, Albert F., Dows, Ia.
Larson, Phinney O., Fosston, Minnesota.
Shillinglaw, William, Ellsworth, Ia.
Rule, Robert, 1735 Peck St., Muskegon Heights, Mich., c/o Lee C. Beattle.
Hartman, Hugh E., Raymond, Kans., R. 1.
Grumiller, Ralph J., 314 North 7th St., Grand Forks, No. Dak.
Stewart, Virgil M., 2009 North 14th St., Kansas City, Kans.
Gordhamer, William E., Kerkhoven, Minnesota.
Thomas, Cecil, Beldon, Ia.
Davis, Arthur H., 905 West North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Ryan, Frank M., Brownsville, Tenn.
Allison, Vernon E., 711 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.
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McMeen, Kenneth M., Gregory, South Dakota.
Hansen, Louis C., Emmetsburg, Ia., R. 3, Box 3.
Mees, Peter, 705 9th Ave., Clinton, Ia.
Hockman, Floyd W., 320 Selden Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Calder, Ashal R., Hyrum, Utah.
Shannon, George L., Lawler, Iowa, Box 234.
Angell, Joseph K., Sturgeon, Mo.
Reitz, David C., 1204 4th St., Sioux City, Ia.
Kopies, George, Huspers, Ia.
Peacock, Frank L., Woodstock, Ill., R. 3.
White, Zeno Z., 401 Seneca St., Storm Lake, Ia.
Horne, Victor A., Penn, North Dakota.
Bursch, James F., 1013 Market St., Emporia, Kans.
Froehlich, Otto W., 4104 Aldrich Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.
Tschida, John L., Freeport, Minn.
Oliver, Jesse M., Shelbina, Mo.
Page, John A., Hamilton, N. D.
Graves, Charles R., Plymouth, Ia.
Bradbury Danial C., 6 & 3d St., Oskaloosa, Ia.
Wingate, Roy M., Hamburg, Ia., R. 3.
Brugman, William E., 210 Orleans, Keokuk, Ia.
Selness, Alfred R., 515 5th St., Clarkfield, Minn.
Rudland, Olaf, P. O. Box 2, Hardy, Saskatchawan, Canada.
Wagner, Sherman C., 1820 3d St., Madison, Ia.
Walper, Almon W., Cavalier, North Dakota, Box 301.
Watson, Norman W., 1606 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.
Dockum, Leslie J., Miltonville, Ia.
Brady, Thomas E., Waukon, Ia.
Parker, Roscoe J., Beresford, South Dakota.
Rozell, Earl M., Ottowa, Kans, R. 9.
Reardon, Frank L., River Falls, Wis.
Sullivan, Daniel E., South Sioux City, Nebraska, Box 44.
Walton, Oliver T., College Springs, Ia.
Cosgrove, Henry E., West Liberty, Ia.
Wallinga, Henry, Jr., Hull, Ia.
Johnson, Martin M., Cummings, North Dakota.
Horn, George H., Boyden, Ia., R. 2.
Hogan, Frank E., 903 S. E. Carolina Ave., Mason City, Ia.
Berry, Lloyd C., Algona, Ia.
Vogel, Joseph J., Box 217, South St. Paul, Minn.
Scheinbaum, Nathaniel L., 1900 5th Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
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Moody, Charles L., De Queen, Ark.
Webb, Archie C., Paw Paw, Mich., R. 5.
Sigoloff, Max, 1531 A Bacon St., St. Louis, Mo.
Smith, Robert O., 2008 South 10th St., St. Joseph, Mo.
Kinnamon, Harry O., Keokuk, Ia., c/o William Kinnamon.
Moore, John E., Mentor, Kans., R. 1.
Holcomb, Charles N., Wakeeney, Kans., R. 1.
Riley, Robert R., Oberlin, Kans., R. 3.
McCoy, Alva E., 204½ East Park St., Champaign, Ill.
Gardner, Henry C., Highway 15, Sandy City, Utah.
Cunningham, John F., 423 Nebraska St., Sioux City, Ia.
Scheer, Charley A., Morrowville, Kans., R. 1.
Axmear, John W., Keswick, Ia., R. 1.
Huisinga, Warner J., Jewett, Ill.
Birk, Frank R., Gridley, Kans., R. 1.
Miller, Lee A., Lodgepole South Dakota.
Pennington, Willard M., Burlington, Kans., R. 5.
Thompson, Alf. M., Climax, Minnesota, R. 1.
Foreman, Neil E., 2930 Garfield St., Lincoln, Neb.
Newland, Chester L., Corning, Kans.
McCoy, Roscoe M., Utica, Mo.
Cook, Louis C., Syracuse, Kans.
Gustafson, Gustaf H., 2429 13th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.
Ettling, Albert J., 617 Ash St., Texarkana, Ark.

(Roster, 337th F. A., Continued)

Mitchell, Alexander L., Northwood, Ia.
McWhirter, Howard B., Edson, Kans.
Sorenson, Hans P., 1728 Iowa Ave., West Superior, Wis.
Grove, Byron W., West Bend Ia., R. 1.
Havelaar, Dick, Hudson, South Dakota, R. 3, c/o Peter Hansen.
Anderson, Anders A., Lake Preston, South Dakota.
Powell, James M., Hettinger, North Dakota.
Mullen, Michael J., Crary, North Dakota.
Johnson, Ole J., Cedar Falls, Ia., R. 3.
Veld, Jacob, Grundy Center, Ia.
Iverson, Bert H., Rake, Ia., Box 74.
Flaherty, Bernhard B., Davenport, Ia., R. 3.
Drew, Everett H., 911 East 4th Ave., Mitchell, South Dakota.
Tuttle, Ralph M., Heckberry, Kans.
Hansen, Leo E., Waupaca, Wis., R. 2.
Fricke, Charles, 1173 6th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Vick, George S., Calmar, Ia., R. 1, Box 9.
Hursch, Alford R., Burlington, Kans., R. 5.
Bourassa, Charles L., Pembine, North Dakota.
Haldorson, Julius P., Park River, North Dakota.
Brown, Leif, Russell, North Dakota.
Charbonneau, Oliver J., St. John, North Dakota.

Childers, Sanford W., Marmarth, N. D.
Hulleman, Dick, Hawarden, Ia.
McCarroll, Roy, Ottumwa, Ia., R. 3.
Davis, Frank E., Esteline, S. D.
West, Earl W., Dell Rapids, S. D.
Flewelling, Alonzo C., 405 3d St., Garden City, Kans.
Hensel, Ira C., 414 Wood St., South Bend, Ind.
White, Louis G., Bottineau, N. D.
Graff, Fred W., 305 East 15th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Wilkes, Raymond C., 831 18th St., Sioux City, Ia.
Gardner, Christopher R., Stafford, Kans., R. 3.
Wylie, William A., Washington, Ia. R. 1.
Jondahl, Einar F., 732 South 4th St., Grand Forks, N. D.
Rosenau, Adolph G., R. 1., Box 35, Gardena, N. D.
Dawson, William J., Redfield, S. D.
Krell, Frank, White Lake, S. D.
Neal, Thomas H., 1205 4th Ave., Dodge City, Kans.
Weide, Reints V., c/o John Lammers, Alton, Ia.
Schuil, Peter, 6 B St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Hartman, LeRoy, 3938 Brandon St., Seattle, Wash.
Shelton, Herman W., 30 Stockdale Ave., Criero, Texas.
Abrahamson, Victor, address unknown.
Daly, John N., Cherryvale, Kans., R. 1.
De Vries, Gabe W., Hawarden, Ia.
Gould, Howard C., 2214 Bryant Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.
Lambie, Ernest H., Forest River, N. D.
Larson, Ralph L., Waukon, Ia.
Madsen, Frederick C., 1109½ West 3d St., Sioux City, Ia.
Ellerbroek, John Jr., Sioux Center, Ia.
Brown, Charles M., Greenville, Ill., R. 4.
Ramstad, Arthur A., Lauda, N. D., R. 1.
Schoep, Andrew, Sioux Center, Ia.
Stutz, John G., Mauvoo, Ill. R. 2.
Trammell, Merton E., Hope, N. D.
Tuchson, Louis H., 30th and Maple Sts., Omaha, Neb.
Venderveer, Chester F., 1227 Broad St., Grinnell, Ia.
Young, Henry, 718 Grand Ave., Keokuk, Ia.
Strain, Roy W., Segourney, Ia.
Smith, William H., Kanorado, Kans.
Grant, Lyle G., Band Sgt., 206 Walnut St., S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Miller, Joseph R., Band Sgt., 628 East 25th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Oppedahl, Joseph N., Band Sgt., 396 2d Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.
Moorrill, David W., Band Corp., 1000 Bayliss Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Johnson, Walter S., Mus. 1 cl., Wayzata, Minn., R. 1, Box 131.
McGranahan, George C., Mus. 3 cl., Ocheyedan, Ia.
Noffsinger, John H., Mus. 3 cl., South English, Ia.
Engstrom, Milton O., Mus. 1 cl., 2008 22d Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.
Freeman, Abe, Mus. 1 cl., 204 West Main St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Ridings, Lahoma B., Mus. 1 cl., 111 Sherokee St., Topeka, Kans.
Haugen, Anton, Mus. 3 cl., Stanley, Wis.
Doig, Hugh D., Mus. Corp., 3104 Chicago Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Doffing, Mathias J., Mus. 3 cl., West 4th St., Hastings, Minn., c/o J. P. Doffing.
Cochran, Clinton B., Mus. 3 cl., 3508 3d Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.
Tramm, William E., Mus. 2 cl., 318 East 14th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Fields, John P., Mus. 2 cl., Osceola, Mo.
Magnuson, Charles R., 620 West Maple St., Stillwater, Minn.
Ferguson, William, Mus. 3 cl. 3451 Oliver Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minn.
Schooley, Franklin B., Band Corp., Cato, N. Y.
Bauer, M. Warner, Mus. 3 cl., Colome, S. D.
Montgomery, Robert, Maple Hill, Ia., c/o Hans Hansen.
Dunlap, Clifford H., Mus. 3 cl., Havelock, Ia.
Lomen, Gustav O., Mus. 2 cl., Rushford, Minn.
Adam, Leo N., Mus. 2 cl., 1311 6th St. North, Minneapolis, Minn.
Kopelman, Thomas, Mus. 2 cl., c/o Reed Bros., Milwaukee, Wis., c/o Miss Anna Kopelman.
Henderson, Harold W., Mus. 3 cl., 4420 3d Ave., Sioux City, Ia.
Berg, Peter, Jr., Mus. 2 cl., Anoka, Minn. R. 5.
Gueder, August W., Mus. 3 cl., Guttenberg, Ia., Box 274.
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Schussler, Archie C., Mus. 2 cl., 843 Alla St., Galesburg, Ill.
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Heaney, Ralph W., Mus. 3 cl., Olivia, Minnesota.
Hunter, Elwin R., Mus. 3 cl., Weeping Water, Neb.
Tyler, Ernest S., Crooks, S. D.

ORDNANCE DETACHMENT.

Himes, John C., Lt., York, Pa., 340 S. George St.
Jack, Oscar W., Sgt., Madison, Wis.
Punt, Austin E., Sgt., Minneapolis, Minn.
Rux, William O. Sgt., Minneapolis.
Rondoff, Rolla J., Sgt., Neillsville, Wis.
Schaull, Walter H., Sgt., Minneapolis.
Mutch, Milton G., Corp., Salem, Mass.
Hohler, Nicholas W., Corp., Minneapolis.
Senn, Earl H., Corp., Minneapolis.
Redetzke, Edward W., Corp., Velva, N. D.

PRIVATES, 1ST CLASS.

Basch, George S., New York City.
Johnson, Wilbert H., Charles City, Ia.

PRIVATES.

Ackerman, Frank P., Minneapolis.
Jenkins, Bertram, Minneapolis.
Krteschmar, Herman W., Fairport, Ia.
Magnuson, Carl S., Topeka, Kans.
McDonald, Leo E., Plainsville, Minn.
Petersen, Charles E., Minneapolis.

SUPPLY COMPANY.

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Beddall, Floyd O., Lt., c/o Land Service Co., 146 Endicott Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
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Brehany, Edwin A., Regt. Supply Sgt. Shakopee, Minn.
Lewis, George A., Regt. Supply Sgt., c/o Elmer Lewis, Bagley, Minn.
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Boone, Elmer L., Sgt., Ash Grove, Missouri.
Fisher, Ferdinand P., Sgt., Helper, Utah.
Hickish, Frank N., Sgt., Tuelahoe, N. Y.
Carver, Frederick H., Sgt., Russell, Minn.
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Spaulding, Dike W., Corp., Westfield, Iowa.
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Miller, Clinton C., Cook, Moravia, Iowa.
Watson, William H., Cook, c/o Mrs. Anna Temple, Franklin, Ky., R. 7.
Edwards, Parker M., Cook, 4732 Garfield Ave., Minneapolis.
Frankos, George K., Cook, c/o John G. Alexandres, 4520 Cheautou Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
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Boeff, Harry W., Wag., c/o Will Boeff, Dexter, Minn.
Bruhn, Benjamin F., Wag., St. Bonifacius, Minn.
Cord, John, Wag., 1427 West Locust St., Des Moines, Ia.
Fife, Raymond F., Wag., Paulina, Iowa.
Gengler, John P., Wag., Le Mars, Ia., R. 6.
Haugseth, Knute, Wag., 2425 29th Ave. So., c/o Mrs. Bertha Swan.
Holmen, Ingval, Wag., c/o Iver Holmen, 402 Front St., Detroit, Minn.
Johnson, Arthur W., Wag., Montevideo, Minn., R. 1.
Melting, Ole O., Wag., Halstad, Minn.
Moore, Raymond S., Wag., c/o Mrs. Bridgett Bell, 710 5th Ave. North, International Falls, Minn.
Mortenson, Neils A., Wag., North Remsen, Ia., R. 4.
Novatny, Frank R., Wag., 1130 Rochester Ave., Iowa City, Ia.
Nichols, Thomas O., Wag., c/o Mrs. Homer Murray, Medford, Wis.
Peterson, Sixten S., Wag., 2001 Milwaukee Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Sagen, Elmer, Wag., Twin Valley, Minn.
Severson, James R., Wag., 108 Eau Claire St., Rice Lake, Wisc.
Swanson, Arvid C., Wag., 1126 Jefferson St. N. E., Minneapolis.
Datzik, William, Mech., 342 Quincy St. N. E., c/o Tony Haladay, Minneapolis.
Johnson, Carl A., Mech., Lost Springs, Kans.
Olson, Olof W., Mech., c/o Peter M. Westlund, Hoffman, Minn., R. 1, Box 75.
Ashbach, George E., Ada, Minn.
Bissantz, Roy W., Sun City, Kans.
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Brattland, Chester A., Hendrum, Minn.
Carlson, Carl A., 2308 10th Ave. South, Minneapolis.
Clark, Almond F., 255 North Main St., Wichita, Kans.
Efaw, Wilson H., 128 South 10th St., Fredona, Kans.
Farley, William B., 2815 E. 55th St., Kansas City, Mo.
Farris, Herbert S., 1847 Jackson St. N. E., Minneapolis.
Harvey, William, J. B., c/o Waltham P. Hanson, R. 2, Ogallah, Kans.
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Hueni, Roy E., Letcher S. D.
Johnson, Verne G., 1507 Monroe St. N. E. Minneapolis.
Kester, Harry E., c/o Mrs. Elizabeth Kester, Midland City, Ill.
Lizer, George L., Westphalia, Kans.
McTavish, Hugh G., Coggon, Ia.
Melgaard, Roy, 1213 Monroe St. N. E., Minneapolis.
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Newstrom, Arthur R., 2130 South 35th St., Omaha, Neb.
Patsloff, August G., Ithaca, Neb., R. 1.
Reed, John H., Lock Box 64, Westfield, Ia.
Regenberg, Herman, c/o Mrs. Mary Powers, Hastings, Neb., R. 5.
Riley, John H., c/o Mrs. Tempyann Riley, Mansfield, Mo.
Ronnabaum, George P., Oneida, Kans.
Rowe, Blaine M., Rush City, Minn.
Saddler, Ross, c/o Charles Saddler, Bonaparte, Ia.
Schenck, Charles H., 403 West 8th St., c/o Leo Moore, St. Charles, Mo.
Selby, Samuel W., Wakeeney, Kans.
Sylte, Oscar T., 2112 Riverside Ave. S., Minneapolis.
Tjossem, Howell E., Gaza, Iowa.
Waters, Frank W., 2211 11th Ave. S., Minneapolis
Widick, Orville Friend, Nebr.
Wing, Lyle F., Humboldt, Kans. R. 5
Felsenberg, Harry, 1921 3d St. S., Minneapolis.
Femling, George E., Dent, Minn., R. 1.
Flom, Edwin, Twin Valley, Minn
Glenn, Newton R., Hartley, Ia.

Crockett, Earl H., Strong City, Kans.
Grono, Arlie F., 604 9th St. S., Minneapolis.
Halsey, Walter H., Brumley, Miller Co., Mo.
Harms, Charles S., 4345 Tyler Ave., Leeds, Ia.
Harries, Henry C., Wakeeney, Kans., R. 3.

BATTERY A.

Clarkson, Worrell, Jr., Capt., St. Paul, Minn.
Salyards, Ely, 1st Lt., Duluth, Minn.
Wicks, Glenn D., 1st Lt.
Whipps, Rusk H., 2nd Lt., Columbus, O.

Sergeants.

Sexton, Patrick D., 1st Sgt., 519 18th St., Rock Island, Ill.
Thompson, Floyd W., Sup. Sgt., 4101 A. Botanical Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Johnson, Lawrence H., Mess Sgt., 426 St. Anthony Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Halloran, James W. ,Hopkins, Minn.
Johnson, John A., 519 23d Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Hannan, Edward J., Litchfield, Minn.
Berglund, Clarence H., 2806 Bloomington Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Sandburg, Arthur C., 3916 36th Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
McGovern, Martin J., 923 Harrison St., Davenport, Ia.
LaDuke, Martin W., 1141 North Lindale Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Minor, Fay S., R. 4, St. Joseph, Mo.
Wade, Charles R., 1818 Dupont Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.
Roth, Ira R., Andalusia, Ill.

Corporals.

Eiken, Sigmund, Inwood, Ia.
Davidson, John K., Keokuk, Ia.
Wallace, Robert T., 212 South 11th St., Chariton, Ia.
Burgert, Chester O., R. 1, St. Joseph, Mo.
Adkins, Chester A., Rosendale, Mo.
Goforth, Cecil E., Bolchow, Mo.
Byam, William R., Ulysses, Nebr.
Clopper, William E., Clyde, N. D.
Breit, Warren H., Savannah, Mo.
Druckmiller, George R., 1407 5th Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
Weiss, Frank C., 4540 Gravious Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Faris, John C., R. 2, Rushville, Mo.
Campbell, Fred E., Higbee, Mo.
Burkman, William E., Ottumwa, Ia.
Cundiff, Corbett, Bolchow, Mo.
Rossiter, James A., 506 16th St., Moline, Ill.
Carlson, Albert W., Graceville, Minn.
Cady, Vernon R., 4215 11th St., Rock Island, Ill.
Hampton, Robert S., Takomah, Nebr.
Berry, William J., Dudley, Ia.
Aiken, Harry, 2135 W. 103 St., Cleveland, O.

Mechanics.

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McEniry, William T., Chief Mech., 529 23d St., Rock Island, Ill.
Bratton, Edgar R., Sheldon, Mo.
Castle, Joseph B., Station F, St. Joseph, Mo.
Pinkall, Herman C., 318 E. Union St., Lindsberg, Kans.
Wood, Robert W., Pierson, Ia.

Cooks.

Brady, Thomas F., Brawley, Calif.
Haugen, Harry F., Hastings, Minn.
Metzger, Joseph L., Box 16, Rockport, Ill.
Nelson, Nels H., 1001 4th St. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

Buglers.

Baldwin, Edward H., Excelsior, Minn.
Brown, David, 870 W. Ferry St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Engh, Arthur S., Mahnomen, Minn.

Wagoners.

Braun, Emil E., Sibley, Ia.
Haugstad, Jodmer, J., Bruce, S. D.
Jordan, Maurice R., 125 S. 15th St., Kansas City, Kans.
Michaelson, Lewis G., Correctionville, Ia.
Quam, Theodore, Stanhope, Ia.

Privates, 1st Class.

Albert, Jerome, Tokio, N. D.
Baker, Arthur, Rock Valley, Ia.
Bennage, Clarence, Crane, Mo.
Benner, Aytch, Dearborn, Mo.
Bordeaux, Francis, White River, S. D.
Bush, Jacob, Clara City, Minn.
Byrne, Robert J., Saxton, Mo.
Christensen, Johannes D., 355 Box St., Mankato, Minn.
Dickey, John F., 627 Times St., Keokuk, Ia.
Ferris, Sylvester, 627 S. 6th St., La Crosse, Wis.

(Roster, 337th F. A., Continued)

Finnerty, Bernard L., Bartford, Kans.
George, Aron, 229 Concord St., St. Paul, Minn.
Gray, Herman H., 219 Faraon St., St. Joseph, Mo.
Johnson, Carl R., 416 46th St., Moline, Ill.
Malnar, George, Westville, Ill.
Moffatt, Lynn U., Neola, Ia.
Mueller, William A., 2801 S. Adams St., Peoria, Ill.
Murray, Francis L., Galva, Ia.
O'Niell, Andrew L., Williams, Ia.
Reed, Leslie L., Moorhead, Ia.
Riedl, Carl, Lakeview, Ia.
Rydell, Frank T., R. 1, Forreston, Minn.
Sartwell, Earl R., Sandborn, N. D.
Schmidt, Rudolph, Hutchinson, Minn.
Schonemann, William, Thornton, Ia.
Sherbonda, Leslie E., Monono, Ia.
Smart, John D., Zimmerman, Minn.
Thompson, Olin, Elbow Lake, Minn.
Van Gorp, Edward, Orange City, Ia.
Wolf, Alvin R., Lytton, Ia.

Privates.

Adkins, Jesse F., Sheldon, Ia.
Agee, Charles P., DeKalb, Mo.
Allacher, Gustav, Herndon, Kans.
Anderson, Samuel G., Stanhope, Ia.
Anderson, Jesse E., Pleasanton, Nebr.
Atkinson, Claude E., Logan, Kans.
Bachtel, Jesse L., Carrolton, Mo.
Baeten, Henry, 1301 Spring St., Collinsville, Okla.
Bassett, Roy E., Charleston, Ia.
Bazzill, Charles W., 1219 Faraon St., St. Joseph, Mo.
Beethe, Martin H., Elk Creek, Nebr.
Beierlein, Dominik, Hebron, N. D.
Bergerud, Otto L., 402 Vernon Ave., Fergus Falls, Minn.
Bredine, Archie C., Harvey, N. D.
Block, John N., Box 901, Hospers, Ia.
Boggess, Oliver W., Helena, Mo.
Brandts, William, Sioux Center, Ia.
Brattin, James O., Ingalls, Kans.
Britton, Orrie L., Tyndall, S. D.
Bonnema, Jerry D., Hawarden, Ia.
Byrne, William P., Burchard, Nebr.
Cady, Lewis C., R. F. D. No. 1, Keokuk, Ia.
Cantor, Samuel, 1417 S. Adams St., Peoria, Ill.
Carlson, John M., International Falls, Minn.
Cornett, Milbert, Dearborn, Mo.
Cudworth, William E., R. 7, Ottumwa, Ia.
Deen, Floyd, Mackeville, Kans.
Deiters, Lewis C., R. 2, Floris, Ia.
DenHartog, James E., Orange City, Ia.
DeZeeuw, Peter, Orange City, Ia.
Doyle, James D., Liberty, Nebr.
Drysdale, Charles I., Station F, St. Joseph, Mo.
Dykstra, Peter, Orange City, Ia.
Evins, Samuel, Corkery, Mo.
Fardahl, Alfred M., Adams, Minn.
Fitzgerald, Lloyd, L., Red Cloud, Nebr.
Florell, Otto, Glenfield, N. D.
Freeman, Edward M., Bonsall, Calif.
Frisk, Lee A., Kinross, Ia.
Gericke, Frederick W., 914 Second St., Fort Madison, Ia.
Goodenkauf, Emil, Table Rock, Nebr.
Gordon, Leander M., Rushville, Mo.
Hammeke, David F., Ellinwood, Kans.
Harrington, Charles, Oberon, N. D.
Harrison, Francis D., Lewis, Kans.
Johnson, Reuben A., Milaca, Minn.
Jonas, Orvel T., Valentine, Nebr.
Jones, Harry C., Trenton, Mo.
Jurgensen, Viggo A., Winside, Nebr.
Kelly, Martin H., Ardoch, N. D.
Klug, Stephen D., St. Helena, Nebr.
Knockel, William J., R. 6, Dubuque, Ia.
Koch, Emil, Parsons, Kans.
Krahn, Oscar C., Pierce, Nebr.
Kriezel, Fred, Cedar Bluffs, Nebr.
Lund, Henry, White Lake, S. D.
Magee, Roy H., 1226 Drury St., Kansas City, Mo.
Majors, George E., Russell Springs, Kans.
McCord, Stephen R., 1534 Park St., Topeka, Kans.
Meyer, Charles J., R. 2, Dorchester, Wis.
Nettinga, Andrew, Hull, Ia.
Niceswanger, Frank, Lake View, Ia.
Noble, Joseph H., Valparaiso, Nebr.
Ochu, John B., 1118 Knox Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.
Pannkuk, Boyd B., Titonka, Ia.
Parrish, Walter H., Fullerton, Ia.
Parthemore, George W., Spearville, Kans.
Pearson, George H., 630 W. Chestnut St., Leadville, Colo.
Pille, Alphons, Haverhill, Ia.
Powell, Lee A., Webster City, Ia.
Pruismann, Frank D., Webster City, Ia.
Putzstuck, Joseph B., Wesley, Ia.
Rasmussen, Arthur W., Williams, Ia.
Ridpath, David A., R. 5, Boone, Ia.
Roling, Herman H., Bellevue, Ia.
Salisbury, Ralph, Nephi, Utah.
Satre, Helmer L., Stanhope, Ia.
Schichtal, Lucien C., Irvington, Ia.
Schieb, John W., Bucklin, Kans.
Schill, Arthur J., Lake View, Ia.
Schmitt, John H., Hampton, Ia.
Schram, Gustav J., Odebolt, Ia.
Schuietert, Dilman F., Burt, Ia.
Schumaker, Fred L., Webster City, Ia.
Seitz, George, Richardson, N. D.
Selk, Rudolph L., Dysart, Ia.
Shea, John F., Luverne, Ia.
Sheely, Leroy H., Gucken, Minn.
Shepard, John W., Call, No. Car.
Slight, Carl, Appleton, Ia.
Snyder, Harvey L., Blairsburg, Ia.
Sorbo, Melvin, Emmons, Minn.
Speer, Howard A., Lakeside, Nebr.
Stafford, Russell A., 903 First St., Webster City, Ia.
Steeg, Francis A., R. 1, Sac City, Ia.
Strain, Tom F., Montevideo, Minn.
Sturman, Jack, 1103 Larimer St., Wichita, Kans.
Sveen, Melvin K., Emmons, Minn.
Telkamp, Edward H., Blairsburg, Ia.
Thompson, A. T., Story City, Ia.
Van Patten, Franklin J., Holstein, Ia.
Waack, Gustav J., Ida Grove, Ia.
Wabschall, Archie, Williston, N. D.
Waggoner, Perry L., Thurston, Nebr.
Wagner, Charles C., Iola, Kans.
Wagner, William, Spearville, Kans.
Weber, Leonard, Algona, Ia.
Weiland, Henry J., Britt, Ia.
Westerbeck, Carl J., Columbus Jct., Ia.
Wiley, Thomas S., Elberton, Ia.
Wolfe, Walter R., Fenton, Ia.
Wright, Dalton, Vinton, Ia.
Wright, William L., Great Bend, Kans.
Wunschel, Henry N., Wall Lake, Ia.
Young, Grover G., Emmetsburg, Ia.

Deceased.

Atteberry, Charles I., Pvt., died of disease in France.
Magnuson, Clarence R., Pvt., died result of injuries in France. Run over by 155 mm G. P. F. gun en route Clermont-Ferrand to Bordeaux.

BATTERY B.

Captain—Cathcart, James A., c/o P. J. Kalman Co., 22 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

First Lieutenants.

Baer, Ira B., 4 Crocus Hill, St. Paul, Minn.
Coan, Folwell W., 326 5th Ave., Clinton, Ia.
Mealey, Howard G., Monticello, Minn.

Second Lieutenants.

Freeman, Charles E., N. 9th St., Philipsburg, Pa.
Anning, Harold E., 815 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Waldo, Lewis T., 46 114th St., Richmond Hill, Long Island, N. Y.
Kennedy, William D., 18126 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O., c/o Finley F. Kennedy.
First Sergeant—Challander, Oscar V., 303 Lowry Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Supply Sergeant—Luger, Alfred F., 173 Western Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Mess Sergeant—McCloud, Powell W., c/o Fred W. McCloud, McIntire, Ia.
Sergeants—Davis, Charles H., 7717 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn., c/o Mrs. Elizabeth H. Davis.
Neff, John T., 305 Walnut St., Grand Forks, N. D.
King, Fred E., 305 Humboldt Ave. No., Minneapolis, Minn.
Corriveau, James J., 422 4th St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Rathmann, William H., 2203 Western Ave., Davenport, Ia.
Gronvall, Homer S., 2724 11th Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Gilkerson, Roland H., 3620 Lyndale Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Johnson, Clarence V., 802½ Liberty St., Morris, Ill.
Lark, Herman H., Steelville, Mo.
Malone, Harold R., Atlantin, Ia., c/o Chas. E. Malone.
Corporals—Peterson, Carl A., 315 Logan Ave. No., Minneapolis, Minn.
Heinemann, Arnold R., P. O. Box 52, Kimberly, Minn.
Towne, Loyal E., Jamaica, Ia.
Thomson, Harold P., Hutchinson, Minn.
Reynolds, Clyde M., Wayne, Nebr.
Wooten, Fred J., 1540 W. 2nd St., c/o Fr. W. Garstang, Davenport, Ia.
Bixler, Clarence H., Clarence, Ia.
Weir, Edd J., c/o John Weir, Sheldon, Ia.
Westwater, David, 17 Clark St., Georgetown, Ill.
Applegate, Robert D., Downey, Ia.
Carmack, Everett C., Crocker, Mo.
Chambers, Walter W., 537 S. Milner St., Ottumwa, Ia.
Nichols, Lester B., R. 2, Fair Grove, Mo.
Sidles, Joseph I., Jerome, Ia.

(Roster, 337th F. A., Continued)

Pickering, Walter V., Box 5, Manly, Ia.
Schick, Charles H., Udell, Ia.
Klingstein, Emanuel, 632 Gorono St., Denver, Colo.
Makinney, Hugh F., 207 S. High School St., Columbus, Kans.
Parks, Harry M., 207 S. College Ave., Salina, Kans.
Jeffrey, Lee W., Arie, Kans.
McCloughen, Walter L., Dawn, Mo.
Sievert, William E., 52 Eastman Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Cooks.

Dunker, Nelson L., R. 7, Muscatine, Ia.
Meland, Nils, York, N. D.
Swanson, Ole, c/o Nels Swanson, 4001 41st St. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Woods, Walter R., 615 Iowa Ave., Iowa City, Ia.

Hugiers.

Geerlings, Petrus J., c/o Jacob Geerlings, N. Market St., Extension, Oskaloosa, Ia.
Mellinger, Verne R., Oaksville, Ia.

Wagoners.

Brace, Clay S., R. 3, Hope, N. D.
Garton, Orrin C., Box 115, Paxton, Ill.
Glass, Arthur D., R. 4, Columbia City, Ind.
Hoffman, Carl, c/o Mrs. E. E. Schultenover, Melrose, Minn.
Peavey, Albert F., 601 E. 26th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Thomsen, Henry, Jr., R. F. D., Davenport, Ia.
Urbanek, Edward L., R. 2, Solon, Ia.

Chief Mechanics.

Jones, Miles, Box 204, Sweet Springs, Mo.
Roberg, Austin H., 4331 Newton Ave. No., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mechanics.

Bennett, Frank, Iroquois, N. D.
Carlson, Alvin C., 1903 6th St. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Engquist, Elmer C., 3209 Garfield Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Iverson, Joseph G., Watson, Minn.

Privates, First Class.

Appleby, Lewis M., 712 Main St., Marion, Kans.
Asplund, Carl H., 1603 5th St. So., Minneapolis.
Baute, Albert W., Waymansville, Ind.
Bayles, Fred, Lemar, Mo.
Beitenman, Milton E., Dewitt, Ia.
Cook, Charles E., R. 1, Franklin, Nebr.
Davies, Morgan L., 275 W. Walnut St., Canton, Ill.
Dohrmann, Albert H., Charlotte, Ia.
Elder, Irvin E., 705 S. Sheridan Ave., Ottumwa, Ia.
Hazen, Robert, 14 Woodruff Apts., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Hogan, James D., 2401 Washington Ave. No., Minneapolis, Minn.
Howell, Donnelly B., Cunningham, Kans.
Neugent, Bert J., Popejoy, Ia.
Nielsen, Noble H., 300 Clinton St., Lyons, Ia.
Novak, William, Elbron, Ia.
Paullus, Fred J., R. 3, Hampton, Ia.
Rees, Willie, R. 3, Humeston, Ia.
Reuter, Fermon O., Millerton, Ia.
Reynolds, Theodore C., Tiffin, Ia.
Robinson, Howard C., 1937 Midland Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
Sweny, Merit, Montezuma, Ia.
Wakazoo, Edward, Lengby, Minn.
Wilkie, Fred H., Shannon City, Ia.

Privates.

Adrian, August E., R. 1, Lost Nation, Ia.
Anderson, Edward A., R. 2, Leeds, N. D.
Anderson, Leonard A., R. 1, Brinsmade, N. D.
Anderson, Reuben E., R. 1, Box 68, Harcourt, Ia.
Barney, John H., Linton, N. D.
Bartlett, John F., Baxter Springs, Kans.
Beatch Lawrence, W., Riverside, Ia.
Bissitt, James W., Greensburg, Kans.
Blase, Theodore H., R. 3, Box 89, St. Charles, Mo.
Bock, Fred, R. 1, Modale, Ia.
Botham, Thomas H., R. 1, Gridley, Kans.
Breckenridge, Rae O., Manilla, Ia.
Bremser, Clifford, 1332 Union Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Brush, George B., R. 1, Carpenter, S. D.
Bushing, Paul W., Olin, Ia.
Butrick, William O., Lake City, Ia.
Byers, Earl J., R. 3, Great Bend, Kans.
Carper, Edward P. Inavale, Nebr.
Chapman, Edward W., Minnewaukon, N. D.
Claus, Charles H., Box 306, Livermore, Ia.
Coburn, Arthur, Medaryville, Ind.
Collins, Michael L., 214 W. Walnut St., Denison, Ia.
Copple, Albert L., 1060 10th St. E., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Coughren, George J., 501 N. 13th St., Rockyford, Colo.
Crow, Clifford V., Vinton, Ia.
Darnel, Henry, M. R. 6, Kirksville, Mo.
Deihl, Vernon J., 801 Edison St., La Junta, Colo.
Dillion, Loyd, F., Urbana, Mo.
Donahue, Edward P., c/o Frank Donahue, Petersville, Ill.
Dyer, Francis E., 1207 S. 7th St., Clinton, Ia.
Eilts, Henry D., 422 Court St., Le Mars, Ia.
Enfield, Harvey G., R. 1, Hardy, Ia.
Erickson, Ole, R. 2, DeWitt, Ia.
Espe, Lewis H., R. 1, c/o Ed Thornston, Thor, Ia.
Evenson, John, R. 1, Joice, Ia.
Feekes, Opie, R. 3, Box 43, Rock Valley, Ia.
Fitts, Frank L., c/o Mrs. Jose Mike, R. 7, St. Charles, Mo.
Fleenor, Seba, c/o C. J. Stoutner, R. 1, Keota, Ia.
Fleisher, Dean, c/o Mrs. Kate Arbogast, Crabbottom, Va.
Gerfen, Henry C., c/o Henry Meyer, Sheffield, Ia.
Geuder, William E., Box 281, Guttenburg, Ia.
Gibson, Edwin C., R. 2, Creston, Ia.
Godwin, Harold I., R. 1, Washington, Ia.
Girnstead, Owen S., Box 5, West Chester, Ia.
Gunter, William F., R. 2, Clyde, Kans.
Hauan, Alfred I., R. 1, Box 15, Thompson, Ia.
Heidbrecht, Arnold C., R. 1, Buhler, Kans.
Holm, Ludwig H., Frazee, Minn.
Hoss, Clifford J., R. 2, Box 40, Seward, Kans.
Huffman, John T., c/o Mrs. Susie H. Spears, R. 1, Friendsville, Tenn.
Israel, Alvin L., Ingalls, Kans.
Johnson, Everet A., c/o Mrs. Adele Jacobson, R. 2, Box 43, Esmond, N. D.
Johnson, Frank E., 1333 Tennessee St., Lawrence, Kans.
Johnson, Henry H., c/o And. E. Johnson, Warwick, N. D.
Johnson, Nels H., c/o Gust E. Erickson, R. 2, Gowrie, Ia.
Jones, Arthur J., 1201 Mack St., Charles City, Ia.
Jones, George L., Smith Center, Kans.
Kelly, Thomas J., 1318 Harrison Ave., Des Moines, Ia.
Knutson, Christian, R. 1, Ridgeway, Ia.
Larson, Torvald, Thor, Ia.
Lescoe, John H., 628 Auburn Ave., Chariton, Ia.
Linden, Earl L., 200 S. 18th St., Centerville, Ia.
Long, Arthur E., Dallas, Ia.
McClain, Harvey L., Newton, Ia.
Mahoney, Albert C., 522 E. 5th St., Liberal, Kans.
Mason, Charley, c/o Mrs. Sara Kirtz, 9912 Van Horn Rd., Independence, Mo.
Miller, Lloyd, Kalona, Ia.
Mills, Ira M., Sulphur Springs, Ark.
Mischke, Leo F., 4252 Crystal St., Chicago, Ill.
Mittan, Oscar H., c/o Claude F. Mitten, Norton, Kans.
Morrell, Ward D., R. 1, Hume, Mo.
Myers, Frank S., c/o John Myers, Centerville, Ia.
Neuberger, George L., R. 4, Ackley, Ia.
Newton, Bert R., Mt. Vernon, S. D.
Obrosk, Herman C., R. 4, Box 24, Mayville, Mich.
O'Connell, Ben, 617 York Ave., Chariton, Ia.
Offill, Chester F., R. 1, Monroe, Ia.
Otto, John E., Villa Grove, Ia.
Page, Will L., Springfield, Mo.
Papez, Mike, c/o Frank Papez, R. 2, Hector, Minn.
Pascoe, Vernon S., R. 1, Box 30, Chapin, Ia.
Peck, Floyd A., R. 3, Box 16, Seymour, Ia.
Primus, William B., R. 2, Wellsburg, Ia.
Purdy, Leslie D., Lakota, N. D.
Putnam, James A., R. 1, North Branch, Kans.
Rathmann, Edwin H., R. 1, Latimer, Ia.
Reinberg, Herman E., R. 1, Box 60, Garrison, Ia.
Reyhons, Edward C., R. 2, Solon, Ia.
Robinson, Howard C., 1937 Midland Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
Ryker, Charles H., c/o Fr. W. Smith, Aetna, Kans.
Schlieve, Charles F., Leeds, N. D.
Schreiber, William J., R. 4, Alma, Kans.
Schroeder, William H., R. 2, Sheffield, Ia.
Seever, Cecil C., R. 3, Smith Center, Kans.
Shepard, Ray E., R. 1, Russell, Ia.
Shular, Lester H., c/o Jno. G. Shuler, Broadwater, Nebr.
Snider, Clarence N., R. 1, Cincinnati, Ia.
Souder, Pearl D., R. 1, Plano, Ia.
Spriggs, Irwin L., Salem, Utah.
Staack, Peter H., Hawkeye, Ia.
Stanley, Harry A., R. 1, Box 53, Plevna, Kans.
Stickle, Benjamin, c/o Mrs. Van Fossen, R. 2, Shellsburg, Ia.
Stouffer, James C., R. 2, Britt, Ia.
Svatos, George A., R. 3, Solon, Ia.
Svingen, Gerhard O., R. 1, Esmond, N. D.
Talkington, Percy O., R. 2, Promise City, Ia.
Thomas, Ernest A., W. Van Buren St., Centerville, Ia.
Thompson, Ole., c/o Carl Thompson, R. 2, Kindred, N. D.
Thornton, Lee C., Oakville, Ia.
Tipton, Russell, Oxly, Mo.
Torgerson, Gunder F., R. 2, Leeds, N. D.
Wallace, Alexander H., 212 S. 11th St., Chariton, Ia.
Walter, Virgil W., R. 1, Dean, Ia.
Wells, Fred P., R. 7, Chillicothe, Mo.
Wells, Harry E., Ash Grove, Kans.
Whalen, Jerry T., Mystic, Ia.
White, Edward V., 1112 S. 15th St., Centerville, Ia.
White, Emmet L., R. 2, Solon, Ia.
White, Frank H., R. 1, Mansfield, Mo.
White, William R., c/o Dr. C. V. White, Carl Bldg., Independence, Mo.
Wilbur, Robert T., R. 4, Eldorado, Kans.
Winegar, Roy F., R. 1, Prairie City, Ia.
Woll, John W., R. 2, Merrill, Mo.
Woodruff, Walter N., Humeston, Ia.
Wright, Walter C., R. 3, LeRoy, Kans.
Wyatt, Walter T., 619 17th St., Des Moines, Ia.
Yoder, Ora P., R. 3, Wellman, Ia.

BATTERY C.

Potter, Arthur C., Capt., 4820 Capital Ave., Omaha, Neb.
Addison, James C., Lt., Nevada, Iowa.
Diome, Hermis F., Lt., Antigo, Wis.
Hansell, Forde, Lt., Haverford, Penn.
Hutchins, James C., Jr., Lt., 45 E. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.
Keator, Ben C., Lt., c/o Charles Webber, Deere & Webber Co., Minneapolis.
Young, Will A., Lt., 1019 Mapleton St., Boulder, Colo.
Anderson, Melville C., c/o Mrs. Angie Anderson, 2642 Bryant Ave., Minneapolis.
Arneson, Arnold, Corp., Wells, Minn. Box 298.
Bailey, Orrin L., c/o Mr. Lawrence Bailey, Monticello, Minn.
Bragg, Robert A., 3928 37th Ave. So., Minneapolis.
Brandt, Alfred M., Sgt., c/o George Harrison, 2401 Blaisdell Ave., Minneapolis.
Christianson, Axel A., Halstead, Minn. Box 15.
Douglass, Arthur C., Corp. Wray, Colo.
Fischer, George J., Sgt., 2819 E. 28th St., Minneapolis.
Gramstad, Leonard, Climax, Minn.
Gravrock, Alfred J., 1121 Washington St., N. E., Minneapolis.
Grossenburg, Leo L., Rock Valley, Iowa, R. 2.
Gutzman, August F., c/o William Gess, Odessa, Minn.
Hamer, Joseph F., Corp., New Prague, Minn.
Henkel, Daniel L., 2830 2d St. Brooklyn, Md.
Hoffman, Joseph T., Ireland, Ind.
Hence, Charles E., Corp., 913 Timea St., Keokuk, Iowa.
Huckins, Allison, Lancaster, Minn., RI.
Kimball, Lorenzo A., Sply. Sgt., 2870 Holmes Ave., Minneapolis.
Knaeble, Silverius P., Sgt., 515 Plymouth Ave. North, Minneapolis.
Montgomery, Alexander, 1608 5th St., North, Minneapolis.
Moriarty, Arthur, Mess Sgt., Redfield, S. D.
Mouw, Peter B., Corp., Sioux Center, Ia.
Murray, Arnett, Sgt., 1937 Fremont Ave. So., Minneapolis.
Chaver, Lafayette, Corp., 663 Sylvan Ave., Davenport.
Olson, Edward M., Corp., 235 Fuller Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Ott, Cecil C., Corp., Union Star, Mo.
Peterschmidt, George J., Corp., West Point, Ia., R. 3.
Peterson, Albert G., Buffalo, Minn.
Pouller, William F., Corp., 4920 Hiawatha Ave. South, Minneapolis.

(Roster, 337th F. A., Continued)

Purdham, Plummer P., Sgt., Robbinsdale, Minn.
Raff, Glen W., 2504 "L" St., Omaha, Neb.
Roberts, Charles B., Corp., Evans, Iowa.
Sagl, William, 306 16th Ave. So., Minneapolis.
Schuller, Edward N., Robbinsdale, Minn.
Schultz, John F., 508 Warren St., Peoria, Ill.
Sessing, Julius E., Sgt., Robbinsdale, Minn.
Steffens, Thomas G., 3029 3d Ave. So., Minneapolis.
Strom, Hohn, Corp., 2709 East Minnehaha Parkway, Minneapolis.
Suk, Charles J., Denham, Minn.
Swanson, Fred C., Sgt., Woodville, Wis., R. 2.
Swanson, Oscar H., Sgt., 1716 Tyler St. N. E., Minneapolis.
Taylor, Frank J., Corp., 530 West Dakota St., Spring Valley, Ill.
Thompson, Elmer O., Letcher, S. D.
Walsh, Frank D., 1st. Sgt., 3204 Elliott Ave. So., Minneapolis.
Weber, John C., Corp., Elma, Ia., Box 304.
Winiaszerwski, Theodore, Corp., 216 16th Ave. N. E., Minneapolis.
Wood, Leslie P., Corp., c/o Miss Mable Webber, Lacon, Ill.
Yelton, Lynn B., Corp., c/o Harry C. Yelton, Inland Supply Co., Danville, Ill.
Youngen, Albert J., Corp., 1507 University Ave. N. E., Minneapolis.
Zimmerman, Alexander M., Sgt., 3014 15th Ave. South, Minneapolis.
Abbas, Peter, c/o Hikke Abbas, Germania, Ia., R. 1.
Albertson, Bennie J., Knox, N. D.
Allie, Byrd E., Fowler, Ind., Lock Box 368.
Anderberg, Ivar O., c/o Rude Anderberg, Hulson, S. D.
Anderson, Alvin G., Stanhope, Ia.
Anderson, Elmer C., Hudson, S. D., R. 3.
Anderson, William C., Wall Lake, Ia.
Ashmore, Howard V. Cushing, Ia., R. 1.
Bailey, Albert A., 247 Glendale St., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Billings, Fred H., Arlington, S. D.
Brown, Fred A., Emmetsburg, Ia., R. 1.
Brown, John S., c/o Miss Sylvia Doran, 1812 Aldrich Ave. N., Minneapolis.
Bruns, Fred, Titonka, Ia., R. 1.
Burgeson, Roy G., Armstrong, Ia., R. 3.
Burns, Marsh H., Sac City, Ia.
Byrne, Perry, Dovray, Minn., c/o C. A. Ritter, Box 32.
Calhoun, William C., Algona, Ia., R. F. D.
Carson, Herbert C., 417 East 2d St., Webster City, Ia.
Caulfield, George F., Liberty, Kans. R. 2.
Clark, Charles M., 400 West Washington St., Colfax, Ia.
Clark, William, c/o Bert Carr, Swea City, Ia.
Cline, Albert L., Lewis, Kans.
Clingenpeel, c/o Allen Clingenpeel, Ute, Ia.
Coulson, Alva J., Burlington, Kans. R. 6.
Crabill, Fred P., Nprcatur, Kans., R. 1.
Dawson, Everett L., 417 Aldine Court, Kansas City, Mo.
Day, Charles O., Plainville, Ind., R. 1.
De Boer, Douwe, Jr., Alton, Ia., Box 335.
Dietz, William E., c/o Miss Marie Wahl, Helper, Utah.
Donovan, Charles, 1301 Kansas Ave., Atchison, Kans.
Doyle, William M., North English, Ia.
Duffy, James, Jr., Wall Lake, Ia., R. 3.
Dunnett, John W., Pyron, Minn.
Durham, Ira C., Half Way, Mo., R. 2, Box 44.
Durham, Izare M., Bolivar, Mo.
Ecklund, Harold, c/o Herman Oleson, Grantsburg, Wis., R. 1.
Ekern Elmer C., Kathryn, N. D., Box 17.
Engelke, Ernest, Ute, Ia.
Evans, Kelm L., Williams, Ia., R. 2.
Fjelstad, Christian, c/o Miss Minia Fjelstad, 776 Lincoln Ave., St. Paul.
Galbraith, Bert A., Algona, Ia., R. 4.
Giese, Emil, 1711 No. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Gleichman, Peter P., 3035 No. 18th St., Kansas City, Kans.
Cooke, Henry W., Elmore, Minn., R. 3.
Gryth, Iver E., c/o Albert Simmons, Pembina, N. D.
Haas, Jerome J., Inwood, Ia., R. 2.
Hainfield, Wilbert, Salix, Ia.
Halvorson, Henry, Lake Mills, Ia., R. 1., Box 28.
Hanson, George A., Odebolt, Ia.
Hargrove, Jesse D., Rushville, Mo., R. 1.
Hartwick, Walter B., 119 So. Springfield St., Anthony, Kans.
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Henderson, Henry L., Lake Mills, Ia., R. 1., Box 60.
Herrlein, Oswald T., Box 324 Kimhall, S. D.
Heumphreus, Elija D., Hawarden, Ia., R. 3.
Heyer, Ben., Kamrar, Ia., Box 103.
Hinderaker, Clarence, Radcliffe, Ia., R. 2, Box 70.
Hoff, Frank C., 1441 No. 20th St., St. Louis, Mo.
Hofman, Charley B., Center Point, Ind., R. 4.
Hojda, Albert A., Lebanon, Kans., R. 1.
Honeycutt, Windell L., Morrill, Neb., R. 3.
Hoon, Henry S., Jewell, Ia.
Hulterstrum, Henry L., Bancroft, Ia., R. 1.
Hultman, Carl J., Blakesburg, Ia., R. 3.
Immell, Lorenzia A., Bucklin, Kans., P. O., Box 285.
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Jensen, Martin R., c/o Walter M. Jensen, Gray, Ia.
Johnson, Earl H., Williams, Ia., Lock Box 94.
Johnson, Howard, Crystal Springs, N. D.
Johnson, Norris J., Savannah, Mo., R. 5.
Johnson, Peter, c/o John Mohlencamp, Ashton, Ia., Box 43.
Johnston, Lester, Ottumwa, Ia., R. 9.
Johnston, Robert H., Birmingham, Ia.
Judd, William R., Grantsville, Utah.
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Lande, Lewis A., c/o Bentley M. Lande, Huxley, Ia.
Lanning, James A., St. Joseph, Mo., R. 7.
Lappin, Grover T., c/o Charles N. Rowan, Webster City, Ia., R. 1.
Lappin, Harley, c/o Mrs. Mathilda Helmick, 847 Division St., Webster City, Ia.
Larson, Olin J., Buffalo Center, Ia., R. 1, Box 53.
Ltham, John H., Savannah, Mo.
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Luitjens, Henry, Ashton, Ia.
Lyman, Russell H., 254 Wabash Ave., Wichita, Kans.
McConnell, Claude, Maysville, Mo., R. 1.
McNeeley, John H., c/o Clifford R. Wright, 206 West Williams St., Ottumwa, Ia.
Macheledt, John, c/o Andrew Macheledt, Hector, Minn., R. 4., Box 25.
Mackay, Victor A., 410 West 6th St., Concordia, Kans.
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Miller, Harry F., c/o Joseph Kunzelman, St. Joseph, Mo., R. 1., Box 124.
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Mitchum, Ray, Delta, Ia., R. 2.
Monzel, George, Webster, So. Dak., R. 4, Box 50.
Moore, Arthur W., Eldon, Ia., R. 2.
Moore, Clare, Lawton, Ia., R. 2.
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Mortvedt, Benny, Radcliffe, Ia.
Mueller Herbert P., Burt, Ia., R. 1.
Noland, Elmer P., c/o Mrs. Etta Doyle, Ottumwa, Ia., R. 4., Box 19.
Nytroen, Barney, c/o Arthur Nytroen, Eastedge, N. D., Box 8.
Pickens, William G., Douds, Ia., R. 2., Box 66.
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Radina Joseph, Luray, Kans., R. 3., Box 39.
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Robison, Roy A., Birmingham, Ia., R. 2.
Rooksby, John H., Washington, Ill., R. 3.
Rosenkjar, Lars H., Ida Grove, Ia.
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Schultz, Fred B., Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada.
Seaman, James R., St. Joseph, Mo. R. 7.
Seeker, Earl, Waconia, S. D., R. 2.
Seeley, Walter L., Wolsey, S. D.
Shepard, Paul R., Pratt, Kans., R. 2.
Sivertson, Jonas, c/o Albert Krieger, Blairsburg, Ia., R. 1., Box 33.
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BATTERY D.

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2d Lt. H. C. Melcalf, Primghar, Iowa.
2d Lt. G. L. Newcomb, 730 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
1st Sgt. Arthur B. Johnson, 329 Plymouth Ave. N., Minneapolis.
Supply Sgt. David Bloom, 422, 1st Ave. N. Minneapolis.
Mess Sgt. Walter C. Garrett, 621 Johnson St., Minneapolis.
Sgt. Wm. S. MacMurdo, Elwood City, Pa.
Sgt. Edward B. Blomberg, 3125 Garfield Ave., Minneapolis.
Sgt. Lynne K. Doze, Humeston, Iowa.
Sgt. Rudolph Hoganson, 1902 Quincy St. N. E. Minneapolis.
Sgt. Theodore T. Holte, 2100 Dupont Ave. N., Minneapolis.
Sgt. Donald C. Lawrence, Wilbaux, Mont.
Sgt. Carl A. Lindbom, 3024 Bloomington Ave., Minneapolis.
Sgt. Robert E. McCarty, 3016 Knox Ave. N., Minneapolis.
Sgt. Henry A. Schroeder, 19 S. 8th St., Minneapolis.
Sgt. Robert A. Taylor, Grand Forks, North Dak.
Corp. Harold C. Bell, Arkansas City, Kans.
Corp. Benj. R. Bryan, Clio, Iowa.
Corp. Ray E. Downer, Muscatine, Ia. R. 3.
Corp. Geo. F. Fairbourn, 2898 S. 7th St. E., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Corp. Bert W. Fern, 217 Bates Ave., St. Paul.
Corp. Frank J. Geers, 1202 N. 9th St., Quincy, Ill.
Corp. Raymond G. Golinghorst, Dixon, Ia.
Corp. Chris O. Gunhus, Fosston, Minn.
Corp. Ernest G. Hoelscher, 569 Van Buren St., St. Paul.
Corp. Altie W. Johnson, Osceola, Mo.
Corp. Wm. B. Juillerat, Kenmore, Ohio.
Corp. Carl A. Lenz, Lacon, Ill.
Corp. John M. Leslon, 233 Humboldt Ave. N., Minneapolis.
Corp. Wm. J. Marshall, 3725 Compton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Corp. Lenny M. Orr, Conesville, Ia.
Corp. Wm. R. Stark, Bettehdorf, Ia.
Corp. James R. Thompson, 6328 Ind. Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Corp. Herbert J. Trost, Philo, Ill.
Corp. Julius Van Acker, Washington, D. C.
Corp. W. E. Ward, 1306 E. Washington St., Joliet, Ill.
Corp. George C. Wyland, Avoca, Minn.
Cook Adam Dandyan, 1825 E. Lake St., Minneapolis.
Cook Panos A. Frangos, 606 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis.
Cook Albert A. Hohenstein, Loretto, Minn.
Steve Nichols, 116 2d Ave., Minneapolis.
Chief Mech. Harry W. Nelson, 1415 Portland Ave., Minneapolis.

Chief Mech. Edward H. Horne, Chandler, Ariz.
Mech. John F. Anderson, 2213 Chicago Ave., Minneapolis.
Mech. Harry Holm, 2425 33d Ave. S., Minneapolis.
Mech. Charles E. McKay, Concordia, Kans.
Mech. Edwin H. Middagh, St. Charles, Minn.
Saddler Clarence E. Wagner, Donnellson, Ia.
Bugler Julius O. Hovelsrud, 1912 8th Ave. S., Minneapolis.
Bugler Ole L. Mohler, Bedford, Ia.
Wag. John H. Bultena, Lennox, South Dak.
Wag. John D. Dietz, Ringgold, Ga.
Wag. Herman C. Ehlers, Le Claire, Iowa.
Wag. Emil T. Giese, Walcott, Ia.
Wag. Wm. H. Hatfield, 1200½ E. 4th St., Muscatine, Ia.
Wag. Warren S. Highee, Silver Lake, Kans.
Wag. Garrett H. Hyink, Moline, Ill.
Wag. Carl F. Kruse, West Liberty, Iowa.
Wag. Wm. H. Lensch, 1925 Marquette St., Davenport, Ia.
Wag. Raymond R. Rohlfs, Eldridge, Iowa.
Wag. Peter A. Schneckloth, Jackson, Minn.
Wag. Fred Schultz, Peoria, Ill.
Wag. Leonard Stevenson, Scotland, South Dak.
Wag. Walter C. Treloar, Colton, South Dak.
Wag. Jacob D. Van Camp, 606 W. 5th St., Muscatine, Ia.
Wag. John Weiss, 2130 Queen Ave. N., Minneapolis.
Wag. Fred H. Wenger, Junction City, Kans.

1st Class Privates.

Carl E. Anderson, Planoa, Iowa.
Earl E. Benson, 517 Maple Ave., Muscatine, Ia.
Martin Bergie, Warwick, North Dak.
Vaino Bjork, 3209 43d Ave. S., Minneapolis.
Elmo L. Braden, Lomax, Neb.
Clarence R. Buckman, West Liberty, Ia.
Herbert Dietz, Walcott, Ia.
Carl C. Fabritz, Ottumwa, Ia.
Horace B. Fahrenkrup, Davenport, Ia.
Roscoe C. Fowler, 911 E. 7th St., Muscatine, Ia.
Alberto Gregory, Great Falls, Mont.
Kirk G. Grunder, Wilton Junction, Ia.
Carl F. Hansen, Davenport, Ia., R. 3.
Orvy E. Henderson, Savannah, Mo.
John W. Hurley, 5016 Florence Blvd., Omaha, Neb.
Herman Hyatt, Elkhart, Kans.
John W. Kempe, Miranda, South Dak.
Heman C. Kindler, 1239 Dale St., Muscatine, Ia.
Henry J. Kubesh, Olivia, Minn.
Louis Kvasnicka, Wakeeney, Kans.
Oscar R. McGhee, Doniphan, Mo.
Henry O. Mathews, Fontana, Kans.
Wayland R. Mathis, 712 5th St., Muscatine, Ia.
George F. Moorman, 1607½ Washington St., Davenport, Ia.
Aloysios J. Murphy, Larchwood, Ia.
Ben Nelson, 4606 Camden Ave., Minneapolis.
Leigh A. Pantel, Muscatine, Ia., R. 1.
Herbert F. Reichert, Muscatine, Ia., R. 1.
Edward Remmy, Lower Salem, Ohio.
John E. Roberts, Williamsburg, Iowa.
Fred G. Roth, Minooka, Ill.
Elwood Simmons, Rock Island, Ill.
Otto H. Smith, Fairfax, South Dak.
Ira C. Stender, Cumberland, Ia.
Nels G. Strom, Idaho Falls, Idaho.
Wm. A. Thiering, 3236 Rockingham Road, Davenport, Iowa.
Ernest C. Tomfeld, Letts, Iowa.
Seath G. Weis, Buffalo, Ia.
James R. West, Shelbyville, Mo.
Leon A. Wright, 838 8th St., Des Moines, Ia.
Clarence D. Wyckhoff, Cincinnati, Ia.

Privates.

George W. Allen, Lebo, Kans.
Fred E. Aull, 714 W. 8th St., Muscatine, Ia.
Russell W. Baker, Colfax, Ia.
Joseph Bergie, Warwick, North Dak.
Leon Bingham, Lake Andes, South Dak.
Ervin D. Bollhoefer, Laurel, Ia.
Henry L. Buchman, Council Grove, Kans.
Albert J. Burry, Victor, Ia.
Harry A. Cline, Lynneville, Ia.
Ralph R. Coe, Moorehead, Kans.

(Roster, 337th F. A., Continued)

Harvey Davis, Ottumwa, Ia.
Walter H. Drier, Davenport, Ia.
Earl H. English, Boswell, South Dak.
Harry L. Fryberger, Muscatine, Ia.
Ralph A. Fuller, Muscatine, Ia.
Edward F. Gill, Austin, Minn.
Henry Grasser, West Amana, Iowa.
Edward Harder, Wilton Junction, Ia.
Emmett H. Hargis, Chillicothe, Iowa.
Laddie G. Haskin, Sylvia, Kans.
William Helling, Fort Madison, Ia.
Elmer W. Highley, Le Roy, Kans.
Harold S. Holm, Arlington, South Dak.
Fred W. Johns, Bonaparte, Iowa.
Ralph Kierns, Lansing, Kans.
Clarence R. Kennedy, Mason City, Ia.
Albert G. Kline, Rosendale, Mo.
Ernest A. Koehler, Grafton, Ia.
Harry Kroeze, Orange City, Ia.
Albert J. Kruiger, Muscatine, Ia.
Vernon L. Leonhard, Muscatine, Ia.
Wm. E. Looby, St. Louis, Mo.
Rodman J. McManus, Daugherty, Ia.
Adolph G. Martz, Muscatine, Ia.
John W. Mendenhall, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Arthur Mills, New Boston, Ill.
Henry C. Mische, Great Bend, Kans.
Albert Moldenschardt, Dewitt, Iowa.
Irving S. Morey, Le Claire, Ia.
Blaine J. Morrison, Centerville, Ia.
Otis C. Needles, Centerville, Ia.
Newcomb, Frank J., Volunteer, S. D.
Poorbaugh, Samuel W., Farrer, Ia.
Puck, Gustav A., Davenport, Ia., R. 5.
Ralfs, Ben, Davenport, Ia., R. 2.
Roe, Louis F., Buffalo, Ia.
Schaefer, Charles, Davenport, Ia., R. 1.
Schleifer, Frank H., Buffalo Center, Ia.
Share, George A., Belle Plaine, Ia.
Steffenson, Laurs P., Seymour, Ia.
Steward, Hector, Bayard, Ia.
Studer, Aloysios, Carnarvon, Ia.
Subject, Henry S., Greenbush, Minn.
Terrell, Tim, South Ottumwa, Ia.
Tompkin, Walter C., Redfield, South Dak.
Trabares, George, Delagua, Colo.
Van Rheenon, Samuel, Pella, Ia.
Wade, Rollo C., 693 18th St., Des Moines, Ia.
Williams, Earl, Hugoton, Kans.
Williams, Johnson C., Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Wilson, Wm. H., Campaign, Ill.
Wiseman, Henry L., Agency, Iowa.
Worf, Francis S., Syracuse, Kans.
Youngers, Benj., Le Claire, Ia.

One-Time Members of the Battery.

(transferred on board the Sierra or in France.)
Medcalf, Clarence E., Sgt. Maj., 3609 Clinton Ave., Minneapolis.
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Noll, Frank A., Corp., Muscatine, Ia., R. 5.
Susank, Alfred, Wag., Hoisington, Kans.
Branch, Robert C., Wag., Creede, Colo.

Privates.

Bear, Mose W., Plano, Ia., R. 1.
Blanding, Olro N., Formosa, Kans.
Brisbine, Cardell J., Moline, Ill., R. 3.
Collins, Thomas C., Underwood, North Dak.
Evans, Bailey, 1530 Savanna Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.
Exline, John, Worthington, Mo.
Friedericks, Fred, 1531 W. Lucas St., Davenport, Ia.
Howard, Bertram D., Ireton, Ia.
Kessler, Fred L., Rock Valley, Ia.
McDonald, Wendell P., Cincinnati, Ia.
McIntosh, Clinton R., Monument, Kans.
Michals, Japser E., Norton, Kans.
Neihouse, Leo C., Clarksville, Ark.
Van Dolah, Fred C., Basil, Kans., R. 1.
Slaughter, Vernon W., Princeton, Ia.

BATTERY E.

Maxey, Jesse E., Capt., San Antonio, Texas.
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Gates, Frederick K., 1st Lieut., 500 E. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.
McManus, James R., 2nd Lieut., 1001 Morgan St., Keokuk, Ia.
King, Egbert H., 2nd Lieut., Danville, Ind.
Stillinger, Charles, 2nd Lieut., 620 Elm St., Moscow, Idaho.
Armstrong, George A., 2nd Lieut., 32 E. 61st St., New York City.
Ross, H. C., 2d Lieut., Grand Ave., Newburgh, N. Y.
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Hudak, John, Sgt., 1711 5th Ave. S., Minneapolis.
Whelan, Wm. D., Sgt., 914 3rd Ave. N., Minneapolis.
Jargstorf, Geo., Corp., Reinbeck, Ia.
Smith, Percy R., Pvt. 1st Cl., Central City, Nebr.
Swigart, Charles, Bugler, 836 Ave. A., Galesburg, Ill.
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Pederson, Hans A., Northwood, Iowa.
Shipley, Isaac C., R. F. D. No. 2, Birmingham, Iowa.
Shirlaw, Wm. H., Pvt. 1st Cl., Whatcheer, Ia.
Stanek, Thomas A., R. F. D. No. 1, Fort Dodge, Ia.
Zwald, Charles H., Corp., 3104 Cherokee St., Fort Madison, Ia.
Lemke, Wesley R., Cook, R. F. D. No. 1, Dows, Ia.
Molzen, August H., Pvt. 1st Cl., R. F. D. No. 1, Vinton, Ia.
Northcutt, Alger, Lynville, Ia.
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Durham, Donald, Fremont, Nebr.
Ford, Henry E., R. F. D. No. 3, Cement, Okla.
Schreier, Joseph, Alton, Ia.
Lahn, John F., Pvt. 1st Cl., Belle Plaine, Ia.
Young, Ralph L., R. F. D. No 4, Keota, Ia
Beacham, Guy T., Garden City, Kans.
Bruckbeck, Ole, Stuart, N. D.
Barrett, Taylor C., Albert St., Martinsburg, W. Va.
Strait, Walter L., Corp., Humboldt, Ia.
Vander, Waal, James, Pvt. 1st Cl., Pella, Ia.
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Bartholet, Frank T., Corp., Bird Island, Minn.
Lynch, Bert L., Pvt., R. F. D. No. 1, Grundy Center, Ia.
Knutson, Edw. C. P., Grafton, N. Dak.
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Steiner, Jos., J., Pvt., R. F. D., Claflin, Kans.
Sanford, Harry B., Hill City, Kans.
Myhres, Edwin, R. F. D. No. 5, Arlington, South Dak.
Ward, Theodore, Cook, Eddyville, Ia.
Boyle, Thomas P., Pvt. 1st Cl., R. F. D. No. 2, Oakdale, Ill.
Larson, Gunwell, A., Pvt. 1s Cl., Norway, Ia.
Weber, Andrew, Park, Kans.
Bruce, Carl L., 2nd St. S., Indianola, Ia.
Vratisovsky, Jos. W., R. F. D. No. 3, Tama, Iowa.
Wiese, Edward A., Keystone, Ia.
Meany, Richard W., Cook, Rose Creek, Minn.
Cavin, Leroy, Corp., R. F. D. No. 4, Caledonia, Minn.
Moline, Axel, Mech., 314 19th Ave. S., Minneapolis.
Vifquain, Victor D., Corp., R. F. D. No. 1, Belle Plaine, Ia.
Beyer, Alb. H., Washington St., Hampton, Ia.
Quaeyhaegan, Henry, R. F. D. No. 3, Many, Louisiana.
Kristiansen, Niels K., Pvt. 1st Cl., 1194 Bluff St., Cedar Falls, Ia.

(Roster, 337th F. A., Continued)

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Thornton, Charles C., Cammilla, Ga.
Stallman, Herman, Pvt. 1st Cl., Templeton, Ia.
Reazin, Raymond A., Pvt. 1st Cl., Macksville, Kans.
Green, Charles P., Corp., Henry, Ill.
Sulzbach, Manuel, Chief Mech., Cavalier, No. Dak.
Rice, Stuart E., G. D. Lyndon, Kans.
Koch, Gerald, R. F. D. No. 6, Hampton, Ia.
Douglas, Harry M., Pvt. 1st. Cl., Box 33, Miller, Ia.
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Lee, Henry O., R. F. D. No. 3, Box 100, Gary, Minn.
Gelling, Robert W., Pvt. 1st Cl., Frederick, S. D.
Bergland, Elmer O., R. F. D. No. 3, Lake Mills, Ia.
Swanke, Albert H., Pvt. 1st Cl., Augusta, Wis.
Bittner, Harry H., Coal City, Ill.
Patee, Claude E., Hallet, Kans.
Bannon, James E., Corp., 805 Jackson St., Peoria, Ill.
Smith, Louis J., 215 W. 5th St., Chanute, Kans.
Silvers, Clarence, R. F. D., Leighton, Ia.
Hollister, Lemuel, R. F. D. No. 1, Vayland, S. Dak.
Greaser, Lewis L., Corp., 1112 1st Ave., Vinton, Ia.
Stanton, Midge, 2419 Lafayette St., St. Joseph, Mo.
Souders, Benj. H., Eureka, Kans.
Reeves, Otho. F., Gen. Del., Atwood, Kans.
Wilson, Chas. B., Corp., Hugo, Mo.
Whittaker, Martin L., Pvt. 1st Cl., R. F. D. No. 3, Washington, Ia.
Ostmo, Gilbert G., R. F. D. No. 2, Kensett, Ia.
Small, Hazel D., Richmond, Ia.
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Wheelan, Frank N., Pvt. 1st Cl., R. F. D. No. 3, Washington, Ia.
Slawson, Harry E., Pvt. 1st Cl., R. F. D. No. 2, Rea, Mo.
Frandson, Wm., R F. D., Forrest City, Ia.
Troxell, Leon E., Pvt. 1st Cl., Jefferson, Ia.
Strickler, Luther M., Pvt. 1st Cl., Blockow, Mo.
Wilson, Aubrey C., Corp., Table Rock, Nebr.
Schoiten, John, R. F. D. No. 1, Boyden, Ia.
Campbell, Charles D., Corp., R. F. D. No. 3, Audobon, Ia.
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Small, Loy, R. F. D. No. 2, Birmingham, Ia.
Boden, John G., Pvt. 1st Cl., Cairo, Ia.
Burnett, Elmer, Meade, Kans.
Duke, Henry A., Corp., Valley, Wisc.
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Struve, Rudolph, Elberton, Ia.
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Myers, Daniel W., R. F. D., Edson, Kans.
Briney, Wm. L., Corp., Esterville, Ia.
Schoning, Richard, R F. D. No. 1, Chapin, Ia.
Anderson, Hans C., Sgt., 1043 Santa Fe Ave., Berkeley, Cal.
Burkle, Chris F., Pvt. 1st Cl., Ackley, Ia.
Hollerich, Joseph F., Corp., 300 E. Erie St., Spring Valley, Ill.
Cimmers, Bennie, Ackley, Ia.
Lewis, Everette V., Denton, Mont.
Menning, Ralph, R. F. D. No. 1, Alton, Ia.
Paulson, Carl C., Faxe, Denmark, Prasta Amt, Sjelland.
Felt, Geo. H., 41 E. 1st St. N., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Beemer, Orris A., Corp., R. F. D. No. 1, Hampton, Ia.
Agar, Emerson G., Pvt. 1st Cl., R. F. D. No. 1, Hannah, N. Dak.
James, Lee C., R. F. D. No. 3, Burden, Kans.
Aagaard, Tony S., Mech., Box 114, Elkhorn, Ia.
Denault, Antime, 379 Common St., Lawrence, Mass.
Beaver, Samuel, R. F. D., Manly, Ia.
Hammar, John R., Pvt. 1st Cl., 423 9th Ave. S., St. Cloud, Minn.
Bielefeld, Charles A., Pvt. 1st Cl., Goodell, Ia.
Prymeck, Homer W., R. F. D. No. 2, Ainsworth, Ia.
Birgelen, Walter M., Sgt., 3138 Elliott Ave., Minneapolis.
Campbell, Eugene L., Mech., Milan, Ill.
Humsey, Earl S., Codell, Kans.
Haberthier, Wm., Case, Mo.
Hawley, Geo., Aitkin, Minn.
Pottebaum, Frank J., Pvt. 1st Cl., R. F. D. No. 2, Alton, Ia.
Goddard, Ross, Belle Rive, Ill.
Smith, Fred R., De Kalb, Mo.
Slider, Lawrence A., Dewey, S. Dak.
Bliss, Fred G., Pvt. 1st Cl., Corning, Ia.
Epstein, Harvey H., Sgt., 500 Sutter Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Christensen, Hans N., P. O. Box 162, Latimer, Ia.
Emcke, Henry, R. F. D., Newhall, Ia.
Logsden, Willie, Pvt. 1st Cl., Stahl, Mo.
Church, James W., R. F. D. No. 2, Cylinder, Ia.
Fullerton, Leon T., Columbus Junction, Ia.
Berry, Lloyd L., Pvt. 1st Cl., R. F. D. No. 2, Vinton, Ia.
Hallie, Wm T., 1611 N. Joplin St., Pittsburg, Kans.
Brandon, Jerome T., Butler, Mo.
Snell, Elijah H., R. F. D. No. 4, Callao, Mo.
Fix, Louis F., Pvt. 1st Cl., R. F. D. No. 1, Atkins, Ia.
Sorenson, Otto, Sgt., 1918 Portland Ave., Minneapolis.
Thomsen, Thorvald, Newell, Ia.
Moe, Henry B., Leroy, Minn.
Brownlie, Earle, Corp., 721 E. 13th St., Davenport, Ia.
Stock, Percy J., Corp., 3533 Blaisdell Ave., Minneapolis.
Steele, Meryl V., Pvt. 1st Cl., 520 N. Iowa Ave., Washington, Ia.
Markham, Ellis, Alexander, Ia.

TRANSFERRED.

Tircher, Albert, Sgt., Trsfd. to Base Hospital, Knotty Ash Camp, England.
Zane, Alvie W., Mech., Trsfd. to Base Hospital 79, St. Andre, France.

FIRST CLASS PRIVATES.

Lytle, Charles R., Trsfd. to Base Hospital 30, Royat, France.
Holmes, Jesse, Trsfd. on USS Sierra.
Steele, Oliver S., Trsfd. on USS Sierra.

PRIVATES.

Barkley, James O., Trsfd. on board ship USS Sierra Jan. 19, 1919.
Claypool, Delos N., Trsfd. on board ship USS Sierra Jan 19, 1919.
Creabil, Arthur W., Trsfd. to Provisional Replacement Unit, Clermont Ferrand, France, Oct. 29, 1918.
Deroin, Louis, Trsfd. on USS Sierra.
Goings, Randall F., Trsfd. to Camp Hospital No. 2, Bordeaux, France.
Hackbarth, Leroy, Trsfd. on ship USS Sierra.
Hill, Howard H., Trsfd. on ship USS Sierra.
Ladd, Claude E., Trsfd. to Base Hospital No. 30, Royat, France.
Logan, Earl Z., Trsfd. to Camp Hospital, Bordeaux, France.
McMillan, George T., Trsfd. to Base Hospital No. 30, Royat, France.
Morrison, Frank D., Trsfd. to Base Hospital No. 30, Royat, France.
McTigue, Joseph L., Trsfd. to Base Hospital No. 30, Royat, France.
Stout, John W., Trsfd. to Base Hospital No. 30, Royat, France.
Warnock, John F., Trsfd. to Base Hospital No. 30, Royat, France.
Watts, Vernon S., Trsfd. to Base Hospital No. 30, Royat, France.
Wilmoth, Charles R., Trsfd. to Base Hospital No. 79, St. Andre, France.
Withem, Oliver T., Trsfd. on USS Sierra.
Wonsbeck, Martin, Trsfd. to Base Hospital No. 30, Royat, France.

DEATHS IN BATTERY E ABROAD.

Anderson, Peter H., Cook, died at Gerzat, France, Oct. 26, 1918.
Angel, Henry, Pvt., died at Base Hospital No. 30, Royat, France, Oct. 21, 1918.
Barton, Cliff, Pvt., died at Base Hospital No. 30, Royat, France, Oct. 16, 1918.
Bradley, James F., Pvt., died at Base Hospital No. 30, Royat, France, Oct. 21, 1918.
Crowder, Henry R., Pvt., died at Base Hospital No. 30, Royat, France, Oct. 27, 1918.
DeFord, Fletcher G., Pvt., died Oct. 21, 1918, at Gerzat, France.
Dickinson, William A., Pvt. 1st Cl., died at Base Hospital No. 30, Royat, France, Oct. 19, 1918.
Eckler, Robert, Pvt., died Oct. 23, 1918, at Gerzat, France.
Hammon, Clarence, Pvt., died Oct. 27, 1918, at Gerzat, France.
Reyelts, John H., Pvt., died at Gerat, France, Oct. 25, 1918.
Schneider, Max, Pvt., died at Base Hospital No. 30, Nov. 30, 1918.
Valvick, Ernest R., Pvt., died at Gerzat, France, Oct. 28, 1918.
Von Muenster, William, Pvt., died Oct. 26, 1918, at Gerzat, France.
Wesa, Arthur J., Pvt., died at Infirmary, Gerzat, France, Oct. 28, 1918.

BATTERY F.

Capt. Walter Kennedy, 27 Kenwood Parkway, St. Paul, Minn., Commanding.
Lt. William L. Hixon, Minneapolis, Minn.
Lt. A. G. Ueland, Minneapolis, Minn.
Lt. Elmer Cords, c/o David P. Jones & Co., McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
Lt. Edward Simonet, Stillwater, Minn.
Lieutenant Burgess.
Aarhus, Nels G., Corp., Borup, Minn.
Adams, Albert S., LeMars, Ia.
Alexanderson, Theo. C., Fullerton, N. D.
Anderson, Albin C., R. No. 2, Balsam Lake, Wis.
Bank, Chas., Corp., 1019 Bryant Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.
Barbaro, Edgar M., Sgt., 1147 Broadway, Paducah, Ky.
Bartlett, Charley L., Solon, Ia.
Beechyc, Peter L., Hancock, Mich.
Beck, Martin, Inka, Kans.
Bell, Merle J., 7 Riverview Crt., Davenport, Ia.
Bender, William H., New Hampton, Ia.
Beranek, Geo. C., 943 E. Davenport St., Iowa City, Ia.
Berg, Oscar C. H., Sgt., 1809 14th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
Berge, Osmund S., Corp., 760 E. Benton St., Morris, Ill.
Bersano, Joseph, Thayer, Ill.
Berwald, Walter E., Corp., 718 W. 7th St., Davenport, Ia.
Birrell, Robert B., 265 S. 11th W., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Black, David E., 6541 Campbell Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Blumer, Charlie W., R. No. 3, Unionville, Ia.
Bohler, Haaken, 1st Sgt., 1912 14th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
Boswitz, Sam D., Sgt., 110 Park Place, Venice, Cal.
Boulton, Glenn D., R. No. 3, Columbus Jct., Ia.
Brandon, Thos. H., Sgt., 3928 29th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
Bright, John H., Lineville, Ia.
Brittain, Fred H., Sedgwick, Kans.
Buchanan, Lee L., Corp., 4 Cottage Ave., Hamilton, Ontario, Can.
Burns, Lawrence A., 934 S. Linn St., Iowa City, Ia.
Buysse, Julius E., Corp., 5th St. & 3d Ave., Silvis, Ill.
Campbell, Howard, Gen. Del., Tacoma Wash.
Cannon, Gerald T., Corp., Brayton, Ia.
Carlson, Edwin S., 2115 29th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
Carpenter, James F., R. No. 4, Lebanon, Kans.
Chapman, Max, 334 S. Main St., Albia, Ia.
Cooper, Hubert, Seymour, Ia.
Croft, Scott, R. No. 2, Victor, Ia.
Cross, Jim B., R. No.5, Corydon, Ia.
Dedrick, Fred M., Alma, Nebr.
Dennis, Conrad L., Bucklin, Kans.
Dikken, Eddie, R. No. 1, Clara City, Minn.
Doonan, John J., 905 Stone St., Great Bend, Kans.
Edwards, LeRoy, R. No. 6, Chariton, Ia.
Egbert, Archie L., Lock Springs, Mo.
Ellsworth, Ray J., 312 S. 11th St., Aberdeen, S. D.
Estrada, Andrew, Massena, Iowa.
Evans, William, Sgt., 12 6th St. S., Great Falls, Mont.

(Roster, 337th F. A., Concluded)

Felkner, Arthur B., R. No. 3, Centerville, Ia.
Ferguson, Merle C., Panora, Ia.
Fisher, Wm. G., Sgt., 1214 8th St. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
Forgy, Glen, Centralia, Kans.
Gage, Louder H., Letts, Ia.
Galvin, Howard A., 123 N. Hendrick St., Fort Scott, Kans.
Garber, Harrison, Sgt., 436 Barker Ave., Peoria, Ill.
Geiger, Lester C., Corp., Mendota, Ill.
Gibbons, Rodney H., Elrose, Sask., Can.
Ginn, Charles W., 4301 18th Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
Goddard, John W., Ingalls, Kans.
Greene, Ira R., Columbus City, Iowa.
Greazel, Fred, R. No. 8, Iowa City, Ia.
Guy, Harry A., Leonardtown, St. Mary's Co., Md.
Hand, Cewe V., Corp., 504 Montana Ave., Peoria, Ill.
Hanson, Charley L., R. No. 2, Irene, S. D.
Hanson, Fritz W., Corp., R. No 2, Atlantic, Ia.
Harms, Henry A, 1405 S. Tower Grove Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Harvey, Harry A., R. No. 4, Fort Dodge, Ia.
Hawkins, Wm. E., Jerome, Iowa.
Hays, Cam L., R. No. 2, Moulton, Ia.
Heckethorn, Howard, Corp., Promise City, Ia.
Heilman, Henry, Harvard, Ia.
Heilman, Willie, Harvard, Ia.
Hendrick, Lawrence M., 319 W. 9th St., Stillwater, Okla.
Hendrickson, John, R. No. 1, Montevideo, Minn.
Hendry, Hugh L., 501 Landau Ave., Joliet, Ill.
Herrmann, Harry H., R. No. 1, Orange City, Ia.
Hesselschwerdt, Paul W., Corp., Box No. 112, Silvis, Ill.
Hills, Otto A., 109 Park Ave., Joliet, Ill.
Hirth, Geo. C., 1013 Garden St., Peoria, Ill.
Holman, Irvin W., 327 14th Ave., Clinton, Ia.
Horst, Hugo E., Choteau, Mont.
Horton, Albert L., 936 E. 21st St., Pittsburg, Kans.
Husby, John C., Box No. 45, Bucyrus, N. D.
Irwin, Leland B., Elwood, Ia.
James, Homer F., R. No. 3, Columbus Jct., Ia.
Jenks, Asael, Blackfoot, Idaho.
Jensen, Jorgen C., Box No. 188, Deer River, Minn.
Johnson, Frank J., Fertile, Minn.
Johnson, Otto T., 401 E. Lawrence St., Blackwell, Okla.
Jones, Harry, Derby, Ia.
Jones, Harry W., 1119 3d Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Jones, Lyman B., LaClede, Mo.
Jones, Raymond B., Lenora, Kans.
Jordahl, Odin J., Gonvick, Minn.
Jordan, John H., St. Charles, Mo.
Jungmann, Joseph B., Carbondale, Kans.
Kaliszewski, John, Thorp, Wis.
Kaely, Jesse, 842 S. 19th St., St. Joseph, Mo.
Keppler, Grant W., Corp., 619 N. Johnson St., Iowa City, Ia.
Kiene, Henry J., R. F. D. No. 3, Olpe, Kans.
Kinzer, Neil, Albion, Nebr.
Klaaren, Peter, R. F. D. No. 2, Eddyville, Ia.
Konstantakopules, Centerville, Ia.
Krutsinger, Harry C., R. F. D. No. 7, Chariton, Ia.
Lanning, Harry R., Gilmore City, Ia.
Larson, Knute, R. F. D. No. 3, Cheyenne, N. D.
Lauer, Harold B., Corp., 18½ Pine St., Long Beach, Cal.
Lee, Robert E., 512 Grover St., Muscatine, Ia.
Lensch, Arnold, New Liberty, Ia.
Leonard, Harold, Corp., 536 6th St., Chariton, Ia.
Lynch, Patrick A., 1031 Berger Ave., Kansas City, Kans.
McCarty, John J., 1702 Warford St., Perry, Ia.
McMahon, Hugh D., R. F. D. No. 3, Fort Dodge, Ia.
McQuaid, Charles J., 819 Rutland Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Mackey, Wm. W., Ransome, Kans.
Maiser, Albert G., Waconia, Minn.
Malmo, Gerald M., Sgt., 1114 17th Ave. No., Minneapolis, Minn.
Masear, Paul W., Paton, Iowa.
Martin, Walter A., R. F. D. No. 4, Lebanon, Kans.
Masters, Forrest, Oskaloosa, Iowa.
Mathieu, Roi P., Sgt., 135 14th Ave. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Middlekauff, Glen, Gibson, Ia.
Miller, John, R. F. D. No. 1, Washington, Ia.
Miller, Perry, R. F. D. No. 4, Correctionville, Ia.
Mitchell, Pierce, Corp., Maquoketa, Ia.
Molenburg, Joseph, R. F. D. No. 1, Tainter, Ia.
Moler, Clarence L., Garden City, Kans.
Morgan, Eldon M., Rose Hill, Ia.
Floyd, Maule, Keota, Ia.
Mosher, Albert E., Sgt., 2721 University Ave. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Murray, Charles R., Corp., Buffalo Center, Ia.
Nelson, Arthur O., 926 E. 24th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Nelson, Hans C., 1405 8th St., Superior, Wis.
Nilson, Benhard, R. F. D. No. 2, Fertile, Minn.
Nitchman, Peter F., 4432 Gibson Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Nyborg, Joseph, R. F. D., No. 1, Ruthven, Ia.
Rape, Harry F. L., Corp., Delmar, Ia.
Parker, Albert L., 1308 Kent St., Knoxville, Ia.
Pearson, Otto F., 1015 E. 22nd St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Peterson, Alfred, 2748 Dupont Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
Pederson, Clifford A., Nunda, S. D.
Pitzer, Leslie H., Pratt, Kans.
Plummer, Walter A., Sgt., 4375 Wooddale Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Preston, Ernest D., Eldorado, Kans.
Quinn, Matthew W., Williams, Ia.
Racker, Ira B., Lehi, Utah.
Regan, Leo, Whitetail, Mont.
Rhodes, Robert R., Duncombe, Ia.
Riggle, Allen E., Bridgewater, S. D.
Robertson, Delbert E., Athol, Kans.
Rocker, Wm. O., Ada, Minn.
Roper, Harry C., 406½ Court St., Beatrice, Nebr.
Rozeveld, Wiert, Orange City, Ia.
Rusch, Charles, Russell, Kans.
Russell, James A., Albemarle, N. C.
Savin, Sam M., 817 N. Fremont Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Serck, Christian N., Hudson, S. D.
Shelby, Charles E., Barnes City, Ia.
Smith, Fern W., Kensington, Kans.
Snyder, Jacob J., Osborne, Kans.
Stanbery, Coy, Derby, Ia.
Stevens, Ernest J., 315 20th Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.
Stevenson, Henry A., 518 S. W. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Stutville, Olin G., Overland Park, Kans.
Sutter, Christian, Paxico, Kans.
Swengel, Oscar E., Newton, Kans.
Swenson, Carl E., Watertown, Minn.
Sykes, Henry, Idaho Falls, Idaho.
Thompson, Robert E., Lone Rock, Ia.
Trussell, Samuel H., Orchard, Nebr.
Trzcinski, Anthony, 617 Trombley Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Tyson, Francis D., Edwardsville, Kans.
Whitacre, William O., Chillicothe, Mo.
Widener, William O., 299 S. Tremont St., Kansas City, Kans.
Wiersma, Johannas, Orange City, Ia.
Wright, Raymond N., Garden City, Kans.
Wyant, Carl, North English, Ia.
Zandbergen, Arie V., Orange City, Ia.
Zink, Mance, Meade, Kans.
Chizek, Joseph, Corp., 2009 14th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Roster of 339th F. A.

(PARTIAL)

FIELD AND STAFF.

Col. Samuel C. Vestal, Commanding, U. S. A.
Lt. Col. (Col.) Franc Lecocq, U. S. A.
Lt. Col. Harold DeF. Burdick, U. S. A.
Major W. B. Rosevear.
Major Robert C. Paine.
Capt. Arthur M. Risdon, Adjutant.
Capt. John E. Stevens, 1126 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis, Personnel Officer.
Capt. Richard J. Filius, Denver, Colo., Adjt. 1st Bn.
Capt. Wheelock Whitney, St. Cloud, Minn., Adjt. 2d Bn.
Capt. Holyoke Davis, St. Paul, Minn., Adjt. 3d Bn.
Capt. McClintock, Adjt., 3d Bn.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY.

Capt. Donald B. Gilchrist, Commanding.
Lt. Edward S. Decker, Minneapolis, Minn.
Lt. Neil O. Head.
Lt. Gustaf R. Nelson, Minneapolis, Minn.
Lt. Carroll E. Lewis.
Lt. Edward L. O'Connor.
Lt. Earl V. Paulson, Minneapolis, Minn.
Lt. Thomas J. Hughes.
Lt. Helmer.
Lt. Rudolph.
Lt. Trump, Canton, O.
Lt. Hickenlooper.
Allensworth, James E.
Ash, William E., Pvt.
Bachelder, George O., Mus. Fc.
Baker, Edward V., Pvt.
Barnett, Jacob, Pvt.
Barnhouse, Charles L., Bnd. Sgt.
Barnhouse, Herbert W., Mus. 1st Cl.
Bell, Franklin N., Sgt.
Brand, Rube C., Mus. Tc.
Brightwell, Harold O., Mus. Tc.
Bruecceman, George, Pvt.
Cain, Ralph M., Mus. Sc.
Callahan, Tom, Cpl.
Cash, William R., Pvt.
Cassil, Rodney T., Wag.
Chamberlain, Harold C., Cpl.
Cuka, Frank J., Pvt.
Dalziel, William A., Bnd. Sgt.
Dalziel, John B., Sgt.
Davis, Ernest M., Mus. Fc.
Day, Ruben E., Pvt.
Dick, Virgil E., Cpl.
Dickson, Elmer, Mus. Sc.
Diffenderffer, Archie A., Mus. Sc.
Edmunds, Gene S., Pvt.
Fitzsimmons, Harold J., Mus. Tc.
Finch, James G., Cpl.
Garner, Harry, Sgt.
Gatton, Cloid, Mus. 1st Cl.
Hagerty, Robert J., Pvt.
Hazelrigg, Edward J., Pvt.
Helmcamp, Robert M., Mus. Tc.
Hobgood, Homer L., Pvt.
Horan, Francis B., Mus. Tc.
Houdek, Carl F., Cpl.
Hyams, Francis H., Pvt.
Jackson, Walter J., Pvt.
Janke, Erwin O., Pvt.
Johnston, James W., Mus. Fc.
Jones, Earl J., Bnd. Sgt.
Julius, Walter E., Reg. Sgt. Maj.
Kubit, Joe, Sgt.
Lacock, George, Asst. Bnd. Ldr.
Leachman, Boyd E., Pvt.
Lestrud, Clarence A., Pvt.
Lien, Elmer B., Sgt.
Maddox, Harold A., Cpl.
Maitre, John, Mus. Sc.
Marsden, Clyde, Cpl.
Marshall, Walter R., Pfc.
Martin, Walter E., Sgt.
Mathews, Benjamin H., Bug.
McCormick, Johnston E., Pvt.
McCoy, Ralph, Cpl.
McDonald, Ollie, Pvt.
McGuire, James J., Sgt.
Metcalf, Glen A., Mus. Fc.
Miller, Arthur F., Bn. Sgt. Maj.
Mitchell, Francis C., Sgt. Bug.
Moss, Erastus B. W., Pvt.
Naken, Louis, Bnd. Cpl.
Ohlson, Edgar A., Mus. Tc.
Orten, Maurice D., Pvt.
Parmley, Joseph, Pvt.
Paul, Earl S., Pvt.
Pedersen, Thorald N., Sgt.
Penney, Ray K., Mus. Sc.
Powers, Frank C., Cpl.
Price, Herschel D., Mus. Sc.

Pruitt, John, Pvt.
Ranch, Arnold, Sgt.
Ruckman, Fred A., Wag.
Seefeldt, George F., Pvt.
Seifert, Ernest J., Pvt.
Severns, Clyde A., Cpl.
Shepherd, Ralph, Cook.
Sherman, Henry W., Mus. Fc.
Silvey, Evert, Pvt.
Smille, George R., Pvt.
Snedaker, Howard E., Mus. Sc.
Stille, Jacob J., Mus. Tc.
Stokesbury, Jess C., Cpl.
Tanna, John A., Mus. Sc.
Thompson, Earl B., Mus. Sc.
Troutman, Jeremiah F., Wag.
Webster, William, Pfc.
Weller, Paul O., Mus. Sc.
Wescott, Clarence L., Pvt.
Wetzstein, Emanuel A., Pvt.
Wilson, James H., Cpl.
Worm, Gilbert W., Pvt.
Wright, William F., Col. Sgt.
Wyrick, Ody W., Pvt.
Young, Orville C., Pfc.

SUPPLY COMPANY.

Capt. Oscar L. May, Commanding.
Lt. Edward H. Keating (Air Service), Minneapolis, Minn.
Lt. Fred M. Higley.
Lt. Collins, Ord. Detch.
(Complete Roster of Supply Co. Not Available.)

MEDICAL DETACHMENT.

Major Byers, M. C., in charge.
Lt. Loren L. Fowler.
Lt. Hale.
Lt. Stanton L. Sherman, D. C.
(Complete Roster of Medical Detch. Not Available.)

BATTERY A.

Capt. Lawrence G. Tighe, Boston, Mass., Commanding.
Lt. Verne Collinge, Aberdeen, S. D.
Lt. Bales.
Lt. Malone.
Lt. Henry W. Campbell.
Lt. Marion A. Shaw.
Lt. Willis F. Whittaker.
(Complete Roster of Battery A Not Available.)

BATTERY B.

Capt. Walter E. Turner, Commanding.
Lt. Ben H. Briscoe, Fort Gibson, Miss.
Lt. Garrett.
Lt. McDermott.
Lt. Barker.
(Complete Roster of Battery B Not Available.)

BATTERY C.

Capt. Kendall Winship, Commanding.
Lt. Elliott C. Dick, Minneapolis, Minn.
Lt. Richard R. Cook.
Lt. Bragg.
(Complete Roster of Battery C Not Available.)

BATTERY D.

Maul, Earl C., Captain, 408 Oak St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Ingersoll, Phelps, 1st Lieut., 425 Portland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Jensvold, John D., 407 Palladium Bldg., Duluth, Minn.
Loeb, Julian S., 2d Lieut., 669 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Balch, Myron C., 2d Lieut., 3209 2d Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Fairfield, Roland J., 1st Lieut., 400 1st St. No., Minneapolis, Minn. (Assigned to Battery C.)
Davis, Holyoke, Captain, St. Paul, Minn. (Assigned adjutant 2d Bn.)
Jennett, Edward J., 2d Lieut., Streator, Ill.
Nelson, Martin V., 2d Lieut., Portland, Ore.
Bragg, Peter N., 2d Lieut.
MacDuffie, Francis M., 2d Lieut.

Sergeants.

Ragan, Samuel C., 1st Sgt., Sigourney, Ia.
LeBrock, Russell, Supply Sgt., 915 University Pl., Burlington, Ia.
Bell, Franklin, Truck Sgt., Chariton, Ia.
Miller, Benjamin F., 2d Gun Sec., Osceola, Ia.

(Roster, 339th F. A., Continued)

Foster, Lyle H., Corrector Sgt., Osceola, Ia.
Houdek, Earl E., Instrument Sgt., Sigourney, Ia.
McGinn, William J., Hq. Sgt., Chatsworth, Ill.
Love, George O., 1st Gun Sec., Albia, Ia.
Moore, Ross W., 3d Gun Sec., Macedonia, Ia.
Nanke, Henry W., 4th Gun Sec., What Cheer, Ia.
Nay, Noble E., Signal Sgt., Rogersville, Mo.
Mitchell, John, Mess Sgt., 1008 S. 18th St., Centerville, Ia.
See, Ross E., 4th Gun Sec., 619 37th St., Des Moines, Ia.

Corporals.

Curtis, Glenn, Chariton, Ia.
Van Dyke, Chester F., Ursa, Ill.
Windler, Elmer, 1613 Exchange, Keokuk, Ia.
Vancil, Henry, Cold Springs, Mo.
McQuern, Flody E., Osceola, Ia.
Hall, Bert L., 1503 W. Olive St., Springfield, Mo.
Flesher, Gail C., 1104 E. 6th St., Trenton, Mo.
Trout, George M., Birmingham, Ia.
Seydel, Harry W., Harper, Ia.
Bigford, Frank A.
Hicks, Max C., Stronghurst, Ill.
Coberley, Oscar L., Jamesport, Mo.
Marshall, Edward H., Willard, Mo.
Bensmiller, Henry P., Sigourney, Ia.
Robertson, Robert L., 620 Vermont St, Lawrence, Kans.
Oakes, John A., 203 Oak St., Augusta, Kans.
Davis, Blaine, 216 Drake Ave., Centerville, Ia.
Staats, George W., Wapello, Ia.
Thomas, Harry C., Cassville, Mo.
Winter, Ernest R., Wapello, Ia.
Herman, Walter, Maxwell, Ia.
Shafer, Hubert I., Kinross, Ia.
Rubio, Andrey, R. 2, Bx. 370, Los Angeles, Calif.
Webb, John F., McFall, Mo.
Kime, William R., Richland, Ia.

Mechanics.

Goldizen, Claude N., Kalispell, Mont.
McClurkin, Keith, Morningsun, Ia.
McGarvie, John J. Bennett, Ia.
Inman, William S., Stevensville, Mont.
Sampson, Edward J., Calamus, Ia.

Cooks.

Shepherd, Ralph, Drakesville, Ia.
Schindler, Ralph, Pulaski, Ia.
McManus, John M., Albia, Ia.
Panas, Steve, Van Horn Hotel, Bismarck, N. D.
Moritz, Walter, Dana, Ia.

Wagoners.

Cassil, Rodney T., 1012 Central Ave., Joplin, Mo.
Hansen, Ferdinand A., Blairstown, Ia.
Hosman, Emil C., Hickory, Mo.
Johnson, A. W., Kansas City, Mo.
Kittleman, C. R., Antioch, Nebr.
Kutz, O. A., Lexington, Nebr.
Larson, Lewis, Callendar, Ia.
Lose, Paul G., Princeton, Mo.
Morris, John W., 1600 Buchanan St., Des Moines, Ia.
McMahan, Fern H., Jamesport, Mo.
Moore, Daniel, Otis, Kans.
Messenger, Roscoe R., Kingman, Kans.
Miller, Glen G., Stockport, Ia.
Rasmussen, Arthur, 532 Bluff St., Council Bluffs, Ia.
Reichley, J. G., Wamego, Kans.
Royse, J. M., Dodge City, Kans.
Ruckman, Fred A., Hatfield, Mo.
Raynard, Fred L., Ashgrove, Mo.
Schrader, Garry W., Hawkeye, Ia.
Sexton, J. H., Fall River, Kans.
Tone, Thomas T., Grinnell, Ia.
Wilcox, Irving F., Trenton, Mo.

Saddlers.

Peck, C. W., Rogersville, Mo.

Privates, First Class.

Andre, Herber F., Tipton, Ia.
Bridges, William E., Elijah, Mo.
Cole, Farrie L., R. 4, Princeton, Mo.
Cotton, Columbus, Ava., Mo.
Callahan, B. S., Arditta, Mo.
Cambruzzi, Antonio, Hocking, Ia.
Decker Frank, Bunker, Mo.
Davis, Charles E., R. 4, Seymour, Mo.
Ellion, Michael, 79 Centennial Ave., Reviere, Mass.
Hedgecoth, C. A., Leadwood, Mo.
Holden, Ira E., Peace Valley, Mo.
Herzog, Edward H. A., Farmington, Mo.
Heskett, Verne L., Pulaski, Ia.
Gott, Reggie, Roy, Mo.
Lemkuhl, E., Oran, Ia.
Landes, Carl D., Jameson, Mo.
Lee, Martin J., 3206 Juliet St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lawson, C. V., Marshfield, Mo.
Lea, Louis H., Fordland, Mo.
McCann, Clarence, Osceola, Ia.
Meador, Daniel B., Monett, Mo.
Mendenhall, W. I., Bunker, Mo.
Nickle, Earl, Purdy, Mo.
McKee, Roy, Purdy, Mo.
Nelson, C. H., 623 York St., St. Paul, Mo.
Nelson, J. H., Regent, N. D.
McReynolds, Harry, Richland, Ia.
Olson, A. J., Sterling, N. D.
Palmer, Logan, Thayer, Mo.
Ness, I. N., Sentinel Butte, N. D.
Peterson, Tobias, c/o T. Erickson, Forest City, Ia.
Peterson, Mark H., 729 W. Kearney St., Springfield, Mo.
Place, George, Independence, Mo.
Rutledge, G. E., Piedmont, Mo.
Shepherd, B. A., 3005 Myrtle Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Stark, E. H., 1029 LeClair Ave., Swissvale, Pa.
Spencer, Martin, Broken Bow, Nebr.
Snell, Purl H., Maryville, Mo.
Storeng, E. C., Blue Grass, Mo.
Templin, Merl R., Friend, Nebr.
Thompson, R. A., Beach, N. D.
Tinnen, Hugh O., Ravanna, Mo.
Tibbetts, Ross, Trenton, Mo.
Tabbe, A. C., Corwith, Ia.
Williams, M. L., Verona, Mo.
Widener, Albert V., West Plains, Mo.
Williams, Leslie T., Moville, Ia.
Stephens, W. O., Scholten, Mo.
Nystrom, Nels M., Council Grove, Kans.
Robertson, Harold C., 1250 Windsor Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Steiner, Fred, Mott, N. D.
Tebben, Andrew, Auburn, Ia.
Teaford, Shirley W., Unionstar, Mo.
Thayer, A. B., Castana, Ia.
Yancey, Talmage, Flat River, Mo.

Buglers.

Walrod, Floyd E., Lake View, Ia.
Konzen, Peter J., Farley, Ia.
Fauscett, J., Marshfield, Mo.

Privates.

Albert, Charles, E. Main Rd., Tiverton, R. I.
Bale, V. W., Newton, Ia.
Banks, John, Atkinson, Minn.
Bayz, George H., Trenton, Mo.
Bean, Otis T., Thomasville, No. Car.
Bean, Ernest H., Statesville, No. Car.
Bell, George E., Pattonsburg, Mo.
Booth, Claude R., Gallatin, Mo.
Drake, Donal F.
Brummett, William F., Rome, Mo.
Bothwell, Floyd E., Broken Bow, Nebr.
Bryson, Harry A., Summersville, Mo.
Campbell, Otho T., R. 1, Norwood, Mo.
Carter, Homer R., R. 4, Trenton, Mo.
Christiansen, Henry, Story City, Ia.
Clem, Luther, Brandsville, Mo.
Daniels, Emory L., Niobe, N. Y.
Day, Ruben, Bemis, Tenn.
Edwards, Eugene, Correctionville, Ia.
Gebhardt, John W., Osborne, Mo.
Goff, Charles W., Oakland, Ia.
Craven, James E., Competition, Mo.
Ellison, Ernest, Roy, Mo.
Griffin, Dale M., Trinidad, Colo.
Gray, Riley, Chadwick, Mo.
Haggard, Ben., R. 7, Springfield, Mo.
Hailey, Sumner P., Guild, Mo.
Hanson, Harry, Everest, Kans.
Hansen, Charles H., Weston, Ia.
Hausmann, John F., Odebolt, Ia.
Hunt, Delbert R., Swea City, Ia.
Jones, Frank E., Lytton, Ia.
Kaster, Loney H., Smallett, Mo.
King, Solomon, West Eminence, Mo.
King, Warren H., Nashua, Ia.
Kiss, William C., 1225 N. Mill St., Pontiac, Ill.
Kramer, Walter P., 69 Harris St., North Adams, Mass.
Loder, Emil, West Bend, Ia.
McAllister, Arthur, R. 8, Trenton, Mo.
McCormack, W. C., Alley, Mo.
McWaid, Alber A., R. 5, Trenton, Mo.
Martin, Ely, Spickard, Mo.
Massacar, Clifton, Steele, N. D.
Mayne, Roscoe J., Ledyard, Ia.
Miller, Ed., R. 1, Princeton, Mo.
Morris, Albert, Pontiac, Ill.
Munsen, Frank, Correctionville, Ia.
O'Donnell, Thomas J., Lone Rock, Ia.
Osterhout, Ernest S., Wibeaux, Mont.
Palm, George, 17 N. Railroad Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Parsley, Franklin, R. 4, Springfield, Mo.
Petty, Egbert L., 209 S. 5th Ave., Jamestown, N. D.
Poen, Hika, Carnarvon, Ia.
Rickford, Albert, Jessie, N. D.
Schulte, Fred, Breda, Ia.

Shipman, Rubin, Chadwick, Mo.
Smillem, George R., 714 Lincoln St., Springfield, Mo.
Smith, Homer C., Conway, Mo.
Smith, James E., Pansy, Mo.
Smith, William M., Swea City, Ia.
Smith, John B., Washburne, N. D.
Spanier, Cornealius J., Williams, Ia.
Steinhilber, Conrad, Renville, Minn.
Stenberg, Charles, Radcliffe, Ia.
Stephenson, Henry, Elliott, N. D.
Strickland, Ray, Gridley, Kans.
Studer, Clemens T., St. Benedict, Ia.
Swartz, Paul, Friend, Nebr.
Traxler, Mike A., West Plains, Mo.
Trustem, Cul C., Northwood, Ia.
Veland, Lauritz, Robinson, N. D.
Walheim, Andreas A., Mott, N. D.
Wink, Fred C., Holstein, Ia.
Yates, Will K., West Plains, Mo.
Minich, Jacob, Friend, Nebr.

BATTERY E.

Capt. Tom W. McClelland, Commanding, Davenport, Ia.
Lt. Leonard B. Allison.
Lt. Thomas M. Manchester.
Lt. Harvey F. Nelson.
Lt. Hill.
Lt. Isaacson.

(Complete roster of Battery E not available.)

BATTERY F.

Hudson, Donald K., Captain, 2120 Lake of the Isles Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn.
Graham, Homer D., 1st Lieut., Montrose, O.
O'Brien, Daniel J., 1st Lieut., 1156 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Paden, Charles J., 2d Lieut., 1810 Calvert St., Washington, D. C.
Hornsberger, Wm., 2d Lieut., Ashland, Nebr.
Fitzgerald, Wm., 2d Lieut., Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Rieger, George, 2d Lieut., 2646 N. Sawyer Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Peterson, Leonard, 2d Lieut., 4903 W. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.
White, Chas. I., 1st Sgt., Oakland, Ia.
Elkins, Norville F., 1st Sgt., Benoit, Ala.
Igou, Tom N., Supply Sgt., 403 S. Penn Ave., Mason City, Ia.
Grossman, Chas. W., Mess Sgt., 107 N. High St., Jackson, Mo.

Sergeants.

Anderson, Merrill W., 1608 W. Main St., Knoxville, Ia.
Pryor, Samuel C., 1300 Avenue L, Council Bluffs, Ia.
Rector, Wm. C., 315 D Ave., East Albia, Ia.
Monroe, Burell L., Wildon, Ia.
Robinson, Ernest A., Knoxville, Ia.
Sheil, Chas. H., Maloy, Ia.
Webber, Daniel T., 3300 Garretson Ave., Sioux City, Ia.
Monical, Daniel H., 334 Bartlett St., Poplar Bluff, Mo.,

Corporals.

Bodine, Clarence L., Marston, Mo.
Bohannon, Gilbert J., Matthews, Mo.
Burky, David, Mt. Pleasant, Ia., R. 7.
Cox, John W., Troy, Mo., R. 5.
Collins, Guy R., Newtown, Mo., R. 2.
Devis, Gilger E., Superior, Iowa.
Devaney, Francis, Cascade, Ia.
Frederickson, Lee O., Boxholm, Ia.
Forgery, Thomas G., Camden, Ind.
Gervig, Frederick R., Louisiana, Mo.
Harrison, Ernest W., 417 W. Roy St., Seattle, Wash.
Hoffman, Robt. H., E. 4th St., Mendota, Ill.
Johnson, Wilber E., Cherokee, Ia., R. 3, Box 63.
Kugler, Henry W., Wayne, Nebr.
Kramer, Alfred, 7260 N. Taylor Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Langenohl, Harry L., 2910 Eads Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

(Roster, 339th F. A., Concluded)

Moeller, Joseph I., 1427 E. 9th St., Des Moines, Ia.
Reynolds, S., Lohrville, Ia.
Rybolt, Clarence L., Winfield, Mo., R. 1.
Round, Lester L., Blockton, Ia.
Singleton, Glen O., Richland, Ia.
Taft, James, Jr., Danville, Ia.
Thompson, Lowell D., Salem, Ia.
Wyant, Emerson D., Howard, Kans.
Whittelshofer, Ira S., 5706 S. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mechanics.

Webster, Roy E., Chief, Bedford, Ia.
Zutavern, Louis J., Chief, Great Bend, Kans.
Axelton, Clarence M., Graittinger, Ia.
Bowers, Grant W., 2d Ave., North Cresco, Ia.
Witt, Otto W., 504 Shawnee St., Leavenworth, Kans.
Ericson, Eric O., Ft. Dodge, Ia.
Burky, Edward, Mt. Pleasant, Ia.

Cooks.

Diacos, Nick D., Care Grill Cafe, Glendive, Mont.
Jaynes, Alvie T., Lovalle, Mo.
Kappeli, Hans, Camp Dodge, Ia.
Smith, Glen H., Hamburg, Ia.

Barbers.

Hobgood, Homer L., East Prairie, Mo.
Roberts, Marvin, Farmington, Mo.

Privates.

Arence, John H., 309 1st Ave. So., Fargo, N. D.
Adams, Mart D., Phelps City, Mo.
Anderson, Ernest C., 647 Ontario St. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Agostinello, Donato, Beach, N. D.
Buel, Merton G., McIntosh, S. D.
Bittner, John J., Wellston Sta., St. Louis, Mo., Box 100, R. 29.
Beckering, Jodokos, Troy, Mo.
Berg, John J., Sentinel Butte, N. D.
Bonney, Wm. F., Lesterville, Mo.
Burnett, Leslie, Louisiana, Mo.
Baker, Albert, Kerney, Mo.
Ball, Francis M., Farmington, Mo., R. 5.
Blankenship, Oliver P., Frima, Mo.
Bradford, Chas. N., Benton, Tenn.
Becker, Anthony P., Easton, Minn.
Pettit, Chester S., Limesprings, Ia.
Berg, Victor J., Viroqua, Wis., R. 2.
Banfield, Harold E., 311 College Ave., Ithaca, N. Y.
Brissette, Benj. B., 4062a LaClede Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Campbell, Cavette V., Fredonia, Ky., R. 3, Box 12.
Christy, Joseph D., Browning, Mo.
Cureton, John H., New Madrid, Mo.
Catron, Matt A., Parma, Mo.
Conley, Chas. E., Leadwood, Mo.
Crouch, Willie M., Platte City, Mo., R. 1
Campbell, Joe R., Overland R. F. D. 28, St. Louis, Mo.
Clickler, Geo., 115½ Georgia St., Louisiana, Mo.
Dorherty, Wm. J., Wing, N. D.
Donner, Albert A., Desart, N. D.
Duley, Harry B., Sheldon, N. D.
Denton, Jesse B., Freemont, Mo.
Davis, Lawrence, Lisbon, N. D., R. 3.
Denton, Julius W., Freemont, Mo.
Donnelly, Joe, Neola, Ia.
Dooner, Bernard J., Galva, N. D.
Dekaria, Tony, Jamestown, N. D.
Elder, Ross A., Box 498, Beach, N. D.
Elbert, Charlie E., Whittemore, Ia., R. 2.
Erdman, Theodore R., Sentinel, Butte, N. D., R. 1.
Even, Hubert F., Loose Creek, Mo., R. 1.
Frochlich, Jno., Necedah, Wis.
Firth, Arthur W., Buchanan, N. D.
Felice, Pieruccioni, 544 Sibley St., St Paul, Minn.
Fuller, Frank I., Milan, Ind.
Finkle, James L., Lisbon, N. D., R. 1, Box 32.
Frazier, Ralph E., Ellsberry, Mo.
Gaffney, Robt. J., 354 W. 58th St., New York City.
Geders, Jos. J., 2116 Sidney St., St. Louis, Mo.
Granneman, Elwood H., 2174 Louise, Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Halverson, John H., 406 Center Ave., Decorah, Ia.
Head, Chas. W., Parma, Mo., Box 334.
Hiller, Jos., Jr., 6707 Minnesota Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Houchins, Chester T., Louisiana, Mo.
Harvey, Walter E., Royal Center, Ind.
Huitt, Wm. T., Lesterville, Mo.
Hanson, John, 2224 W. North Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Hulshop, Henry B., Portageville, Mo., R. 7.
Hancock, Walter D., Dorrisville, Ill.
Hughes, Richard J., 21 Newman St., San Francisco, Calif.
Hackmeister, Chas., Florissant St., R. F. D. 35, St. Louis, Mo.
Hanes, Edwin L., Long Prairie, Minn., R. 2.
Isaacson, John, Bismarck, N. D.
Jenson, Norman, Bowling Green, Missouri.
Jones, Torry, 316 N. 6th St., Louisiana, Mo.
Keller, Eugene, 637 S. 10th St., Terre Haute, Ind.
Kuhnle, Geo. D., 1157 24th St., Des Moines, Ia.
Kilroy, John W., 3102 Magnolia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Kersey, Fred, 407 S. 1st St., Marshalltown, Ia.
Kalberer, Jacob M., Salem, N. D.
Kinker, Andrew G., Anglum, Mo., R. 38.
Knoll, Fred W., 2132 Louise Ave., Wellston, Mo.
Kelly, Owen, Butte, Mont.
Kelly, John R., Regent, N. D.
Kleiter, Frank, Tappen, N. D.
Langford, Ira L., Foley, Mo.
Lauer, Edwin J., Cherokee, Ia.
Lovelano, Walter B., 314 W. 6th St., Sedalia, Mo.
Lutz, Anton, Mott, N. D.
Leopold, Albert F., Woolstock, Ia.
Last, Gerard, Windsor, N. D.
Leopold, John A., Medina, N. D.
Layer, Fred P., New Florence, Mo.
Layton, Clayton J., 1011 W. Main St., Jamestown, N. D.
McGlinchey, James P., Aledo, Texas.
McGee, Joseph T., Ellsberry, Mo., R. 1.
Moberly, Achillus B., Rm. 8, Union Sta., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mawhinney, John, Mildway, Canada.
MaMackin, Thos. A., Beaman, Mo., R.1.
Mitchell, James C., Gray, Sask, Can.
McMillion, Pete, Malden, Mo.
Mayer, Henry, 3942 S. Broadway St., St. Louis, Mo.
Mozier, Alfred O., Winfield, Mo., R. 1.
Mummert, Eugene C., Overland, Mo., R. 28.
Manley, Elmer R., 5540 Helen Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Monniner, Harry F., 722 Canton Ave., Detroit, Mich.
McCuan, James A., Watson, Okla.
McClelland, Guy O., Hamilton, Mo.
Newland, James E., Downing, Mo., R. 1.
Nolan, Edmund M., 2463 Madison Rd., Cincinnati, O.
Nixon, Francis W., Granger, Ia.
Nelson, Emil, Norman, Grove, Nebr.
Olson, Rudolph L. J., Malvern, Ia., R. 2.
Phipps, James A., Lutterell, Tenn., R. 2.
Pemberton, Jack, 438 Pine St., Springfield, Mo.
Phelon, Jesse, New Madrid, Mo.
Pettit, Chester S., Lime Springs, Ia.
Plude, Rogers J., 1412 State St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Poncefet, Lucen, 813 Globe St., Fall River, Mass.
Rose, Farbia H., Bigelow, Mo.
Reddick, Isaac S., Rock Port, Mo.
Reagan, Ben H., Lesterville, Mo.
Rein, Geo. S., Oakville, Ia.
Roawn, Miles T., Coin, Ia.
Smith, Ray, 204 N. 27th St., Kansas City, Kans.
Segal, Bennie, Portageville, Mo.
Sedgwich, Floyd, Carrolton, Mo., R. 9.
Solomon, Willis, Cowan, Mo.
Shannon, James P., Mansfield, Mo.
Simpson, Willie G., Big Rock, Tenn., R. 1.
Skorniniski, John, 1448 Mullanphy St., St. Louis, Mo.
See, Walter L., Frankford, Mo.
Scheid, Harry O., Springview, Nebr.
Swope, Walter R., Maysville, Mo., R. 3.
Shy, Joseph A., New Madrid, Mo.
Swanson, Chas. V., Ludlow, Pa., Box 41.
Tucker, Milton E., Ellsberry, Mo.
Taylor, Commodore M., West Plains, Mo.
Toeffer, Chas. J., Boone, Ia.
Thompson, Paul, Montgomery Mo.
Voss, Carl W., Hawk Point, Mo.
Vanalstine, Glen, Nodaway, Ia., R. 2.
Wellendorf, Hobert, Soraguensville, Ia
Wilkinson, Russell S., Ellsberry, Mo.
Williams, Jas. O., Louisiana, Mo.
Witte, Frank S., Ethlyn, Mo.
Williams, Ray F., Manhattan, Kans., R. 2.
Williams, Jas. A., Ridgely, Tenn.
Washburn, Lloyd, Prophetstown, Ill.
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